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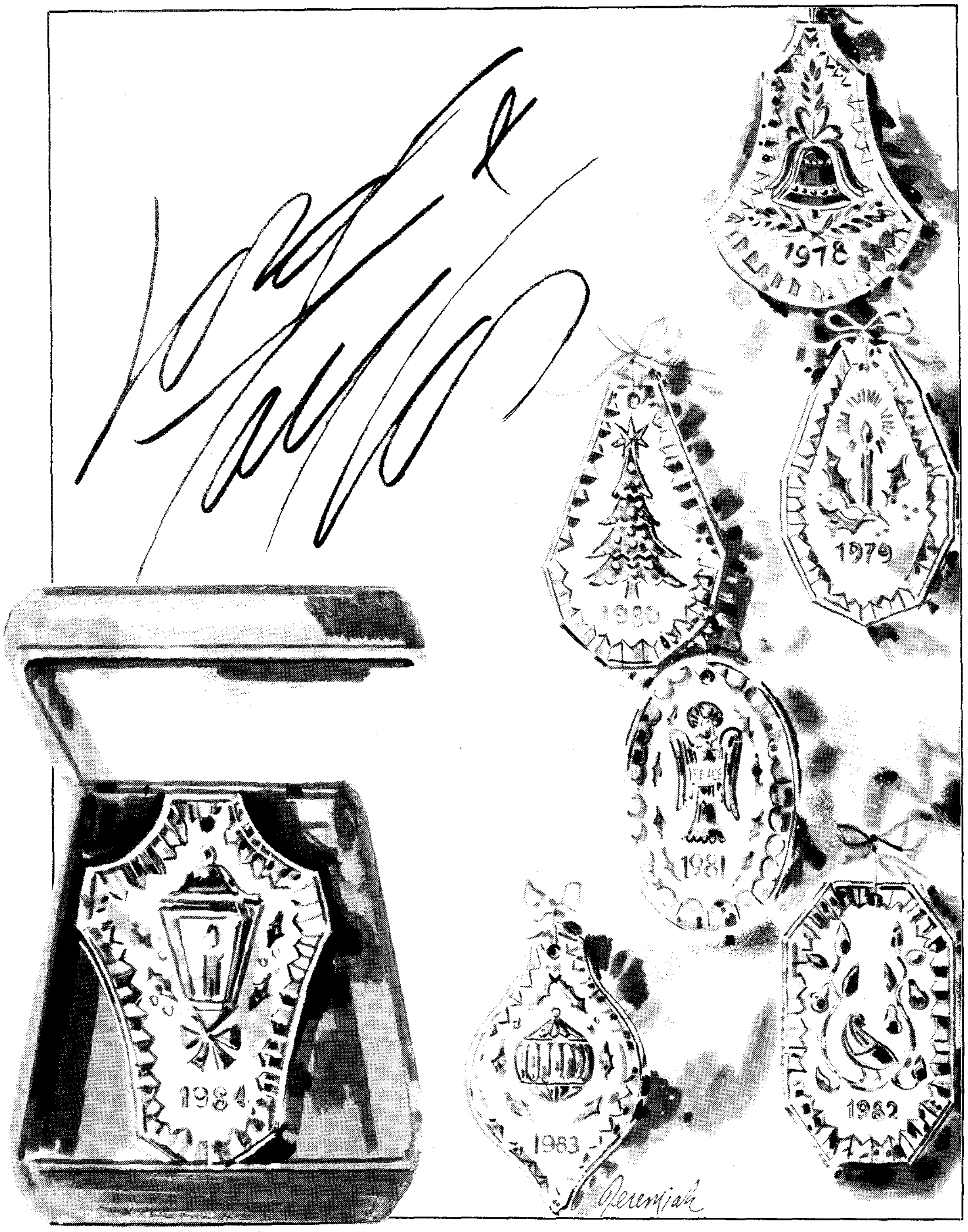

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

All Strange Away—Robert Langdon-Lloyd in a one-character play by Samuel Beckett, derived from his 1976 prose work of the same name. (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/84.) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Benvenuto Festival—*The second in a series of productions by three avant-garde theatre companies from Italy, Krypton's "Eneide," based on the Virgil epic, opens Wednesday, Sept. 26, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 7.* (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; festival runs through Sunday, Oct. 21.)

Blue Window—Craig Lucas's engaging, plaintive comedy about a dinner party in this city, with an assortment of guests of assorted sexes, is well acted by The Production Company, under Norman René's direction. With Christine Estabrook, Matt Craven, and Randy Danson, among other good actors. (9/3/84) (Theatre Guinevere, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 4:30.)

Death of a Salesman—Dustin Hoffman gives a performance as Willy Loman every bit as impressive as the one that Lee J. Cobb gave back in 1949. The Arthur Miller play continues to possess an uncanny power to move us to tears. (4/9/84). (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Design for Living—Noël Coward wrote this rather nasty comedy for him and his friends the Lunts to romp about in; it was a hit in their day and it deserves to be a hit today. With Raul Julia, Frank Converse, and Anne Swift. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A revival of a play by Samuel Beckett, directed by and with Alvin Epstein. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Bernard Slade's 1978 play, "Tribute," will be the first in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Sept. 27, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 14. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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Glengarry Glen Ross—A play by David Mamet that says, in effect, that real-estate salesmen are rascals and so perhaps are all the other entrepreneurs in our contemporary society. Funny and harsh in the writing and acted to perfection. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Sigourney Weaver, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—*Through Sunday, Oct. 7: Gilbert and Sullivan's* **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Quilters—A musical with a book by Molly Newman and Barbara Damashek and music, lyrics, and direction by Miss Damashek. This production, based on the book "The Quilters: Women and Domestic Art," by Patricia Cooper and Norma Bradley Allen, was originally presented by the Denver Center Theatre Company. (Jack Lawrence Theatre, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except *Sept. 29*, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Split Second—This play, by Dennis McIntyre tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (6/18/84) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Robert Westenberg and Bernadette Peters as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. An odd and endearing work, based on a notion that would be inapplicable to the Sistine Chapel. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Viva Vittorio!—Vittorio Gassman's disquisition on acting, with copious illustrations (in Italian and English) from the works of, among others, Kafka, Pirandello, and Dumas. The Italian passages are broad hints of what

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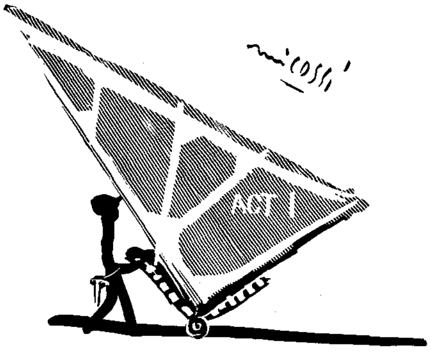

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a fine actor Mr. Gassman must be under other circumstances. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 26-28, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 29, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 30, at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Keith Michell. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,160 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NOISES OFF:** Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. John Vickery and Caroline Lagerfelt head the cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Donald Corren as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Corren at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ice Show—"Walt Disney's World on Ice," with Rosalynn Sumners. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Friday, Sept. 28, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Sundays at 1 and 5; and Friday, Oct. 5, at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 7.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 26-29, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 30, at 7:30.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Wednesday evening, Sept. 26; Sunday matinée and evening, Sept. 30; and Saturday matinée, Oct. 6: "Manifestations," "Voluntaries" (company première), and "Firebird." . . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Sept. 27-28, and Saturday matinée and evening, Sept. 29: "Agon" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 2, and Saturday evening, Oct. 6: "Concerto Barocco," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Mirage," and "Banda." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 3: "The Four Temperaments" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 4-5: "Songs of Mahler," "Fall River Legend," and "Dougla." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Oct. 14.)

Timothy Buckley and the Troublemakers—"How to Swing a Dog," a new full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Oct. 7.)

Lillo Way Dance Company—"No Occasion," "Elegy," "Remember When," and "Miniatures and Pastorales." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 27-29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

Junko Kikuchi—*In a program of Japanese modern dance.* (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 29-30, at 8.)

Ballet Hispanico of New York—Programs of traditional dances of Spain, Latin America, and the Caribbean, as well as contemporary jazz-influenced works. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 7:30 [a benefit performance; for tickets, call 362-3710]; Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 3-5, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 6, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 7, at 2 and 7:30.)

Yasuko Nagamine—With her company in a single performance. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Rebecca Kelly Dance Company—A five-day engagement. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 8 [a benefit performance; for tickets, call 534-4620]; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 4-6, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 7, at 3. For tickets, call 431-8489.)

Limbs Dance Company—Four performances by this company from New Zealand. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Oct. 3, and Friday, Oct. 5, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 6-7, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is at the piano, singing vintage popular tunes in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room keyboard Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29, pianist **JIM MC NEELY** will guide a trio, and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5-6, **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** will take over the piano. Shows at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club where now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster Wednesday, Sept. 26, the Adults, Secret Lif and Coup d'Etat; Thursday, Sept. 27, Sa tion, Frivolous Pursuit, and the Sco Friday, Sept. 28, Jim Dawson (at eight), th Wired, and 83; Saturday, Sept. 29, Jim Dawson (at eight), Big Deal, Museum, and the Igloos; Sunday, Sept. 30, Avila, the Orange Tarts, and the Bad Sneakers; and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 1-2, comedy nights. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. The master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** is here with his quintet through Sunday, Sept. 30; Monday, Oct. 1, guitarist Eric Anderson's Wildflowers from Hell will be on hand; and on Tuesday, Oct. 2,

SARAH VAUGHAN will begin singing here before an awful lot of people. Sets begin after nine. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Friday, Sept. 28, David Van Tieghem; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 29-30, Renaissance and Ron Darian; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5-6, **DE DANANN.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. **HILTON RUIZ,** an energetic bop and Latin-jazz pianist, works with the buzzing bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, Sept. 29. On Monday, Oct. 1, John Bannister and Harry Barbasin will begin a week of piano-bass duets. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**JULIE WILSON,** a terrific and convincing performer, sings in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Sundays and Mondays from nine to one, **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks provide dance music. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist-singer **BARBARA CARROLL** has begun another season in the Bemelmans Bar. Her sets get going at nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Sept. 26, the Lonesome Debonaires and the Statics; Thursday, Sept. 27, Steve Speck & the Spots; Friday, Sept. 28, Mondo Boffo, Syntax Error, Soul Attack, and the Privates; Sunday, Sept. 30, Reagan Youth, the Swamp Goblins, and Virus; and Tuesday, Oct. 2, the Restless Monks and Frozen Concentrate. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Non-designer jeans and T-shirts, and bluegrass, old-time, and Irish music predominate in this rustic corner of the city: Wednesday, Sept. 26, Gerald Trimble; Saturday, Sept. 29, banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA & SKYLINE;** Wednesday, Oct. 3, Dougie MacLean; and Saturday, Oct. 6, Yellin Grass. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

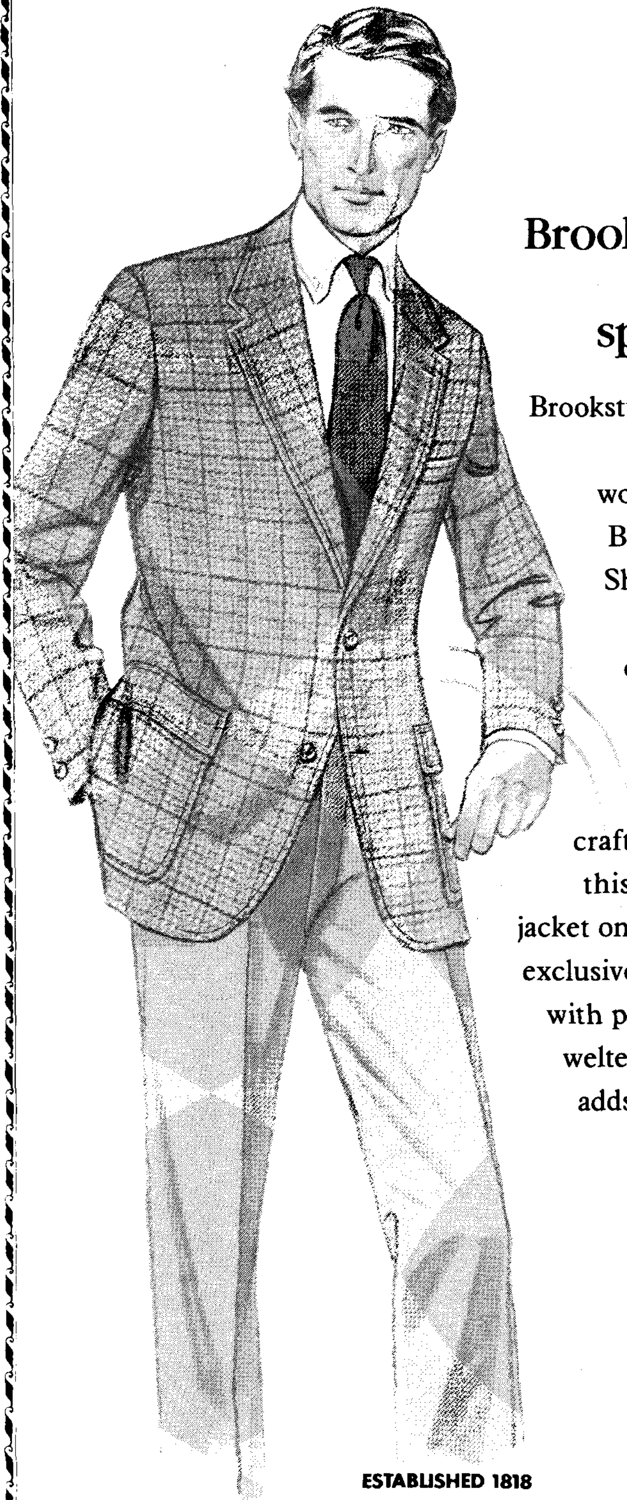
EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Midtown's traditional-jazz outpost: Wednesdays belong to the Hot Club of 54th Street; Thursdays through Saturdays to the house sextet; and Mondays and Tuesdays Ed Polcer's band has the floor. On Sunday, Sept. 30, trombonist **WAYNE ANDRÉ'S** septet will pay tribute to the late Kai Winding. Music from eight-thirty. On Wednesdays, the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet plays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled downstairs jazz stars' room. Singer and pianist **BOBBY SCOTT** and his trio perform through Sunday, Sept. 30; on Tuesday, Oct. 2, singer **CHRIS CONNOR** will come in. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Mostly a folk schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 26, at nine and eleven, Ned Sublette, whose performance consists mainly of putting together fragments of actual radio broadcasts; Saturday, Sept. 29, at eight and eleven, Suzanne Vega; and Saturday, Oct. 6, at eight and eleven, Aztec Two-Step. There are usually two shows, the first starting after eight. Mondays are hootenanny nights.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space that presents music to dine to. The ros-



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ter: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 26-27, bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** and pianist **RICHARD WYANDS**; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29, bluesy pianist **HAROLD MABERN**; and Sunday, Sept. 30, *pianist* **ANDY LAVERNE.** *Music Mondays* through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio through Sunday, Sept. 30; Mondays singer-pianist **BROOKS KERR** performs with bassist John Belzaguy; Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** a *Swing Street-veteran guitar soloist,* leads a trio; and beginning Wednesday, Oct. 3, the Mike Moran trio will move in. All these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten, Mr. Kerr has the bandstand to himself.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) The pianists—they're neatly dressed, too—are: **JIMMY ROWLES** through Saturday, Sept. 29; **JOHN EATON** beginning Tuesday, Oct. 2; **JIMMY LYON** every Sunday; and **DICK HYMAN** on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, Sept. 26, **LEVON HELM,** a wonderful singer and drummer; Thursday, Sept. 27, Mutabaruka, a reggae band; Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 1-2, the San Francisco All-Stars; and Wednesday, Oct. 3, Melanie. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. The current roster: trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO** and his quintet through Sunday, Sept. 30; and starting Tuesday, Oct. 2, vibraharpist **GARY BURTON** and his quartet. Mondays are devoted to the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN** big band. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

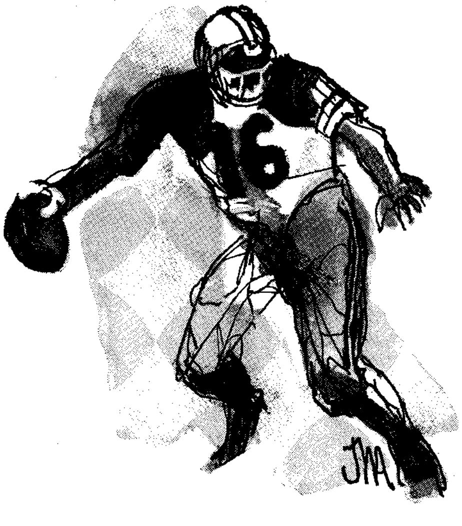
MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singers **ARTHUR SIEGEL** and **SANDY STEWART** are devoting themselves to the music of Jerome Kern *Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-*thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday, Sept. 26, Emilie Long; Thursday, Sept. 27, Mirage; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29, **MILT JACKSON,** King of the Blues Vibraharp, and bassist **RAY BROWN** and their quartet. Music from ten until two. Dining.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Friday, Sept. 28, Christy Rose & the Midnight Walkers. Live music from after eleven-thirty. Dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Such a nice view from the sixty-fifth floor, unless you're socked in by clouds or a fog bank. **BOB HAGGART'S** orchestra performs through Sunday, Sept. 30, and starting Tuesday, Oct. 2, **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** and his orchestra will settle in with vocalists **JOHNNY DESMOND** and **FRAN WARREN** through Thursday, Oct. 4, and Harry Babbitt and **HELEN FORREST** starting Friday, Oct. 5. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at eight. Dining.



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RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, Sept. 26, Meat Puppets and Suicidal Tendencies; Saturday, Sept. 29, Spear of Destiny; Monday, Oct. 1, Eddie Money; Wednesday, Oct. 3, Hüsker Dü, Kraut, and 10 Hail Mary's; Thursday, Oct. 4, Chequerd Past; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5-6, the Blasters. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Pianist and composer **JOE BUSHKIN** and his band present a salute to Louis Armstrong. Two shows nightly, except Sundays, beginning after nine. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. Wednesday, Sept. 26, Norbert Sloley; Thursday, Sept. 27, Two One Two; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29, **STEPS AHEAD**; and Tuesday, Oct. 2, Hot Fun. Music from nine-thirty. Mondays, at nine and eleven, belong to Galt MacDermot & the New Pulse Jazz Band.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Sept. 26, Brother Valentino; Thursday, Sept. 27, Kimati Dinizulu & the Kotoko Society; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; Sunday, Sept. 30, flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL & THE AFRO-BRAZILIAN SEXTET**; Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 1-3, singer **FLORA PURIM** and percussionist **AIRTO**; Thursday, Oct. 4, the Afrikaner All-Stars; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5-6, **LOREMIL MACHADO** *e companhia.* Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Bassist **DAVE HOLLAND** leads a quintet through Sunday, Sept. 30, and on Tuesday, Oct. 2, **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM,** the rhythmic pianist known to many as Dollar Brand, will bring in his fine, swaying septet. On Mondays, the **DAVID MURRAY BIG BAND** plays wonderful avant-swing music. Shows from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. Rock guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY** is here on Wednesday, Sept. 26; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 27-29, has been assigned to Buster Poindexter (a.k.a. **DAVID JOHANSEN**); and Monday, Oct. 1, Loup Gurou will perform Louisiana zydeco music. Music after ten.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, there's salsa after nine on Mondays: on Oct. 1, **CONJUNTO CLASSICO** and **ADALBERTO SANTIAGO** will be present, along with guest jazz soloist, saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN.** . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, the music is handled by a good, driving pianist, **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ,** every night but Monday. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Ex-Mingus-ites pianist **DON PULLEN** and saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** co-pilot a quintet through Sunday, Sept. 30; on Tuesday, Oct. 2, pianist **STEVE KUHN** will descend the stairs with bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **AL FOSTER.** Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The musicians: Wednesday, Sept. 26, Frank Jolliffe and Joe Ruddick; Thursdays through Sundays, Joel Forrester and Dave Hofstra; and Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 1-3, George Cotton. Music from eight-thirty until two. Dining.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. The players: **JERRY GONZALEZ** Wednesday, Sept. 26; **LIONEL HAMPTON** will lead a quartet Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 27-29; Sunday, Sept. 30, Chris Hughes & Asch; Monday, Oct. 1, the Coasters; Tuesday, Oct. 2, Shelton Gary; Wednesday, Oct. 3, **JOE CUBA**; and starting Thursday, Oct. 4, **MONGO SANTAMARIA.** Music from nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The current roster: pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER** through Saturday, Sept. 29, and guitarist **JACK WILKINS** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** starting Tuesday, Oct. 2. Sundays are given over to the chamber jazz of guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Mondays belong to *pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff.* Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

MENUDO—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 27-28, at 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 29-30, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 1-3, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5-6, at 7:30.

HAROLD ASHBY QUARTET—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Thursday, Sept. 27, at 8.

JAKI BYARD & THE APOLLO STOMPERS—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29, at 10 and midnight.

AMIRI BARAKA, MAX ROACH, AND ARCHIE SHEPP—With Fred Houn & the Afro-Asian Music Ensemble, in a benefit program of music and poetry. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the program.)

ARLO GUTHRIE (WITH SHENANDOAH), DAVID BROMBE and the **WASHINGTON SQUARES**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8.

IRVING PLAZA—Wednesday, Sept. 26: Talk Talk and Industry. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 28: Oliver Lake & Jump Up. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 29: Hi Fi Tie, Raw Youth, and Joey Miserable & the Worms. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows begin after 11:30.)

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Friday, Sept. 28, at 9 and 10:30: George Coleman Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8: Dakota Staton, with the Bross Townsend trio. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 1, at 9 and midnight: Tom Pierson's Big Band. (380 Lafayette St. 924-5026.)

Benefit Concerts—At Carnegie Hall (247-7800)—Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8: Bob Enos, Dr. John, Chris Layton, Stevie Ray Vaughan, and others, performing on behalf of the T. J. Martell Foundation. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 5, at 8: Mighty Sparrow & the Penguin, Zeze Motta, Jelon Vieira, and DanceBrazil & Roots of Brazil Dance Company, in a benefit for the Caribbean Cultural Center. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8: Celia Cruz, Daniel Santos, the Tito Puente Orchestra, and others, in a benefit for the Caribbean Cultural Center and the Tito Puente Scholarship Fund.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Walter Darby Bannard / Friedel Dzubas—Recent paintings. / Monotypes. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Tony Berlant—Colorful, found-metal collages on plywood, sometimes incorporating drawings. Through Oct. 20. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Fanny Brennan—Tiny oils painted with a gentle surrealist wit. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Ida Kohlmeyer—New abstract paintings and sculptures by a New Orleans artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Michel (1897-1983)—Works on paper by a Bauhaus-influenced German artist who seldom exhibited here. Through Oct. 27. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Henry Moore—Drawings, sculptures, and prints. Through Oct. 31. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Marjorie Strider—Painted-metal wall sculptures. Also, four drawings. Through Oct. 13. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Irvin Tepper—Porcelain coffee cups, intentionally flawed in the casting. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Mexican Folk Art—About one tenth of the collection of Nelson A. Rockefeller has been selected for a show of more than three hundred pieces—saddles inlaid with ivory, birdcages, swords, needlework, masks, whirligigs, figurines, paintings. Through Oct. 21. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **cds gallery,** 13 E. 75th St.: Works on paper by twentieth-century Australian artists from three generations, plus five aboriginal bark paintings; a complementary show is at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Oct. 20. (Open Mondays.) . . . **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and works on paper dated 1915 to 1945 by American modernists Marin, Hartley, Maurer, and others. Through Oct. 20. (Closed Saturday, Sept. 29.) . . . ¶ On another floor, figurative paintings by Carmen Cicero. Through Oct. 20. . . . **schlesinger-boisanté,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Eleven paintings by American abstract artists of the thirties and forties—from Bolotowsky to Xceron. Through Oct. 27. . . . **willard,** 29 E. 72nd St.: Drawings by eleven artists, including Joseph Beuys, Susan Rothenberg, and Jean-Michel Basquiat. Through Saturday, Oct. 6.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Nicholas Africano—New diptychs, with his customary high-relief figures (vastly larger than before) on one side and sketchily painted nudes on the other. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Erik Gunnar Asplund (1885-1940)—Architectural drawings for four projects in his native Sweden, including Stockholm's Woodland Chapel and Cemetery. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Louise Bourgeois—The female breast is the main theme of these handsome new sculptures, some done in various kinds of marble and some in bronze. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Charlotte Brown—A recent series entitled "Flower Gardens," consisting of color-photocopied images that are cut out and pasted onto canvas and handmade paper. Through Oct. 13. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jack Bush (1909-77)—Acrylic paintings on canvas by a Canadian color-field artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Arthur B. Carles (1882-1952)—A sampler of paintings by this pioneer modernist who is the subject of a retrospective at the National Academy of Design. Works by his friends—Marin, Hofmann, Steichen—are also on view, in a new room at the Washburn gallery. Through Oct. 27. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Irma Cavat—Realist paintings of delicatessen, hanging cheeses, bakery goods, flowers, and fruits, by a California artist who seems to have a good appetite. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Roz Chast—Colored drawings by a *New Yorker* artist. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Matthew Daub—Realist watercolors of lonely Manhattan side streets and a couple of views of Carbondale, Illinois, where the artist lives. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

Ronald Davis—Large bright-colored abstractions whose paint is splashed on, a marked departure from the geometric forms of his previous canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Genn—Twenty-four handmade-paper works. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Nancy Grossman / Robert Gwathmey—Recent pencil and charcoal drawings of androgynous figures in complex scenarios. Also, a fifteen-foot leather totem. Through Friday, Sept. 28. / Paintings (from the forties to the present) whose predominant subjects are flower still-lifes and Southern rural blacks. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Patti Hansen—Hyperrealist oil paintings—flowers, portraits, interiors with peek-a-boo vistas of downtown Manhattan through the windows. Through Oct. 13. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Humphrey—Large figurative paintings, nightmarish in theme, painted in thick brushstrokes. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

André Masson—Paintings and works on paper from 1925-45, including some Cubist works as well as portraits executed when he was living in the United States. Through Nov. 3. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Nechvatal—Diptychs in which figure drawings are crowded into a dense web of lines—pastel or oil stick on one side, graphite on the other; also, wood sculptures with photocopies of the drawings applied to them, and photo-enlargements of the drawings. Through Oct. 13. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Leo Rabkin—Small boxes, fixed to the wall, which open to reveal surprises; also, abstract pastels on embossed paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Lore Riess—Free-hanging abstract paintings on canvas strips. Through Friday, Oct. 5. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Phil Sims—Contrasting brushstrokes, glossy and matte, enliven these large canvases painted over with a single dominant color—either red, green, brown, or blue. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Gary Stephan—Sculptural notions worked out in acrylic paintings, plus two metal sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **baskerville-watson,** 24 W. 57th St.: Ten artists, among them Steve Wood, Louise Fishman, and R. M. Fischer. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. . . . **deutsch,** 20 W. 57th St.: Works by two dozen artists include a collaged painting called "Expanding Man" by Jan Sawka, a mixed-medium construction by Abe Ajay, and a precisionist painting of an airplane wing seen from inside the craft by Allan D'Arcangelo. Through Wednesday, Oct. 3. . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: The gallery's twenty-fifth-anniversary celebration brings together works seen in the débuts here of such artists as Jack Beal, Joan Brown, and H. C. Westermann. Through Oct. 18. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **galerie maeght lelong,** 9 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures—new and old—by eight prominent abstractionists, such as LeWitt, Judd, and Ryman. Through Oct. 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: American folk-art paintings by Grandma Moses, Edward Hicks, Ammi Phillips, and others. Through Nov. 3. . . . **alex rosenberg,** 20 W. 57th St.: William King, Larry Rivers, Elaine de Kooning, and other painters and sculptors who live in the Hamptons, in a show that compares current work with work done twenty years ago. Through Oct. 13. (Open Mondays.) . . . **schoelkopf,** 50 W. 57th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by early-twentieth-century modernists, including Joseph Stella, Rolph Scarlett, and Manierre Dawson. Through Wednesday, Oct. 3. . . . **siegel,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery members Douglas Higgins, Robert Jessup, Maria Scotti, and others, as well as by guest artists, including Robert McCauley and Milton Resnick. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. . . . **witkin,** 41 E. 57th St.: British artists, 1843 to 1935, represented by works in a variety of mediums, from a pen-and-ink drawing by Walter Crane to Alvin Langdon Coburn's photograph of George Meredith. Through Oct. 20. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **zabriskie,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Four contemporary sculptors—Paul Bowen, Jeff Mendoza, Mia Westerlund Roosen, and Judith Shea—who share an interest in primitive forms. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Billy Apple—A conceptual-art project in which the artist's head, fore and aft, is seen in a series of photolithographic prints documenting his transition from plain old Barrie Bates to the new Billy Apple. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Nancy Azara—Totemlike wood sculptures painted in bright colors. Also, six works of handmade paper interwoven with twine and rope. Through Wednesday, Oct. 3. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

David Bates / Gerald Immonen—Down-home paintings by this Texas artist—quilt sales, barbershops, vegetable stands. / Abstractions of architectural forms done in distemper on Masonite panels. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In the back room, painted life-size bronze nudes, by Manuel Neri.

Hanne Darboven—Fifty-two panels, each a collage of two photographs, with writing at the bottom, and each corresponding to a week in Hamburg during the First World War. A fifty-third panel provides a key to this work, executed in 1982 by a German Conceptualist. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Louis Finkelstein—Thickly applied oils depicting landscapes and allegories. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Edward Lee Hendricks—Large, elegantly balanced kinetic sculptures, ultra high-tech in character and meant to go outside, where the slightest breeze will set their rotors going. There are also smaller, indoor wall pieces. Through Oct. 17. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Ed Kerns—Thickly painted geometric abstractions done on wood panels in low-key colors—brick red and pale brown, for instance. Through Oct. 10. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Bill Komoski—Paintings in which a sort of

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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rough-hewn beauty is established in landscapes of butchered trees. Through Friday, Oct. 5. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Susan Laufer—Acrylics thickly applied to wood panels and Masonite. Also, works on paper. Through Oct. 13. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Tomasz Leszczynski—Striking figure paintings and several abstractions by a Polish artist freshly arrived in this country. Through Oct. 27. (Christian, in new quarters at 90 Prince St.)

Doris Lubell / Carol Unger—Large acrylic and watercolor paintings. / Figurative drawings. Through Oct. 14. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Markus Lüpertz—Representative paintings done during the past fourteen years by this West German artist, who works in a sombre vein. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

George McNeil—A retrospective of an Abstract Expressionist now in his seventies. Through Nov. 10. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. *Open Sundays.*)

Mildred Moskowitz—Ninety or so toy pistols bedizened with glitter, beads, fringes, and fake jewelry, and set up on small bases like figurines, by an artist who signs herself Molly. Through Thursday, Oct. 4. (Eno, 164 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Ed Paschke—New paintings that have television pictures as their starting point. Most of them are outsize heads done in garish colors. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Anne and Patrick Poirier—New work, including a bronze-and-wood sculptural installation. Through Oct. 10. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Liliana Porter—Multiple images set down in various mediums on paper and canvas. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Georges Rousse—Huge color photographs of bizarre paintings—a war tank floating in midair, a suspended human figure—that the artist brushes on the interior walls of buildings scheduled for demolition. Through Wednesday, Oct. 3. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Richard Rudich / Allen Harrison—Portraits of European royalty in the days when they counted; they are copied from old postcards and photographs and rendered in painted bas-relief (plaster). Here are the Czar and the Prince of Wales, Franz Josef, Victoria and her family, Albert of the Belgians, the Kaiser and some soldiers. / Geometric abstractions painted on board in countless thin layers, producing a lacquerlike surface. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Imants Tillers—*Individual paintings arranged* in a grid pattern. Through Oct. 27. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Hap Tivey—Abstract paintings and preparatory drawings. Through Oct. 13. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Mierle Laderman Ukeles—An installation intended to heighten our consciousness of the city's Sanitation Department, assembled by the artist-in-residence of that department. A marvellous Brooklyn locker room is reconstructed here, along with a sleek, high-tech facility. Through Friday, Oct. 5. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ The Department of Sanitation's Marine Transfer Station, West Fifty-ninth Street pier—somewhat transformed, thanks to the artist—is open to the public. Through Sunday, Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 7.)

Martin Wong—Seamy-side cityscapes painted with infinite, brick-by-brick care; they are accompanied by messages in deaf-mute language, for the benefit—the artist says, deadpan—of those with impaired hearing. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by fifteen artists. Through Oct. 27. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **49th parallel,** 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Canadian artists, among them Elizabeth Ewart, Ron Martin, and Michael Snow. Through Oct. 20. . . . **knowlton,** 153 Mercer St.: Pat Steir's oil triptych of sunflowers and a Lucas Samaras bronze chair are among more than two dozen works that define curator Nicholas Moufarrege's notion of "ecstasy." Through Oct. 10. . . . **francis kyle gallery london,** at 112 Greene St.: Landscapes in various mediums by nine contemporary British artists who were invited by the Duke of Devonshire's family to depict their estate in Wharfedale at Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire. Through Oct. 7. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 7.) . . . **manhattan art,** 81 Greene St.: Paintings and sculptures by Gregory Botts, Lori Goodman, Paul Georges, David Kapp, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. . . . **meisel,** 141 *Prince St.: Abstract polymer wall sculptures* by Tony De Blasi; dark-toned collages in canvas and paper by Paul Pollaro; and oil pastels of, say, carrousel horses by Cie Goulet. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. . . . **metro pictures,** 150 Greene St.: New work by René Daniels, Mike Kelley, Robert Longo, and Cindy Sherman. Through Oct. 13. . . . **storefront for art and architecture,** 51 Prince St.: A lower-East Side housing project that threatens the garden of Adam Purple on Eldridge Street has been unofficially redesigned by twenty-five architects in ways that incorporate the garden. On view are those designs and a photographic history of the garden. Through Sunday, Oct. 7. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 7.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Mark Kostabi / Grace Graupe-Pillard—Large paintings, some scatological, in which the mannequinlike figures of this young artist's invention are involved in offbeat adventures. / Life-size pastels of street people—bag women, break dancers, crazies—done on canvas, cut out, and fixed to the wall. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Group Shows—At the **bouckaert,** 100 Hudson St.: Paintings that combine art-history images with popular images, by such artists as Imants Tillers and Robert Rauschenberg. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. . . . **stoler,** 13 White St.: "Grand Gestures in Painting, Sculpture, and Decorative Arts," carried out by twenty-five-plus artists, including Lynda Benglis, R. M. Fischer, and Gerard Garouste. Through Oct. 13.

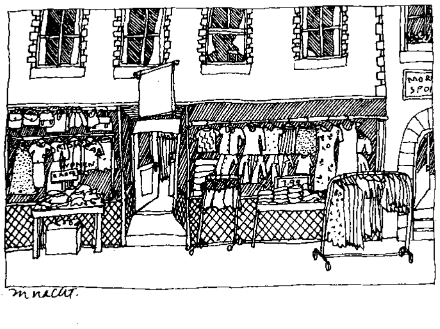
PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams (1902-84)—A memorial show consisting of more than sixty works by this landscape photographer. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Brassaï (1899-1984)—Forty prints, among them portraits of Picasso, Matisse, and Braque. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Twenty prints. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.) Both shows through Saturday, Oct. 6.

Louise Dahl-Wolfe—Fashion photographs seen originally in the pages of *Harper's Bazaar*, among other prints. Through Oct. 20. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Mitch Epstein—Photographs reflecting travels to India and Italy. Through Wednesday, Oct. 3. (Manès, 177 Prince St.)



Barbara Kasten—Photographs of abstract black-and-white installations set up by the artist and bathed in variously colored lights. One room is given over to a large, stunning installation, ready to be lit and photographed. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Michel Szulc Krzyzanowski—Black-and-white photographs mounted in sequence. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

Irving Penn—A retrospective has been mounted at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ Levy, 40 Great Jones St., between Lafayette St. and the Bowery, has an additional ten prints. (Opens at noon.)

Weegee (1898-1968)—Prints by a New York photojournalist, including his distortions of famous people (Eddie Cantor with forty eyes), the crowds at fires and in bars. Through Oct. 31. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **harder,** 37 W. 57th St.: Photographs of water by gallery artists Sylvia Plachy, André Kertész, Grace Knowlton, William Clift, and others. Through Oct. 13. . . . **pace-mac gill,** 11 E. 57th St.: Four emerging photographers—Elliot Schwartz, Gaylord Herron, Hideji Nagura, and Lorne Greenberg. Through Oct. 13.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The first large-scale exhibit of Maori tribal artifacts to leave New Zealand consists of close to two hundred objects, such as house posts, canoe prows, ceremonial sculptures, musical instruments, weapons, and jewelry—carved in wood, stone, jade, ivory, and shell. . . . ¶ Two paintings by Watteau (grabbed temporarily from a show en route from Washington to Paris) will be on view from Thursday, Sept. 27, to Sunday, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ A pair of shows devoted to James McNeill Whistler—one a loan of etchings, the other newly acquired lithographs—hang in adjacent galleries on the second floor. Through Nov. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Primitivism in 20th Century Art," a show of a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures and two hundred tribal objects which demonstrates the critical influence of tribal art, mainly African and Oceanic, on the development of Western modernism. Among the works are Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," Brancusi's "Madame L.R.," Klee's "Mask of Fear," and Robert Smithson's "Closed Mirror Square." Starts Thursday, Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Alvar Aalto's glass objects and furniture, ubiquitous in his native Finland, form an exhibit being mounted by the Department of Architecture and Design. Starts Thursday, Sept. 27. . . . **photography:** About two hundred works by Irving Penn. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Will Insley: a show of documents, from models to a drawing on the floor of the museum's rotunda, delineating an imaginary society in an imaginary city that the artist-architect sees covering the area between the Rockies and the Mississippi River. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Paintings, photographs, and works in mixed mediums by eight contemporary Australian artists. Through Nov. 25. A complementary show is at the CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show that revives the New York art world of 1958-64, via, for example, re-creations of Claes Oldenburg's tableaux "The Street" and "The Store" and two of Allan Kaprow's found-object environments. Other artists include Rauschenberg, Johns, Lichtenstein, and Morris. Through

tion with a dash of the unexpected.
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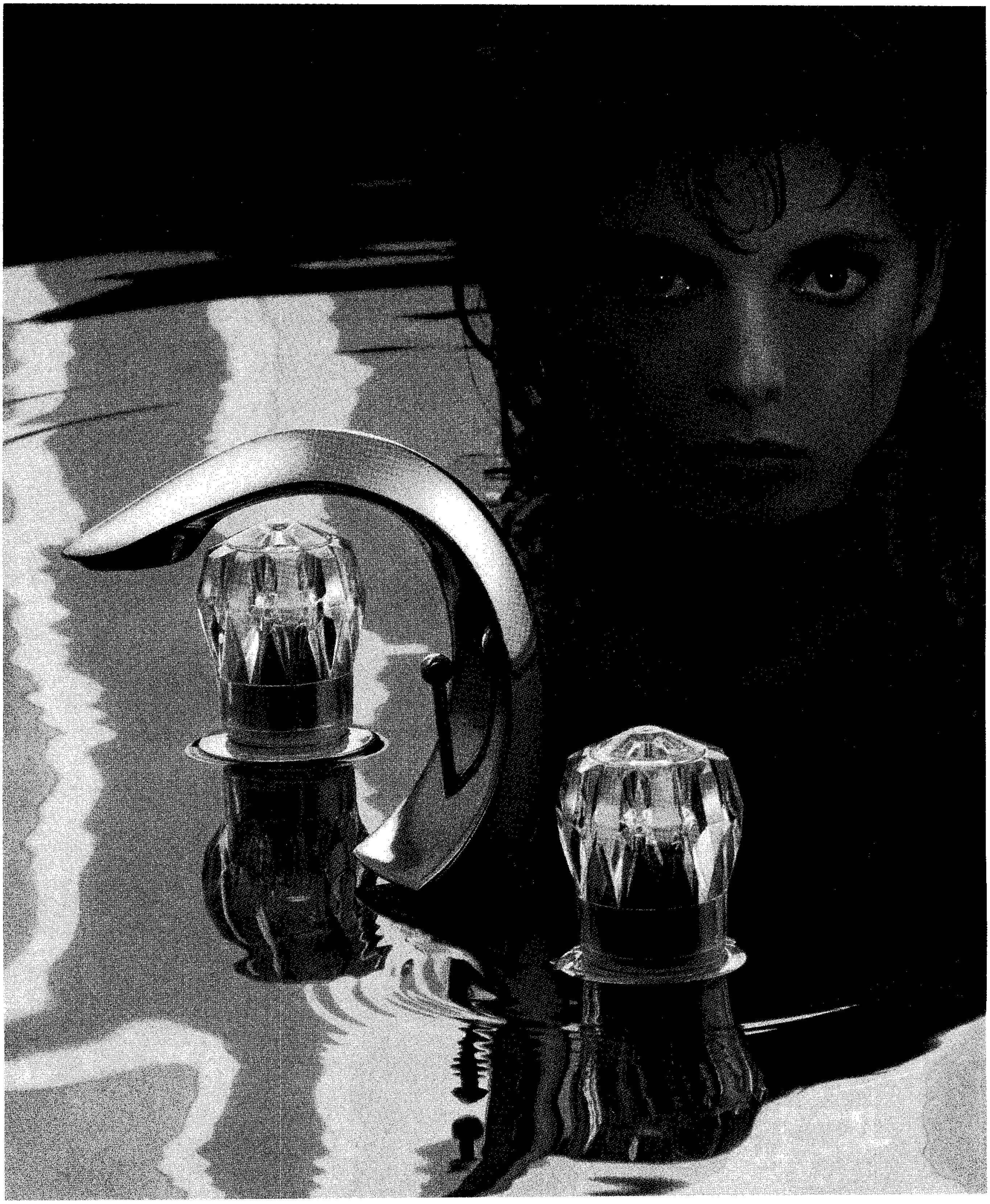

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Dec. 2. . . . ¶ More than two hundred prints added to the museum's collection during the past decade, ranging from John Marin's 1911 "Brooklyn Bridge" to lithographs completed this year by Susan Rothenberg and by Terry Winters. Through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Contemporary color photographs, including Jim Dow's panoramas of empty baseball stadiums, and a French series by Joel Meyerowitz. Through Sunday, Sept. 30. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. —"Under certain circumstances," observed Henry James, "there are few hours in life more agreeable than the hour dedicated to the ceremony known as afternoon tea": a display of two hundred tea services that made that afternoon hour what it was. Through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ An exhibit of damask fabrics, including silk from the fourteenth century, white linen napkins made for Napoleon Bonaparte and for Czar Nicholas II, and red silk designed for French embassies early in this century. Through Nov. 4. (Opens daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Watercolors and drawings primarily by European artists, including Raphael and Picasso, in a selection from the National Gallery of Ireland. Also, Irish manuscripts from the library's collection—"The Picture of Dorian Gray" and a page of "Ulysses," for example. . . . ¶ "William Morris: The 150th Anniversary of His Birth"—autograph manuscripts, illuminated manuscripts, photographs, pamphlets, and rare printed editions from his private library, as well as works published by him, including a copy of the Kelmscott "Chaucer." . . . ¶ Landscape etchings by Rembrandt. All shows through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—"The World of Grandma Moses": more than fifty paintings, plus source materials, in an exhibit that points up her stylistic and technical development. Through Oct. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The centennial of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts is being observed here in a display that relates the academy's success story through photographs of its celebrated students—among them Cecil B. De Mille, Jason Robards, Dina Merrill, Cleavon Little—who are pictured as young graduates, performers, and, when possible, award winners. Through Oct. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of paintings, drawings, and prints by American modernist Arthur B. Carles. Through Nov. 4. A complementary show is at the Washburn Gallery, 42 E. 57th St. (The academy is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—Forty-one paintings by Leon Golub, spanning nearly as many years of his career, including early works depicting heroic figures, the "Vietnam" series, and his more recent paintings of mercenaries. Through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibit that centers on the period in New York history when the city became the national metropolis and, not coincidentally, when the society was founded, a hundred and eighty years ago. City views, portraits of leaders of the time by Gilbert Stuart and John Trumbull, artifacts, and manuscripts. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an exhibit whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press . . . ," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—each of them once anathema to somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. Through Nov. 5. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listing.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Ileana Cotrubas, Cleopatra Ciurca, Leo Nucci, and Vladimir Popov; conducted by Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 27, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 28, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 29, at 2: "Eugene Onegin," with Ileana Cotrubas, Cleopatra Ciurca, Leo Nucci, and Vladimir Popov; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Barbara Conrad, Piero Cappuccilli, and Dano Raffanti; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Barbara Conrad, Piero Cappuccilli, and Dano Raffanti; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Ileana Cotrubas, Cleopatra Ciurca, Leo Nucci, and Vladimir Popov; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Ariel Bybee, William Lewis, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 1:30: "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Barbara Conrad, Piero Cappuccilli, and Dano Raffanti; Nello Santi.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 8: "Carmen," with Marianna Christos, Victoria Vergara, Jacque Trussel, and Robert Hale; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Catherine Lamy, Cynthia Rose, Robert Grayson, and William Stone; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 28, at 8: The company's première of Delibes's "Lakmé," with Gianna Rolandi, Susanne Marsee, Barry McCauley, and Harry Dworchak; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 29, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Viviane Thomas, Alteouise DeVaughn, Riccardo Calleo, and Adib Fazah; and "Pagliacci," with Marianna Christos, Harry Theyard, and Robert Galbraith; Imre Pallo conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Judith Haddon, Jon Fredric West, and Kevin Langan; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 30, at 1: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Susanne Mentzer, Bruce Reed, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 30, at 7:30: "The Rake's Progress" (in English), with Erie Mills, Joy Davidson, Jerry Hadley, and Frederick Burchinal; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 5, at 8: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Barry McCauley, and Stanley Wexler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Joyce Guyer, Susanne Marsee, Jerry Hadley, and Frederick Burchinal; Mark Flint. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8: "Carmen," with Marianna Christos, Victoria Vergara, Jacque Trussel, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 18.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Friday, Sept. 28, at 2, and Saturday, Sept. 29, and Monday, Oct. 1, at 8: A Ulysses Kay–Schumann–Elgar program, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 7:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3-4, and Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8: A varied program, with Mr. Zukerman playing both violin and viola.

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Maurice André, trumpet, and André Emelianoff, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 30, at 3.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting a performance of the complete Bach Brandenburg concertos. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 226-1115.)

RECITALS

Jorma Hynninen—Baritone. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sunday, Sept. 30, at 3.)

Katia and Marielle Labèque—Duo piano. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sunday, Sept. 30, at 8.)

League-ISCM—A program of new European chamber music by Peter Maxwell Davies, Pierre Boulez, Gyorgy Ligeti, and Karlheinz Stockhausen. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by William Albright, John Cage, Mario Davidovsky, and Charles Wuorinen, performed by the New Jersey Percussion Ensemble. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

Quintet of the Americas—Chamber music. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Tuesday, Oct 2, at 8.)

Empire Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Clara Sverner—Piano, in a program featuring works by contemporary South American composers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Mozartean Players—The first in a series of three concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concerts—Among the participants in a series of three concerts to benefit the New

Arts Program of Kutztown, Pa., will be David Gordon, Bill T. Jones, Arnie Zane, Johanna Boyce, John Cage, Peter Gordon, Meredith Monk, and Steve Reich. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Sept. 28, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 29, at 2 and 8.)

Cathedral Bach Festival—A series of four all-Bach concerts—Friday, Sept. 28: Michael Feldman conducting the St. Luke's Chamber Orchestra in an all-concerto program, with D'Anna Fortunato, soprano; Caroline Stoessinger, piano; Dora Schwarzberg, violin; and Stephen Taylor, oboe. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 29: The Canticum Novum Singers, with Patricia Misslin, soprano; Mary Ann Hart, mezzo-soprano; Patrick Romano, tenor; Albert De Ruiter, bass; Gerald Ranck and Linda Kobler, harpsichord; and an orchestra. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 1: Bonnie Thron, cello, and Mr. Ranck. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 2: Dale Livingston, baritone; John Herrick Littlefield and Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Mary Alderdice, harpsichord; and Sidney Harth, violin. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Evenings at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At Watkins Glen: Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 29-30, at 9.

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 1:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 27-28, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 29-30, at 2. . . . **AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS AND NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS:** Start Tuesday, Oct. 2.

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 29:** Army vs. Duke, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. the New York Maritime Academy, at John F. Kennedy Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Penn State vs. Texas, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 12:20. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Bucknell, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Cincinnati, at Piscataway, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 6:** Army vs. Harvard, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Morgan State, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Sept. 30: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Los Angeles.

Hockey—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (564-4400): Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Sept. 29, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Rangers, Friday, Sept. 28, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 7:35.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 22. The Marlboro Cup Invitational Handicap and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 29; the Ruffian Handicap, Sunday, Sept. 30; and the Cowdin, Saturday, Oct. 6. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:19.) . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 31. The Rutgers, Friday, Sept. 28.

Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Wednesday, Sept. 26, at noon; Thursday, Sept. 27, at 8 A.M.; Friday, Sept. 28, at 7 A.M.; and Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8 A.M.; School figures. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 27, at 8 P.M.; Friday, Sept. 28, at 1;

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Saturday, Sept. 29, at 1:30; and Sunday, Sept. 30, at 11: Free skating. (Sky Rink, 450 W. 33rd St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 3.

Yachting—The eighteenth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from Pier A, Battery Park; south under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge; around the West Bank Light; and back to a Committee Boat anchored off Battery Park. The starting gun goes off at ten, Saturday, Sept. 29. A spectator boat will embark from Pier 15, East River at Fulton Street, at nine-fifteen; for information, call 669-9416.

ET ALIA

Drama Readings—Harold Pinter reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

COMING EVENTS

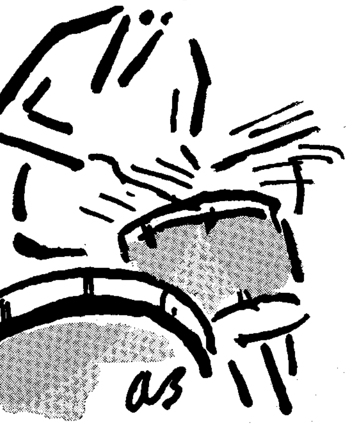
(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—The World Series starts Oct. 9 in the home park of the National League Champion.

Professional Basketball—The Knicks open their regular season at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 27 vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ The Nets open their regular season at the Byrne Meadowlands Arena on Oct. 26 vs. Atlanta.

Professional Football—**SUNDAY, OCT. 7:** Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, at Kansas City. . . . **MONDAY, OCT. 8:** Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 14:** Giants vs. Atlanta Falcons, at Atlanta, and Jets vs. Cleveland Browns, at Cleveland. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 21:** Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, at Giants Stadium, and Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 28:** Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro. . . . **SUNDAY, NOV. 4:** Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Giants Stadium, and Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas.

Hockey—The Rangers at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Oct. 11 (Hartford), Oct. 14 (Minnesota), Oct. 21 (Islanders), Oct. 28 (Boston), Nov. 7 (Washington), and Nov. 9 (Islanders). . . . ¶ The Islanders at **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Oct. 7 (Buffalo, in an exhibition game), Oct. 13 (Chicago), Oct. 16 (Devils), Oct. 20 (Los Angeles), Oct. 23 (Vancouver), Oct. 27 (Boston), Oct. 30 (Rangers), Nov. 6 (St. Louis), and Nov. 10 (Pittsburgh). . . . ¶ The Devils at **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Oct. 12 (Islanders), Oct. 19 (Toronto), Oct. 25 (Rangers), Oct. 27 (Philadelphia), Oct. 31 (Pittsburgh), Nov. 2 (Minnesota), Nov. 8 (Edmonton), and Nov 10 (Washington).



Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 30–Nov. 4.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Oct. 24–Dec. 31.

Running—The New York City Marathon, Oct. 28.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nov. 5-Jan. 12.

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE** (362-6000): The Metropolitan Opera season continues through April 20. . . . ¶ Montserrat Caballé, soprano, and José Carreras, tenor, Oct. 7. . . . **NEW YORK STATE THEATRE** (870-5570): The New York State Opera season continues through Nov. 18. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 25. . . . ¶ Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Mirella Freni, soprano, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Montreal Symphony, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Nathan Milstein, violin, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ James Galway, flute, Nov. 4. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7800): Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Garrick Ohlsson, piano, Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Oct. 11 and Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Eugene Fodor, violin, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Orpheus, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 14 and 30. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Viktor Tretyakov, violin, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 16 and Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Oct. 17, 19, and 20. . . . ¶ Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig, Oct. 21-22. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Oct. 24-25. . . . ¶ James Galway, flute, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Montreal Symphony, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Northern Sinfonia of England, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Stockholm Philharmonic, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ New Jersey Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Ivo Pogorelich, piano, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Salvatore Accardo, violin, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ London Philharmonic, Nov. 4-5. . . . ¶ Orchestre National de Lille, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Kurt Moll, bass, Nov. 10. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Musica Sacra, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Rebecca La Brecque, piano, and the American Composers Orchestra, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Oct. 21-23 and Nov. 2 and 4. . . . ¶ Grant Johannesen, piano, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ New York Vocal Arts Ensemble, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Grande Bande, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ English Concert, Nov. 4. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Abbey Simon, piano, Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Oct. 20-21. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Oct. 23-24. . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Håkan Hagegård, baritone, and Emanuel Ax, piano, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Hermann Baumann, horn, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Nov. 10. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Young Uck Kim, violin, and Peter Serkin, piano, Oct. 11 and 15. . . . ¶ Youri Egorov, piano, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Anner Bylsma, baroque cello and cello piccolo, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Emanuel Ax, piano, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Homero Francesch, piano, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ James Levine and members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Paula Robison, flute, Nov. 10.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Alec McCowen as Rudyard Kipling in a one-man play, "Kipling," by Brian Clark, which has previously been seen in London. . . . ¶ In "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom" Theresa Merritt will star as the early blues singer Gertrude (Ma) Rainey. August Wilson wrote the play, which was a spring production of the Yale Repertory Theatre. . . . ¶ The Royal Shakespeare Company will present a ten-week engagement, alternating Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" with Anthony Burgess's translation of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." . . . ¶ "Alone Together," a comedy by Lawrence Roman, with Janis Paige and Kevin McCarthy.

Other Dates—Columbus Day will be celebrated on Monday, Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 6 elections, Oct. 9 and 13. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 28.

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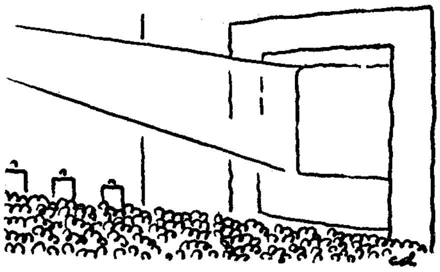

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Scarface" (1932 †).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Sept. 27: "Purple Rain" (†).
From Sept. 28: "Irreconcilable Differences" (directed by Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 27: "Ghostbusters" (†) and "The Big Chill" (†).
Sept. 28-Oct. 4: "Ghostbusters" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
Oct. 5: "El Norte" (†); and "Alsino and the Condor" (Miguel Littin; a Nicaraguan film, in Spanish), with Dean Stockwell and Alan Esquivel.
Oct. 6: "Missing" (†); and "Chile, I Don't Take Your Name in Vain" (1984; a Chilean film), a documentary.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Sept. 27: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
From Sept. 28: "A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Sept. 27: "Tightrope" (†).
From Sept. 28: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Until September" (Richard Marquand), with Karen Allen and Thierry Lhermitte.
Theatre 2: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 3: "All of Me" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Cal" (Pat O'Connor), with Helen Mirren and John Lynch.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Sept. 27: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
From Sept. 28: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Sept. 27: "Dreamscape" (†).
From Sept. 28: "Impulse" (Graham Baker), with Tim Matheson, Meg Tilly, and Hume Cronyn.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"A Joke of Destiny" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Ugo Tognazzi.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Tightrope" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.
Theatre 2: "Places in the Heart" (Robert Benton), with Sally Field and Lindsay Crouse.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Purple Rain" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 27: "The Bostonians" (†). From Sept. 28: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 27: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett. From Sept. 28: "The Bostonians" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "Windy City" (Armyan Bernstein), with John Shea, Kate Capshaw, and Josh Mostel.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Sept. 28: "Utu" (Geoff Murphy; a New Zealand film), with Anzac Wallace and Bruno Lawrence.
From Sept. 29: "Country" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Until September" (Richard Marquand), with Karen Allen and Thierry Lhermitte.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 27: "Ghostbusters" (†). From Sept. 28: "Body Rock" (Marcelo Epstein), with Lorenzo Lamas and Vicki Frederick.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Amadeus" (Miloš Forman), with F. Murray Abraham and Tom Hulce.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Tightrope" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 27: "Exterminator 2" (Mark Buntzman), with Robert Ginty. From Sept. 28: "The Wild Life" (Art Linson), with Christopher Penn and Lea Thompson.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 27: "Purple Rain" (†). From Sept. 28. "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 2: "Bona" (1980; directed by Lino Brocka; a Filipino film, in Tagalog). From Oct. 3: "Far from Poland" (Jill Godmilow).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 27: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969; Sergio Leone), with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards. From Sept. 28: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Empire of Passion" (1980; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The 4th Man" (†).
Theatre 2: "Spetters" (1981; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 2: "Until September" (Richard Marquand), with Karen Allen and Thierry Lhermitte.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 4: "Entre Nous" (†). From Oct. 5: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 3: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 27: "Eréndira" (†). Sept. 28-Oct. 4: "Utu" (Geoff Murphy; a New Zealand film), with Anzac Wallace and Bruno Lawrence. From Oct. 5: "Teachers."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Ballad of Narayama" (Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Metropolis" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Swann in Love" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Amadeus" (Miloš Forman), with F. Murray Abraham and Tom Hulce.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Full Moon in Paris" (Eric Rohmer; in French).
Theatre 2: "First Name: Carmen" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Family Game" (Yoshimitsu Morita; in Japanese).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Bizet's Carmen" (Francesco Rosi; in French), with Placido Domingo and Julia Migenes-Johnson.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 30: "Entre Nous" (†). From Oct. 1: "Stranger Than Paradise" (Jim Jarmusch), with John Lurie, Richard Edson, and Eszter Balint.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
Theatre 2: "Old Enough" (Marisa Silver).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 27: "Ghostbusters" (†). From Sept. 28: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.
Theatre 2: "Until September" (Richard Marquand), with Karen Allen and Thierry Lhermitte.
Theatre 3: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 4: "Tightrope" (†).

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 4: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer. From Oct. 5: "Savage Streets."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 27: "Love Streams" (John Cassavetes), with Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands. From Sept. 28: "Utu" (Geoff Murphy; a New Zealand film), with Anzac Wallace and Bruno Lawrence.
Theatre 3: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 27: "Exterminator

2" (Mark Buntzman), with Robert Ginty. From Sept. 28: "Body Rock" (Marcelo Epstein), with Lorenzo Lamas and Vicki Frederick.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 27: "Revenge of the Nerds" (directed by Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards. From Sept. 28: "Impulse" (Graham Baker), with Tim Matheson, Meg Tilly, and Hume Cronyn.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 27: "Purple Rain" (†). From Sept. 28: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.

Theatre 3: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 27: "Ninja Mission" (Mats Helge), with Christopher Kohlberg. From Sept. 28: "Revenge of the Nerds."

Theatre 5: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.

Theatre 6: Through Sept. 27: "Bolero" (John Derek), with Bo Derek. From Sept. 28: "Tightrope" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ghostbusters" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Theatre 3: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell.

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 27: "Oxford Blues" (Robert Boris), with Rob Lowe. From Sept. 28: "Utu" (Geoff Murphy; a New Zealand film), with Anzac Wallace and Bruno Lawrence.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 27: "C.H.U.D." (Douglas Cheek), with John Heard and Daniel Stern. From Sept. 28: "Body Rock" (Marcelo Epstein), with Lorenzo Lamas and Vicki Frederick.

Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Sept. 27: "Tightrope" (†).
From Sept. 28: "Purple Rain" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Dreamscape" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "Exterminator 2" (Mark Buntzman), with Robert Ginty.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 27: "Gremlins" (†). From Sept. 28: "Night Shadows."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

A festival of Russ Meyer films:

Sept. 26: "Up!" (1976) and "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" (1979).

Sept. 27: "Good Morning . . . And Goodbye" (1967) and "Mondo Topless" (1966).

Sept. 28: "Supervixens" (1975) and "Cherry & Harry & Raquel" (1969).

Sept. 29: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970) and "Common Law Cabin" (1967).

Sept. 30: "Vixens" (1968) and "Motorpsycho" (1965).

Oct. 1: "The Seven Minutes" (1971) and "The Immoral Mr. Teas" (1959).

Oct. 2: "Mondo Topless" and "Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers" (1969).

Oct. 3: "Up!" and "Lorna" (1964).

Oct. 4: "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" and "Mudhoney" (1965).

From Oct. 5: "Tibet: A Buddhist Trilogy" (1980; directed by Graham Coleman).

Bleecker St. Cinema 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!" (1966; Russ Meyer).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Sept. 26: "La Truite" (1983; Joseph Losey; in French), with Isabelle Huppert; and "Invitation au Voyage" (1983; Peter Del Monte; in French).

Sept. 27: "Parsifal" (1983; Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; in German), with Karin Krick and Michael Kutter.

Sept. 28: "Moscow on the Hudson" (1984; Paul Mazursky), with Robin Williams; and "Tempest" (1982; Paul Mazursky), with John Cassavetes, Gena Rowlands, Vittorio Gassman, Susan Sarandon, and Raul Julia.

Sept. 29: "Stripes" (1981; Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray; and "Neighbors" (1981; John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

Sept. 30: "The Dresser" (1983; Peter Yates), with Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay; and "Gloria" (1980; John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry.

Oct. 1: "Tootsie" (†) and "Used Cars" (†).

Oct. 2: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†); and "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (1983; Richard Pryor), a concert film.

Oct. 3: "The Big Chill" (†) and "Educating Rita" (†).

Oct. 4: "Gandhi" (1982; Richard Attenborough), with Ben Kingsley.

Oct. 5: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

Oct. 6: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "It Should Happen to You" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 27: "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel; and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.

Sept. 28-29: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

Sept. 30-Oct. 2: "Alien" (†) and "Altered States" (†).

Oct. 3-4: "Trading Places" (1983; John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd, Eddie Murphy, Ralph Bellamy, Don Ameche, Denholm Elliott, and Jamie Lee Curtis; and "48 Hrs." (1982; Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

Oct. 5-6: "Star 80" (1983; Bob Fosse), with Mariel Hemingway and Eric Roberts; and "Frances" (1982; Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Sept. 26: "The Boys from Syracuse" (1940; Edward A. Sutherland), with Allan Jones, Martha Raye, Joe Penner, Rosemary Lane, and Irene Hervey; "Roman Scandals" (1933; Frank Tuttle), with Eddie Cantor, Ruth Etting, Gloria Stuart, and David Manners; and "Androcles and the Lion" (1952; Chester Erskine), with Jean Simmons, Alan Young, Victor Mature, Robert Newton, and Maurice Evans.

Sept. 27-29: "Terms of Endearment" (1983; James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger, Shirley MacLaine, and Jack Nicholson; and "Testament" (1983; Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane.

Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Bjorn Andresen; and "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Ingrid Thulin.

Oct. 2-3: "The Bachelor Party" (1957; Delbert Mann), with Don Murray, E. G. Marshall, and Jack Warden; "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "A Hatful of Rain" (†).

Oct. 4-6: "You Only Live Twice" (1967; Lewis Gilbert), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (1969; Peter Hunt), with George Lazenby as Bond.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Sept. 27: "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot" (1974; Michael Cimino), with Clint Eastwood, Jeff Bridges, George Kennedy, and Geoffrey Lewis; "Play Misty for Me" (1971; Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood and Jessica Walter; and "Escape from Alcatraz" (1979; Don Siegel), with Clint Eastwood and Patrick McGoohan.

Sept. 28-29: "Superman II" (1981; Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman, Christopher Reeve, Terence Stamp, Jack O'Halloran, Sarah Douglas, and Margot Kidder; and "Superman" (1978; Richard Donner), with Christopher Reeve, Marlon Brando, Susannah York, Gene Hackman, Glenn Ford, Jackie Cooper, and Margot Kidder.

Sept. 30: "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (†); "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (†).

Oct. 1-2: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with The Band; and "Don't Look Back" (1967; Donn Pennebaker), with Bob Dylan.

Oct. 3-4: "Up in Smoke" (1978; Lou Adler), with Tommy Chong and Cheech Marin; "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "Airplane!" (†).

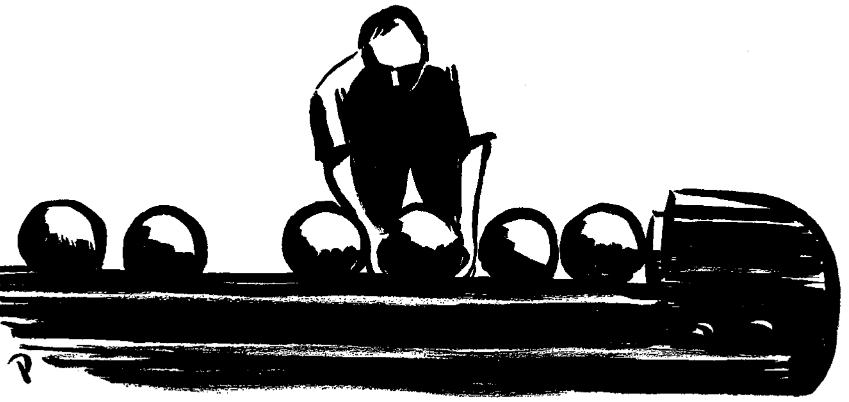
Oct. 5-6: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Sept. 26: "Cruel Story of Youth" (1960; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); and "Diary of a Shinjuku Thief" (1969; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Sept. 27: "Cruel Story of Youth;" and "Boy" (1970; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Sept. 28: "Heat and Dust" (1983; James



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Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor; and "The Europeans" (1979; James Ivory), with Lee Remick, Tim Woodward, Lisa Eichhorn, and Kristin Griffith.

Sept. 29: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Body Heat" (1981; Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, Richard Crenna, and Mickey Rourke.

Sept. 30: "Beat Street" (1984; Stan Lathan); and "Breakin' " (1984; Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey.

Oct. 1: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (†); and "RoGoPaG" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard, Roberto Rossellini, Pier Paolo Pasolini, and Ugo Gregoretti; in Italian), a four-episode film.

Oct. 2: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "To Forget Venice" (†).

Oct. 3: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, Glenda Jackson, and Jennie Linden.

Oct. 4: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972; Wim Wenders; in German); and "The Scarlet Letter" (1973; Wim Wenders; in German), with Senta Berger.

Oct. 5: "El Norte" (†); and "Under Fire" (1983; Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, Joanna Cassidy, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Ed Harris.

Oct. 6: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (†) and "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Sept. 26: "California Suite" (1978; Herbert Ross), with Alan Alda, Jane Fonda, Richard Pryor, Bill Cosby, Walter Matthau, Elaine May, Michael Caine, and Maggie Smith; and "Barefoot in the Park" (1967; Gene Saks), with Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Charles Boyer, and Mildred Natwick.

Sept. 27-29: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.

Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "42nd Street" (†); and "Hollywood Hotel" (1937; Busby Berkeley), with Dick Powell and Hugh Herbert.

Oct. 2-3: "The Day of the Locust" (†) and "Marathon Man" (†).

Oct. 4-6: "Tootsie" (†); and "My Favorite Year" (1982; Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole, Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, and Joseph Bologna.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 26: "The Gay Divorcée" (1934; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Alice Brady, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Shall We Dance" (1937; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore.

Sept. 27: "Hot Cargo" (1957; a TV film, directed by Tay Garnett), with Yvonne De Carlo and Rory Calhoun; "No. 5 Also Checked Out" (1956; a TV film, directed by Ida Lupino), with Peter Lorre; "The Lineup" (1958; Donald Siegel), with Eli Wallach, Robert Keith, and Warner Anderson; and "The Glass Web" (1953; Jack Arnold), with Edward G. Robinson and John Forsythe.

Sept. 28: "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young; and "Cat People" (1982; Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell, John Heard, and Annette O'Toole.

Sept. 29: "The World of Tomorrow" (1984; Tom Johnson and Lance Bird), a documentary on the 1939 New York World's Fair; and "All's Fair at the World's Fair," a program of cartoons with the theme of the World's Fair.

Sept. 30: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976; Federico Fellini), with Donald Sutherland.

Oct. 1: "Berlin Alexanderplatz" (1980; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). Parts 9 and 10 will be shown.

Oct. 2: "Of Human Bondage" (1934; John Cromwell), with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson; and "The Razor's Edge" (†).

Oct. 3: "El Bruto" (1952; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Pedro Armendariz and Katy Jurado; and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (1955; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Ernesto Alonso.

Oct. 4: "The Enforcer" (1950 †); "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye" (1950; Gordon Douglas), with James Cagney, Barbara Payton, Luther Adler, and Ward Bond; and "Crack-Up" (1946; Irving Reis), with Pat O'Brien, Claire Trevor, and Herbert Marshall.

Oct. 5: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.

Oct. 6: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Galaxina" (1981; William Sachs), with Stephen Macht and Dorothy R. Stratten.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 26: "Charlie Chan at the Olympics" (1937; H. Bruce Humberstone) and "Charlie Chan at the Circus" (1936; Harry Lachman), both films with Warner Oland as Chan.

Sept. 27: "Weekend in Havana" (1941; Walter Lang), with Alice Faye, John Payne, and Carmen Miranda; and "That Night in Rio" (1941; Irving Cummings), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda.

Sept. 28: "Red Dust" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and "Bombshell" (1933; Victor Fleming), with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan.

Sept. 29: "And Then There Were None" (1945; René Clair), with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Louis Hayward, and Judith Anderson; and "Dead of Night" (1945), a five-part English film about the supernatural.

Sept. 30: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

Oct. 1: "Romance" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Gavin Gordon, Lewis Stone, and Elliott Nugent; and "Inspiration" (1931; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery.

Oct. 2: "Secret Six" (1931; George Hill), with Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow, Marjorie Rambeau, and Johnny Mack Brown; and "Saratoga" (1937; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Frank Morgan, and Una Merkel.

Oct. 3: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; and "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.

Oct. 4: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Two Women" (1961; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Oct. 5-6: "This Gun for Hire" (1942; Frank Tuttle), with Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd, Laird Cregar, and Robert Preston; and "The Glass Key" (1942; Stuart Heisler), with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd. St. (708-9490)—Sept. 27 at 2:30: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1968; directed by Peter Hall), with Diana Rigg, Helen Mirren, David Warner, Bill Travers, and the Royal Shakespeare Company. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6: "The Little Train Robbery" (1905; Edwin S. Porter), "The 'Teddy' Bears" (1907; Edwin S. Porter), and "Rumpelstiltskin" (1915; Thomas H. Ince). All silent films. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 2:30: "Macbeth" (1948; Orson Welles), with Welles and Jeanette Nolan. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 6: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian, with English subtitles), with Nikolai Cherkasov. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 2:30: A program of six silent films by D. W. Griffith—"Over Silent Paths" (1910); "The Unchanging Sea" (1910), with Mary Pickford; "Her Awakening" (1911), with Mable Normand; "The Eternal Mother" (1912), with Blanche Sweet; "A House Divided" (1913), with Alice Guy-Blaché; and "Her Defiance" (1916), with Cleo Madison and Joe King. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 5: "Ballad of Love" (1965; Mikhail Bogin; in Russian, with English subtitles), "A Boring Afternoon" (1965; Ivan Passer; in Czech, with English subtitles), and "A Private Life" (1980; Mikhail Bogin). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 2:30: "Spare Time" (1939; Humphrey Jennings), "Valley Town" (1940; Willard Van Dyke), and "Prelude to War" (1942; Frank Capra). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 5: "Pathé Newsreels, 1917-31," "Kino Pravda" (1922; Dziga Vertov), and "Berlin: Symphony for a Great City" (1927; Walter Ruttmann). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 2:30: "Alexander Nevsky." . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6: "All My Babies" (1952; George Stoney), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 2:30: "Broken Blossoms" (1919; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, and Donald Crisp; and "An Unseen Enemy" (1912; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Lillian and Dorothy Gish. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6: A program of six silent films by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 2:30: "Mail Early" (1941; Norman McLaren), "V for Victory" (1941; Norman McLaren), "Warclouds in the Pacific" (1941; Stuart Legg), "Battle Is Their Birthright" (1943; Stuart Legg), and "When Asia Speaks" (1944; Stuart Legg). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6: "Broken Blossoms" and "An Unseen Enemy." . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 2:30: "All My Babies." . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6: "Ballad of Love," "A Boring Afternoon," and "A Private Life." . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 2:30: "Daniel Boone, or, Pioneer Days in America" (1907; Edwin S. Porter), with Florence Lawrence; "His Mother's Scarf" (1911; D. W. Griffith), with Charles West, Dorothy West, and Wilfred Lucas; and "The Martyrs of the Alamo" (1915; William Christy Cabanne), with Sam De Grasse and Walter Long. All silent films. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 5: "Pathé Newsreels, 1917-31," "Kino Pravda," and "Berlin: Symphony for a Great City." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A survey of American independent films, 1958-64. Sept. 26 at noon: "Star Spangled to Death" (1959; Ken Jacobs). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 3:15: "Anticipation of the Night" (1958; Stan Brakhage), "A Movie" (1958; Bruce Conner), "Triptych in Four Parts" (1958; Larry Jordan), "Window Water Baby Moving" (1959; Stan Brakhage), and "Eye Wash" (1959; Robert Breer). . . . ¶ Sept. 27-29 at noon: "Pull My Daisy" (1959; Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie) and "The Savage Eye" (1959; Ben Maddow, Sidney Meyers,

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and Joseph Strick). . . . ¶ Sept. 27-29 at 3: "The Flower Thief" (1960; Ron Rice). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 12:30, Oct. 2 at 2, and Oct. 3 at noon: "Homage to Jean Tinguely's 'Homage to New York' " (1960; Robert Breer), "Lifelines" (1960; Ed Emshwiller), "Primary" (1960; Robert Drew, Ricky Leacock, Al Maysles, Donn Pennebaker, and Terence MaCartney-Filgate), and "No. 12 (Heaven and Earth Magic, The Magic Feature)" (1958-61; Harry Smith). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 3:30, Oct. 2 at 6:15, and Oct. 3 at 3: "Prelude: Dog Star Man" (1961; Stan Brakhage), "Arabesque for Kenneth Anger" (1961; Marie Menken), "The Death of P'town" (1961; Ken Jacobs), and "The Sin of Jesus" (1961; Robert Frank). . . . ¶ Oct. 4-6 at noon: "Scorpio Rising" (1963; Kenneth Anger), "To Parsifal" (1963; Bruce Baillie), "Dog Star Man, Part I" (1962; Stan Brakhage), "Dog Star Man, Part II" (1963; Stan Brakhage), "Little Stabs at Happiness" (1963; Ken Jacobs), "Notebook" (1963; Marie Menken), and "Report" (1963; Bruce Conner). . . . ¶ Oct. 4-6 at 2:30: "Guns of the Trees" (1961; Jonas Mekas), "Senseless" (1961; Ron Rice), and "Cosmic Ray" (1961; Bruce Conner). Closed Mondays.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a *seventeen-day series of international films*—At **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 28 at 7:30: "Country" (Richard Pearce; United States; reviewed in this issue). . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Sept. 28 at 9: a repeat showing of "Country." . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 29 at 12:30: "Becky Sharp" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 3: "The Holy Innocents" (Mario Camus; Spain). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 6: "America and Lewis Hine" (Nina Rosenblum; United States) and "Los Sures" (Diego Echeverria; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 9: "Stranger Than Paradise" (Jim Jarmusch; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 2: "A Hill on the Dark Side of the Moon" (Lennart Hjulström; Sweden). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 4:30: "Stranger Than Paradise." . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 7: "Diary for My Children" (Mártha Mészáros; Hungary). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 9:30: "The Holy Innocents." . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6:15: "A Hill on the Dark Side of the Moon." . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 9:30: "Diary for My Children." . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6:15: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; West Germany/France). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9:30 and Oct. 3 at 6:15: "A Summer in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 9:30: "A Love in Germany." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6:15: "Shivers" (Wojciech Marczewski; Poland). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 9: "Cammina Cammina" (Ermanno Olmi; Italy). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6:15: "Three Crowns of the Sailor" (Raul Ruiz; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 9:30: "A Flash of Green" (Victor Nuñez; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 11: "Cammina Cammina." . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 3: "Love on the Ground" (Jacques Rivette; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 6: "Strikebound" (Richard Lowenstein; Australia). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 9: "Love on the Ground." . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 11:30: "Shivers." (For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadores, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think of themselves as living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with demagogic delusions. In German. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 6.)

Airplane! (1980)—If you were a teen-ager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a jokebook. Except for a genuinely funny sequence that parodies "Saturday Night Fever," it has the kind of pacing that goes with a laugh track. But the three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 3-4.)

Alien (1979)—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on Earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Cinema Village; Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

All of Me—Steve Martin is Roger, who hates his job as a lawyer and would chuck it if he had the guts to take his chances as a jazz guitarist. Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden since infancy and has never really had a life. Now she is about to die, and Roger's boss has sent him to revise her will. Edwina has imported a Tibetan swami (Richard Libertini), who at the moment of her death is supposed to capture her spiritual substance in a bronze pot and transfer it into the curvy body of the lovely Terry (Victoria Tennant), who has agreed to vacate it. Edwina instructs Roger to arrange for Terry to inherit everything she has, but he thinks she's crazy and refuses. The argument precipitates her demise, and in the confusion her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. (Though she talks to him all the time, she's visible only when he looks in the mirror.) This is the nifty premise of a romantic comedy about how two antagonists in the same body fall in love and find happiness, and parts of it give viewers the kind of giddy pleasure that is often what we most want from the movies. Martin and Tomlin are both uninhibited physical comics. They tune in to each other's timing the way lovers do in life, only more so, and in her early scenes Tomlin presents a distinctive enough caricature for us to sense Edwina's presence when Martin simulates her being inside him—he's a wizard at keeping her vivid for us. And the director, Carl Reiner, seems to have an intuitive rapport with his funny performers—with the two leads, with Libertini as the disoriented Tibetan, and with Jason Bernard, who plays a black musician pal of Roger's, and with the talented Madolyn Smith, who plays Roger's nasty *fiancée*. Reiner's weakness is that the gags aren't thought out visually in terms of the L.A. locations; the camera setups are often klunky, especially in Edwina's mansion, and the film has the bland ugliness of sitcoms. It also has a halfhearted subplot about Dana Elcar as Roger's philandering boss, and it suffers a dip in energy when Edwina's spirit finally enters Terry's body, since the beautiful, mild Victoria Tennant doesn't seem at all changed—because of this, Edwina seems to disappear. But she comes back at the end. And the film has a lot of charm. The ingenious script, by Phil Alden Robinson, was adapted from an unpublished novel, "Me Two," by Ed Davis. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/17/84.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Quad Cinema, New Yorker, and Loews State.)

Altered States (1980)—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped-up the delivery is you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. There are some effectively scary Jekyll-and-Hyde devices, and Hurt, making his movie début, brings a cool, quivering untrustworthiness to his revved-up mad-scientist role; this young scientist is neurasthenic, charismatic, and ready to try anything. But Russell clomps from one scene to the next, the psychedelic visions come at you like choppy slide shows, and the picture has a dismal, tired humanistic ending. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying, handwringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. Cinematography by Jordan Cronenweth. (Cinema Village; Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

The Big Chill (1983)—An amiable, slick comedy with some very well-directed repartee and skillful performances. It's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult, but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together, and who has now, after years of flailing about disconsolately, slit his wrists. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence; it's easy to see why Alex turned to this restful girl—she's a refuge from ideas. The picture offers the pleasures of the synthetic. It's overcontrolled, it's shallow, it's a series of contrivances. And whenever Kasdan tries for depth the result is phony. But a lot of the time he manages to turn phonyness into wisecracking fun. (10/17/83) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 3.)

The Bostonians—Another of the film adaptations of great novels that fail to communicate what's great about the book—in this case, Henry James's liveliest novel, which is set in the period after the Civil War. It must certainly be the best novel in the language about the cold anger that the issue of equal rights for women can stir in a man, but you wouldn't know that from the movie, which was produced by Ismail Merchant and directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Although it's not as limp as some of their other collaborations, they don't dramatize the material, and Ivory doesn't shape the performances. As Basil Ransom, who thinks women essentially inferior to men, Christopher Reeve has such a likable, wholesomely romantic presence that he takes the sting out of his lines. And as Verena, the sparkling, flirtatious young girl who has been trained by her mesmerist father to surrender her mind, Madeleine Potter is odd and overcontrolled. The only good reason to see the insignificant, washed-out film is Vanessa Redgrave's performance as the repressed lesbian Olive Chancellor, who grooms Verena to be a spokesperson for the suffragettes. With Jessica Tandy, Linda Hunt, Nancy Marchand, and Wesley Addy in the role of Verena's father. (8/6/84) (Cinema I; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting Sept. 28.)

Country—With Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard, directed by Richard Pearce. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman; starting Sept. 29.)

The Day of the Locust (1975)—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel is a mosaic that never comes together. Waldo Salt attempted the next-to-impossible job of adapting the novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as

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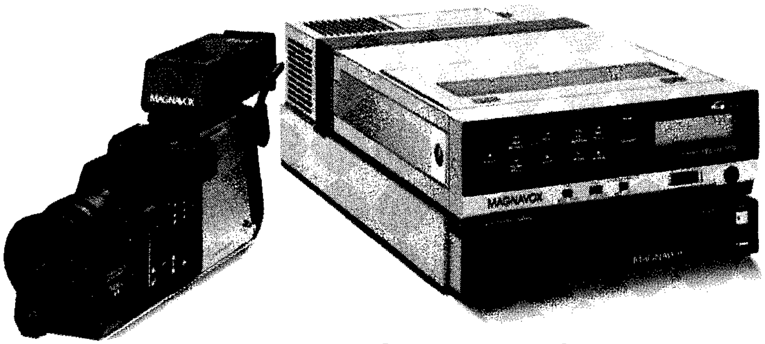

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an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. With Karen Black, Donald Sutherland, Geraldine Page, Lelia Goldoni, Richard A. Dysart, and Bo Hopkins. Cinematography by Conrad Hall; production design by Richard MacDonald. (Regency; Oct. 2-3.)

DREAMSCAPE—With Dennis Quaid and Kate Capshaw, directed by Joseph Ruben. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through Sept. 27.)

EDUCATING RITA (1983)—It's no more than a two-character play—a duet—"opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who signs up for literature tutorials in the Open University and is assigned to him. She wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Julie Walters' performance may be too "set" for the camera (she played the role on the London stage), but her inflections are funny in unexpected ways. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. You can see the professor's impotence in his pink-rimmed, blurry eyes; he's crumbling from within. Caine lets nothing get between you and the character. You don't observe his acting; you just experience the character's emotions. You feel his smirking terror. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 3.)

THE ENFORCER (1950)—This crime melodrama, inspired by newspaper accounts of the organization of killers-for-hire known as Murder, Inc., has a good, tense opening sequence, set at night, with Humphrey Bogart as a D.A. trying to protect the gangster (Ted de Corsia) who is scheduled to be his witness in the morning. But as the D.A. goes back over the case, in flashback, the suspense gradually seeps away. The narrative keeps moving along, but it doesn't build and the flashbacks aren't ingeniously pieced together—they're not fun. Bogart, who seems to be the police investigator as well as the prosecutor, walks through his colorless part; he's far less entertaining than the hoods—a collection of brutish misfits who pick on each other. De Corsia, with his sinister accent and his humorlessness and impersonal anger, takes over as the star. Others in the cast include Zero Mostel as Big Babe, Lawrence (later Michael) Tolan as Duke, Don Beddoe as O'Hara, who's sodden on muscatel, and Jack Lambert, Robert Steele, John Kellogg, King Donovan, Roy Roberts, Tito Vuolo, and Mario Siletti; despite the crude writing (the script is by Martin Rackin), each of these men makes a distinct impression. Only Everett Sloane as the mastermind, Mendoza, is a disappointment—he's smoothly actorish and outclasses his amoral-killer role. The women (Adelaide Klein, Pat Joiner, Susan Cabot) are treated negligently, as mere accessories to the story. The film is well shot (by Robert Burks) and astutely designed, though it seems to have been made on the cheap; there's almost no one on the screen who isn't directly related to the case. A puzzling omission: we never learn how Murder, Inc., actually worked; how did potential customers find out how to get in touch with the murder ring? Directed by Bretaigne Windust. (Thalia; Oct. 4.)

ENTRE NOUS—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Oct. 4.)

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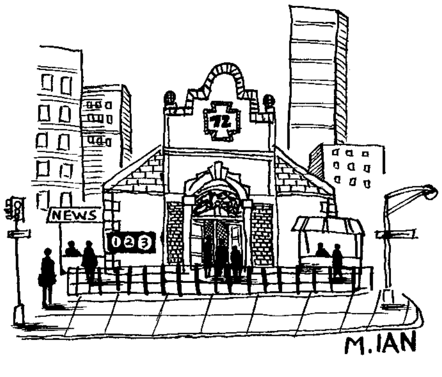
ERÉNDIRA—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. The Brazilian director Ruy Guerra puts the García Márquez touches in place, but they have no hallucinatory tingle. A mad old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. And before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Papas's merriment is gargantuan; she could play a female Falstaff. With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe as the duped angel. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 27.)

FIRST NAME: CARMEN—In this modern-day version of the Carmen story, the director, Jean-Luc Godard, looks at the performers with the eyes of an apathetic stranger. From the way the movie is put together, it appears that he is resigned to having to tell some sort of story, but he feels it's an imposition on him—an irritation, or worse. He displaces the sensuality that people expect from a Carmen movie onto images that have no specific relation to her story—waves breaking against rocks, Paris traffic at dusk, views of a string quartet that is practicing and (sometimes) performing the Beethoven we hear on the soundtrack. Godard keeps all his sets of images in motion: he's the rare case of an artist whose command of his medium becomes more assured as his interests dry up. Working with Raoul Coutard as cinematographer, he gives you the feeling that he can do almost anything and you'll keep watching it, mesmerized by the rhythms of sound and image. The picture is Godardian in a dissociated way that is sometimes amusing but makes us condescend to it, fondly—and, after a while, not so fondly. Godard himself plays Uncle Jean, a dotty, broken-down filmmaker who mutters spacey epigrams and whacks himself in the face; his slapstick self-parody makes more connection with the audience than anything else in the shallow, withdrawn movie. Godard gives the impression that maybe he'd rather sit around listening to Beethoven quartets than make movies. He wryly (and ambivalently, of course) celebrates being out of it. The basic feel of this "Carmen" is "What's the use?" Uncle Jean's niece, Carmen, is played by a very pretty young Dutch actress, Maruschka Detmers; Joseph is played by Jacques Bonaffi. In French. (9/17/84) (Lincoln Plaza.)



42ND STREET (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was based on a novel by Bradford Ropes but was also an unofficial remake of the 1929 "On with the Show;" it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy—what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The backstage story is pleasantly tawdry and corny. Warner Baxter is the great Broadway producer-director (with heart trouble) who makes the memorable (and much lampooned) speech: "Miss Sawyer, you listen to me . . . and you listen hard. Two hundred people, two hundred jobs, two hundred thousand dollars, five weeks of grind and blood and sweat depend upon you! It's the lives of all these people who've worked with you. You've got to go on and you've got to give, and give, and give! They've got to like you, got to. You understand? You can't fall down, you can't. Because your future's in it, my future and everything all of us have is staked on you. All right now, I'm through. But you keep your feet on the ground and your head on those shoulders of yours, and, Sawyer, you're going out a youngster, but you've got to come back a star!" Peggy Sawyer, the understudy who has to go on for the star, is Ruby Keeler, who wears little puffed sleeves (for innocence) even in her rehearsal clothes; training her for the opening, the tough Baxter never tells her to stop looking at her feet—and neither, apparently, did the film's choreographer, Busby Berkeley. It's hard to decide which is klunkier—her dancing or her line readings—but it's just about impossible not to like her. (She had to play the nice girl—what else could she play?) Bebe Daniels is the fading star (in fox furs) who breaks her ankle; George Brent is her lover; Dick Powell is the singing and smiling twerpy juvenile; Ginger Rogers is the gold-digging chorine known as "the Countess;" Guy Kibbee is a sugar daddy; Una Merkel and Toby Wing are in the chorus. Also with Ned Sparks, Allen Jenkins, George E. Stone, Robert McWade, Eddie Nugent, and Henry B. Walthall. The songs, by Harry Warren and Al Dubin (who make brief appearances), include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me," "Young and Healthy," and, of course, "42nd Street." Lloyd Bacon directed; the screenplay is by Rian James and James Seymour; cinematography by Sol Polito. It may be noted that there's no penetrable internal logic for the variations in Busby Berkeley's kaleidoscopic dance numbers. (That's part of their surreal charm; so is his indifference to the dancing—he's interested only in the patterns.) And they have no external logic, either—what conceivable story-line Broadway show could they fit into? Apparently, Berkeley devised his choreographic spectacles on his own, without reference to the script of the movie, and without worrying about whether they would pass as parts of one musical. In this picture, Lloyd Bacon and the editors couldn't figure out how to insert them strategically, and so at the end there are three big numbers, one right after another. (Regency; Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

THE 4TH MAN—The Dutch director Paul Verhoeven and his usual scenarist, Gerard Soeteman, are out to give us a shockingly good time in this thriller about a homosexual writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow (Renée Soutendijk), because he has a passionate yen for her longtime lover. The film's comic tone depends on our being tickled by the writer's arrogance and mean-spiritedness. What keeps the movie from being any more than a tongue-in-cheek homoerotic fantasy is that the widow, who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure—so that we can't tell if the writer is deluding himself that she's a killer who has already dispatched three husbands, or if his hyperactive imagination is alerting him to the truth—is disappointingly placid, a blank. But the film is amusing, and the talented Jeroen Krabbé plays worminess exuberantly. Adapted from a novel by the Netherlands writer Gerard Reve, who lends the writer-protago-

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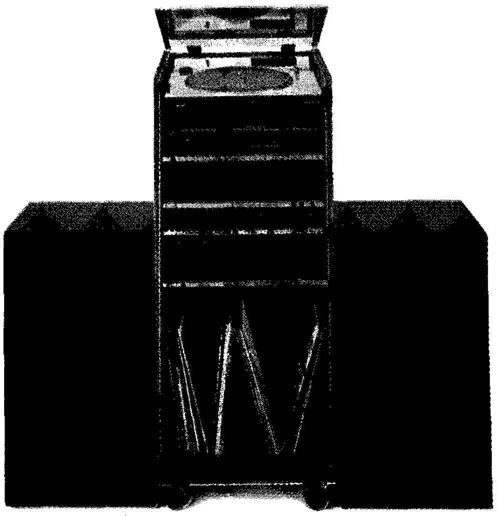

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nist his own name. In Dutch. (7/9/84) (Waverly.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, who uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality, and Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. The script is by Aykroyd and Ramis; the cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 4.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's interpretation features the rocky settings of southern Italy, an eclectic score, and a rigid Jesus who demands obedience. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. (There's a funny description of the film in the opening pages of Iris Owens' novel "After Claude.") In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 1.)

Gremlins—The director Joe Dante has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero, Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The picture is a black humorist's parody of Steven Spielberg's "E.T." Billy's mogwai is a good child; the other mogwai are its aggressively vulgar, beer-guzzling brothers—children of the night. With Frances Lee McCain as Billy's mother, Polly Holliday as the town's Wicked Witch-Scrooge, Dick Miller as the town drunk, and Phoebe Cates, Hoyt Axton, Keye Luke, Glynn Turman, Judge Reinhold, Edward Andrews, and Chuck Jones as Mr. Jones. Written by Chris Columbus; the critters were designed by Chris Walas. (6/25/84) (R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through Sept. 27.)

A Hatful of Rain (1957)—Adapted from the Broadway play about drug addiction and directed by Fred Zinnemann, this film, after a slow start, works itself up into a tense, melodramatic mood as it approaches its climax. The plot revolves around a Korean veteran who has taken to the needle; his wife, who is baffled by his conduct; his brother, who is full of sympathy for him; and his father, who is extraordinarily obtuse. Don Murray, Eva Marie Saint, Anthony Franciosa, and Lloyd Nolan are all commendable in these central roles. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 2-3.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick, Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Loews Astor Plaza.)

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Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing Lord Jim. Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (221 minutes.) (Ziegfeld.)

Marathon Man (1976)—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled crosscutting that there isn't the clarity needed for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, Marthe Keller, William Devane, and Fritz Weaver; cinematography by Conrad Hall. (Regency; Oct. 2-3.)

Metropolis (1926)—H. G. Wells called this German silent movie, directed by Fritz Lang, "quite the silliest film;" Hitler was so impressed by the conception that many years later he tried (unsuccessfully) to persuade Lang to make Nazi movies. Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century (suggested by his first view of New York) has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine, underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. The industrialist tyrant who runs Metropolis plots to incite riots so that he can crush the workers' rebelliousness. His son has gone down to the workers and fallen in love with the saintly firebrand Maria (Brigitte Helm). The tyrant plots with an inventor, Rotwang, who creates a steel double for Maria—the false Maria, who leads the masses to revolt. One of the last examples of the imaginative—but often monstrous—grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design, with moments of almost incredible beauty and power, absurd ineptitudes, and oddities that defy analysis. It's a wonderful, stupefying folly. With Alfred Abel, Gustav Frölich, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Fritz Rasp, and Heinrich George. Script by Thea von Harbou; cinematography by Karl Freund and Günther Rittau, with Eugen Schüfftan shooting the special effects. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder, with tinting that attempts to follow Lang's original specifications, and with a modern pop score—it includes contributions by Loverboy, Pat Benatar, Adam Ant, Billy Squier, and Bonnie Tyler. (57th St. Playhouse.)

Missing (1982)—Making his first American movie, Costa-Gavras uses the same approach that American directors have often used when they wanted to teach us something: he gives his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As the businessman Ed Horman, the father of a young American who had disappeared in Chile during the days after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is playing a variant of the role that Jane Fonda has been playing in films such as "Coming Home" and "The China Syndrome;" he's the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. And Lemmon is so eager to have depth that he looks on a serious role as a chance for redemption; Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the backgrounds: in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law—the sirens, the tanks, the helicopters, the feeling of abnormal silences and of random terror. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 6.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—Frank Capra-style folk humor is better in slightly shorter doses (this runs almost two hours and the pace could be quicker) but there's no use fighting one's enjoyment of his homey fantasy demonstrating the triumph of small-town values over big-city cynicism. Gary Cooper (Longfellow Deeds) is the sincere greeting-card poet from New England who comes to New York; Jean Arthur is the wiseacre newspaperwoman who starts out by making a public joke of him and then falls in love with him. The film culminates in a courtroom sequence that introduced the word "pixilated" to just about every American home, and set people to examining one another's casual scribbles or sketches—their "doodles." Robert Riskin adapted the Clarence Budington Kelland *SatEvePost* story "Opera Hat." The cast includes George Bancroft, Lionel Stander, Douglass Dumbrille, Ruth Donnelly, Emma Dunn, Raymond Walburn, Warren Hymer, Walter Catlett, Mayo Methot, and Jameson Thomas as the twitcher. Capra took the Academy Award for Best Director. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 30.)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939)—Frank Capra's attempt to repeat the country-boy-defeating-the-city-slickers formula of "Mr. Deeds" succeeded commercially, but the picture has more of the heartfelt in it than is good for the stomach, and it goes on for more than two hours. James Stewart is the naïve small-town hero sent to the Senate; Jean Arthur (whose voice is as teasing as it was in "Mr. Deeds") is the knowing secretary who is at first horrified by his simplicity. When the young Senator's illusions are shattered, he stages a filibuster, defeats the villains, and reëstablishes the whole government on a firm and honorable basis. No one else can balance the ups and downs of wistful sentiment and corny humor the way Capra can—but if anyone else should learn to, kill him. Sidney Buchman wrote the screenplay, from a story by Lewis R. Foster. The cast includes Claude Rains as a corrupt senator, Guy Kibbee as a venal governor, Beulah Bondi as Ma Smith, and Edward Arnold, Thomas Mitchell, Ruth Donnelly, Harry Carey, H. B. Warner, Porter

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Hall, Astrid Allwyn, and Eugene Pallette, who gets stuck in a phone booth. Members of the U.S. Senate were so outraged about the picture (and for the wrong reasons) that there was actually talk of a retaliatory bill against the movie interests; the storm blew over when it became apparent that the public loved the film. Music by Dmitri Tiomkin; montage by Slavko Vorkapich. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 30.)

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutiérrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands, which probably hasn't changed much since pre-Columbian times, to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Within a matter of days, Rosa goes from carrying a large jug of water on her head to trying to operate an electronic washing machine in a Beverly Hills mansion. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan as Josefita, Trinidad Silva as the L.A. job broker, and Lupe Ontiveros as Nacha. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (St. Marks Cinema, and Metro Cinema; Oct. 5.)

Nosferatu, the Vampyre (1979)—A reprise of the 1922 F. W. Murnau film, by the gifted and prolific Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski exerts his fierce magnetism as Boss Vampire, and Isabelle Adjani is present as Throat-of-the-Month. There are some fine images, but the film doesn't really add very much to a great tradition. In German. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 6.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's not difficult to see the attraction that the picture has for adolescents: Prince's songs are a cry for the free expression of sexual energy, and his suffering is a supercharged version of what made James Dean the idol of young moviegoers—this Kid is "hurting." And this picture knows no restraint. It was directed by Albert Magnoli (who also wrote the final script and was the co-editor), but Prince is in charge, and he knows how he wants to appear—like Dionysus crossed with a convent girl on her first bender. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. The film introduces a full-fledged young comedian, Morris Day, the lead singer of The Time, who suggests a Richard Pryor without the genius and the complications. With Patty Apollonia Kotero, Jerome Benton, and Clarence Williams III as the Kid's father. Cinematography by Donald Thorin; shot in Minneapolis. (8/20/84) (D. W. Griffith, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Criterion Theatres; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Movieland; starting Sept. 28.)

The Razor's Edge (1946)—Almost as irresistibly funny and terrible as "The Fountainhead." Tyrone Power plays the Somerset Maugham hero who journeys all the way to India and figures that he has hit upon a mystical bonanza when he hears a bewhiskered yogi murmur, "There is in every one of us a spark of the infinite goodness." Nobody in the film seems to be very agile mentally, from the Chicago débutante (beautiful Gene Tierney) whom the hero leaves behind when he sets out in pursuit of an inscrutable gleam to the girl he almost marries—poor, sad Sophie (Anne Baxter), who has tried to forget the death of her husband and child by surrendering herself to half the male population of the Parisian underworld. There are quantities of Chicago mansions and country clubs, French bistros and Indian lamaseries, and thousands of extras to keep the sets from looking bare. The performers move about in a vague, somnambulistic manner befitting a literary masterpiece, especially Herbert Marshall, who plays Maugham himself. Clifton Webb does a high-camp number as an expatriate snob. Edmund Goulding directed. (Thalia; Oct. 2.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. The film takes off from Godard's "Weekend," with (probably) some help from Aldrich's "Kiss Me Deadly" and Zemeckis and Gale's "Used Cars," but its catatonic, shoo-fly humor is all its own. The young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around—always on the periphery. There's nothing at the center. But the whole comic atmosphere of druggy burnout gets to you, and Cox never once slips—he never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. With Harry Dean Stanton, Emilio Estevez, Tracey Walter, Vonetta McGee, and Fox Harris. Robby Müller's cinematography sustains the flat grunginess of the conception; so does a song by the L.A. group The Circle Jerks. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip (1982)—The master of physical comedy and lyrical obscenity in a one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. That earlier movie made him a legend, and the vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, when (as he acknowledges here) the dope he was freebasing exploded and set him on fire, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 2.)

Scarface (1932)—The gangster classic, with Paul Muni as the dangerous hood with the scar on his cheek, and dark, huge-eyed Ann Dvorak as his sister. The writer, Ben Hecht, and the director, Howard Hawks, said that they wrote the story by treating the Capone family "as if they were the Borgias set down in Chicago." The film's violence has the crazy, helter-skelter feeling of actual gun battles, and Paul Muni, with a machine gun in his arms, is brutal and grotesque, in a primal, childlike, fixating way. The cast includes George Raft, Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley, Boris Karloff, Vince Barnett, Edwin Maxwell, C. Henry Gordon, Tully Marshall, Henry Armetta, and Purnell Pratt. The story, based on a novel by Armitage Trail, is credited to Hecht, and the continuity and dialogue to Seton I. Miller, John Lee Mahin, and W. R. Burnett. The cinematography is by Lee Garmes and L. W. O'Connell. The film was ready for release in 1930, but was held up for two years by censorship problems. The title "Scarface" bore the subtitle "Shame of the Nation." (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

FISH
SALAD
TEA
Westman

Swann in Love—With Jeremy Irons, Ornella Muti, and Alain Delon; directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

Tightrope—With Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold, directed by Richard Tuggle. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan, U. A. 85th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and Movieland; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Sept. 28.)

To Forget Venice (1979)—Bared breasts, purging floods of tears, a dead canary, a naked man in a bridal veil, a beautiful dying diva, a gaga maidservant, homosexual couples of both sexes, extended flashbacks depicting the joys and pains of childhood, extended simultaneous impressions of Visconti and Bergman, and too many helpings of zabaglione—such are the rewards of this overheated, pretentious Italian morality film, which omits nothing except any evidences of spontaneous gesture or human speech. The picture, which is by Franco Brusati, was named the Best Italian Film of 1979 in its native country. As Dante said, "*Figurati un po'!*" ("Go figure it!") With Mariangela Melato, Erland Josephson, and Hella Petri. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 2.)

Tootsie (1982)—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman is both the hero and the target of this satirical farce about actors. He plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as "Dorothy Michaels," and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—not because he has any secret desire to be a woman but because when he's Dorothy he's acting. He's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role—you can see it in his intense, glittering eyes. Michael is in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him; she says her lines in such a mild, natural way that it makes perfect sense for him to stop in his tracks and stare at her in wonder. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Regency; Oct. 4-6.)

Used Cars (1980)—A classic screwball fantasy—a neglected modern comedy that's like a more restless and visually higher-spirited version of the W. C. Fields pictures. (The Fields title "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" sums up the theme.) The director, Robert Zemeckis, and his co-writer and producer, Bob Gale, have developed a homegrown surrealism out of earlier American slapstick routines. Set in the world of competing used-car dealers in the booming Southwest, this picture has a wonderful, energetic heartlessness; it's an American tall-tale movie in a Pop Art form. The premise is that honesty doesn't exist; if you develop a liking for some of the characters, it's not because of their freedom from avarice but because of their style of avarice. Kurt Russell is the hero: a fast-talking supersalesman who's so rambunctiously, ingeniously crooked that he's a standout—a star in the world of the mendacious. With Jack Warden as twin brothers who run rival lots across the street from each other, and Gerrit Graham, Frank McRae, Deborah Harmon, Al Lewis, Alfonso Arau, Harry Northup, and David L. Lander and Michael McKean as the electronics wizards who devise a way to cut into a Presidential address with used-car commercials. Cinematography by Donald M. Morgan; editing by Michael Kahn. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 1.)

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG woman who lives in New Mexico writes:

This afternoon, about three o'clock, there was a snake in the studio where I work. He—it?—entered through the crack below the door, which was closed because of the wasps, who are dreamy and vicious in the heat and seem to be cruising, lately, for places to build. The snake came so rapidly, threading through the crack, that I looked up from the typewriter disbelieving, and the snake curved along the wall by the door with a movement like pouring—only a horizontal pouring, an asymmetrical, rapt progress, not quite silent, because it sounded like a very deliberate, faint sandpapering of the floor. The snake moved in alternating arcs, one arc in muscular contraction while the others were suspended—not slack but held in an easy suspension, alert to the arc that was, for the moment, doing the moving; it happened very fast, yet each arc was elegantly positioned for the fraction of an instant that it lasted, almost as if it had been drawn by the snake, or as if the snake were drawing with its body and erasing as it went. There was something electric and delicate in the way the head advanced, parallel to the floor and a few inches above it, with a minnowlike imprecision consisting of many infinitely fine readjustments of aim, reversals, and slantwise investigations, and certain pauses in which for the space of a breath (mine) the head was held frozen in place while the body worked in quick windings and contractions, and seemed to feel itself out—as a cat does, stretching—down to the least vertebra, which was drawn across the floor in an abbreviated frisson that seemed to imply, *All is intact, the length of me is unhurt and alive.* In those pauses, the eye stared out at me from the flat profile, the mouth as tightly sealed as the crevice in an almond shell and turned down at the corner, the face—eye; tiny, dainty nostril; line of mouth and jaw—a single facet. This stare was quite free of personality or intent: it was a pure stare, simple and functional, in itself neither benign nor threatening. The snake appeared to stare at me because I had backed away, screaming. I've always been vain of how I've acted around snakes—calm and collected, in the belief that they won't hurt you unless you directly threaten them, that they are, in their way, shy and judicious, with nothing to gain by doing harm to you. I've never screamed at one before, and don't, in fact, like to think of myself as a screamer at all. It's odd to say this, because I did scream at it, but I don't think I was frightened of the snake—not at first. I think what scared me was being visually disoriented—having to look up from the typewriter and deal with a fairly large snake unreeling from the crack below the door. This has also been my (small) experience in earthquakes—that a glass sliding across the table or a mirror cracking by itself simply *looks* wrong. But the snake was long—perhaps two and a half or three feet—its swiftly tapering tail disappearing around the corner of my bookcase (the bookcase, near the wall, is not quite flush with the wall, because the wall, adobe, slants to the floor instead of being perfectly vertical; there is a shadowed gap of several inches), but apparently it did not feel that it had found a safe place, for its head immediately reappeared, and, with most of its length still hidden behind the books (the lowest shelf holds the glossy, wide spines of Virginia Woolf's diary, each volume showing, like a cameo, an oval photograph of her most noble and horsey profile), it began searching the wall for an opening. This was the most beautiful part to watch, for the snake soon paused, its head poised opposite an opening that has been carved out for a pair of electrical sockets that haven't been put in yet, so there is a little rectangular cave, with crisp metal edges, and bristling with red and white electrical cord, in the wall. This cave the snake examined with the utmost precision, moving its head in a neat rectangle that matched the rectangular opening, swiftly covering each of the corners. Yet its attention was directed (I *felt*) mainly and furiously at me; and when (this is really shameful) I screamed again, and again backed away, the snake turned on me and lashed a few feet across the floor toward my desk. That was a warning, I think, and meant, very economically, *Be still.* It retreated back to the wall, lowered its head a few inches from the socket, and began systematically searching the surface of the adobe for a hole. It knew there was a way out; it had clearly got over its original fright and deduced that it *could* get out, because it had got *in.* But while it conducted its inch-by-inch, nervously sustained quizzing of the wall it did not allow me to forget its hostility, and it accomplished this by projecting a quality of the most vigorous, alert menace. Snakes could teach something to actors, I think, because menace was in the *air.*

Yet at that moment, too, the snake began to seem not ordinary, exactly, but no longer quite so surrealistically regal. It was perhaps even explicable, for yesterday we had a backhoe come in to shore up the foundations of the house—which is on the slope above the studio—with tons of river rock and gravel, and it was possible that, as so much earth got turned up and shifted around, the snake's habitat had been destroyed, and it was still disoriented—that its old, snug routes beneath clumps of chamiso and among familiar stones had vanished, and been replaced by a sort of moonscape with tire tracks. The snake had muddy khaki-brown stripes or smudges along its back, and a tan belly with coral along the sides, a very distinct, rouge-like rose I've never seen on a snake before; and as I watched it thinking—or what I assumed was thinking—it narrowed down the possibilities to the one last, necessary possibility, and with great finesse its head arrowed neatly through the crack below the door, and its body quirked back and forth in those brief, balanced arcs, and there was again the very pleasant, workmanlike sound of sandpaper on wood, and the snake flowed steadily across the old wooden sill and out into the light and the shocking heat.

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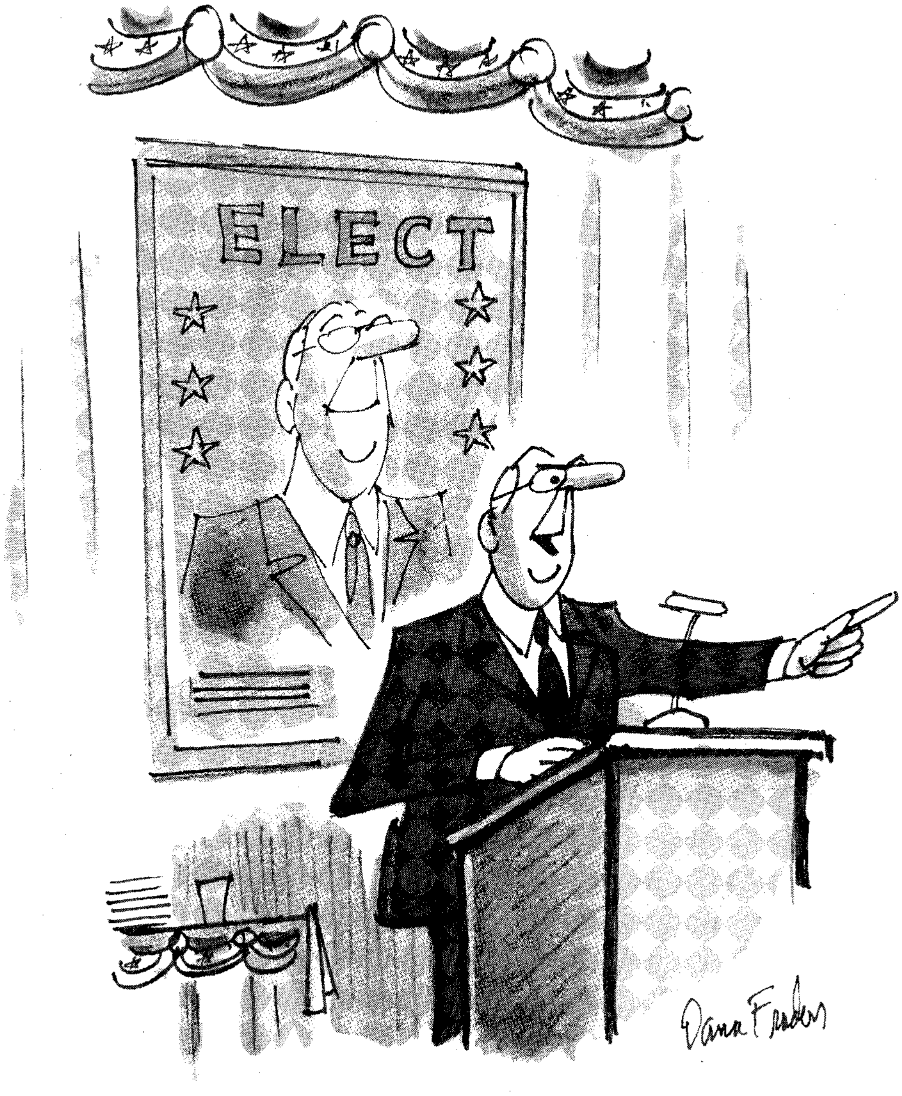
The States

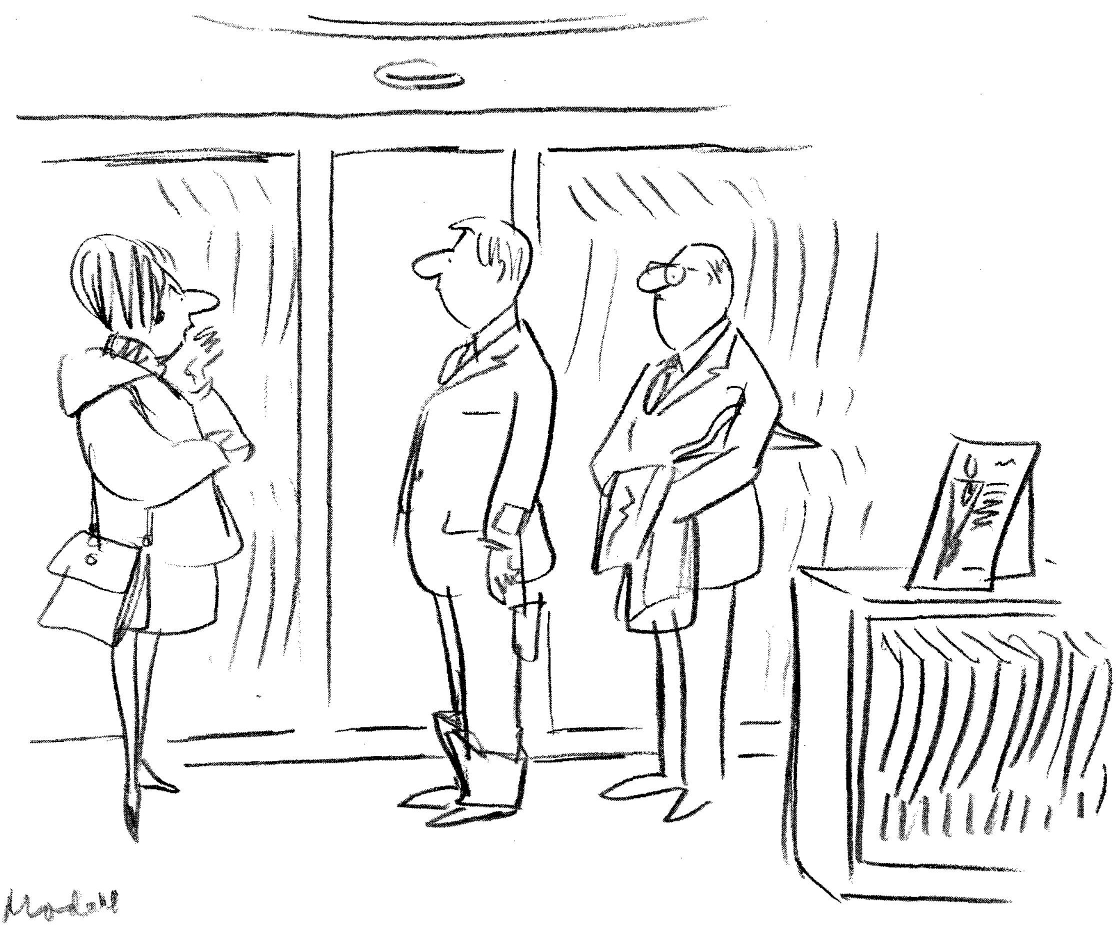
IT is hardly a secret in the nautical world that if you want to know something about the S.S. United States you reach for the phone and dial the Manhattan office of the Nicholas Bachko Company, and this is what we did a few weeks ago when we heard that the so-called hotel contents of the ship were going to be sold at auction. Not long afterward, we were in Norfolk, where she is berthed, and were learning about her and about Mr. Bachko from Mr. Bachko himself. Mr. Bachko, who in his own words "took a temporary six-month job with United States Lines after the war and stayed for thirty-eight years," has spent a good part of his sixty-odd years on land and sea looking after the States, and now, though he is retired, he has been doing a bit of consulting work for Richard Hadley, a Seattle businessman, who in 1978 purchased the ship, with a view to putting her in shape as a world-cruise luxury liner. In 1949, Mr. Bachko moved to Newport News to oversee construction of the nine-hundred-and-ninety-foot-long ocean liner, and in 1952, after her sea trials off Virginia, during which she attained a speed of 38.38 knots (about forty-three miles per hour), he accompanied her to New York on her delivery run. On her maiden voyage, she won the Hales Trophy for the Blue Riband of the Atlantic, for being the fastest ocean liner in the world—a record she still holds.



"Vote for me—a man with over three dozen known family values."

In 1969, Mr. Bachko, then a senior vice-president of U.S. Lines, had the personally unpleasant task of putting the company's flagship in mothballs. "She was like a child to me," he said. The ship was taken out of service so fast that she still had about four thousand tons of oil aboard, but by the time of Mr. Hadley's purchase all but a thousand tons had been sold off. "Hadley paid five million dollars for the ship, which is about what she was worth as scrap, and then spent close to twenty million dollars for engineering, legal fees, mooring fees, twenty-four-hour gangway watch, and so forth," Mr. Bachko said. "He'll spend an additional hundred and forty million dollars or so to fix her up. That sounds like a lot, but today you couldn't build half this much ship for that amount of money. Hadley realized that cruise ships were going to regain their popularity."

Mr. Bachko said all this in a quiet but authoritative tone as he led us through the States on a bright, hot day in Norfolk. "People—at least, people my age—like to know in advance how much money they're going to spend when they go on vacation," he continued as we wandered through the galley. "You travelled on the States and all your meals were paid for. Look at this." He touched an apparently ordinary chopping block. "Old man Gibbs"—William Francis Gibbs, the naval architect who designed the ship—"was absolutely horrified by the idea of a fire at sea. He wouldn't let us use any wood except for the chopping blocks and the ship's seven pianos. Actually, he wanted aluminum pianos, but the pianomakers wouldn’t build them.” We walked the length of the galley, which, like much of the vessel, looks as if it might have been in use just last week. The stainless-steel surfaces were immaculate; the flatware (“Plate,” Mr. Bachko told us. “Not real sterling but heavy plate”) sat polished on service trays; the confectioner’s pantry was stocked with cases of gelatine, bottles of food coloring. “The galley was designed to prepare fourteen thousand meals three times a day, which would have been necessary had she been converted to a troop ship,” Mr. Bachko said. “As it was, we had at most eighteen hundred passengers and a thousand crew, and toward the end the crew was outnumbering the passengers. That’s what did her in.”



“I liked it better on the hanger.”

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The dining-room tables were still in operating condition, which is to say that their adjustable rims could be raised to create barriers that would prevent disaster when the ship was rolling and soup was being served. A bandstand on a balcony overlooking the dining room had sheet music for the song “More” open on its racks. “She was taken out of service so suddenly that people literally dropped what they were doing,” Mr. Bachko said. Champagne buckets were scattered around the ballroom, which is surrounded by etched-glass murals. Beds in the staterooms were still made up. Mr. Bachko showed us a beige blanket bearing the U.S. Lines insignia. “All this will be sold,” he said. “Hadley wants to put mostly king-size and queen-size beds in here. He even plans to run beds from port to starboard; when we were building, you wouldn’t think of putting a berth any way but fore and aft. We expect that she’ll go back in service in the fall of ’86.”

We headed below. In the engine room, which now had to be illuminated with flashlights, Mr. Bachko said, “We have so much work to do down here. She needs to be converted from four props to two. The boilers need to be rebuilt. We used to get a special grade of oil from a Mexican field that was particularly low in certain contaminants, so the boiler tubes wouldn’t corrode. You just can’t get that anymore.”

Richard McCooey, a ship buff and restaurant owner from Washington, D.C., who was aboard to inspect kitchen equipment for possible bids at the auction, asked if any mistakes had been made in designing the ship.

“Of course,” Mr. Bachko said. “When we went out to trials, we noticed that some of the bearings in the reduction gears in the drivetrain were heating up more than they should have been. It turned out that, the way we had crowned the bearings, we were about thirty degrees off in determining the correct stress point.”

Mr. McCooey pointed to a valve in the engine room and said, “Nick, it’s absolutely amazing to me how you know about every single nut and bolt in this place. Now, can you tell us, for instance, what that valve is for?”

“First of all, I don’t remember what or where everything is,” Mr. Bachko said. He directed his flashlight at the plumbing in question. “But that valve is the after main firepump discharge valve.”

Pass It On

ON the way back to town, we stopped off in the United States Capitol, where we encountered several more people who hadn’t been slowed up by their advancing years. In the Mike Mansfield Room, Emily Zuttermeister, whose maiden name was Kau’i-o-Makaweli-na-lani-o-Ka-Mano-o-Ka-lani-po, chanted a sacred Hawaiian chant, an invocation to the gods of nature for peace and blessings on the beautiful earth; Clifton Chenier strapped on his accordion to play some loud, rollicking Creole music known as *zydeco;* a frail, graceful woman named Elizabeth Cotten, who is ninety-one, sang “Freight Train,” which she wrote when she was twelve. All but one of seventeen winners of the 1984 National Heritage Fellowships, each given by the National Endowment for the Arts to “a Master Traditional Artist who has contributed to the shaping of our artistic traditions and to preserving the cultural diversity of the United States," were gathered, with their congressmen, to be honored. Some played music, others displayed their creations, and they all looked to be enjoying an event that had the feel of a patchwork revival. (The absent winner was Bertha Cook, a needlework artist from North Carolina who would soon turn ninety.) No one seemed more at home in that atmosphere than Howard (Sandman) Sims.

Mr. Sims, who is from 123rd Street and Seventh Avenue, in Harlem, wore a Nike cap, a crisp tan warmup suit, and Pony sneakers, and had a bright-green amulet on a chain around his neck. He is known as the Sandman ("That's what they call me, and I wish you would") after a dance that he executes by pouring a pocketful of sand on a poster-size board and scratching out the chug of a train in motion. He told us about himself. "I'm sixty-seven, and I've been dancing since I was three years old," he said. "I had eleven brothers and sisters—I was the baby—and every one of them could dance. I didn't have time to crawl. I had to get up and dance with the rest of them."

We asked the Sandman how he learned to dance, and he spoke as if he had to start all over because we had missed the point.

"I was *born* dancing," he said in a patient tone. "I'm *still* dancing. I can't *quit* dancing. I dance a *whole lot*."

We asked the Sandman if he felt any special responsibility as a National Heritage Fellowship winner.

He picked up the theme and turned it around. "I'll teach you to hoof," he offered. "Brush your right foot along the floor, and when your feet get close come down on your left heel."

We tried it.

"That's the foundation," he went on. "That's hoofing. You can't get away from it if you want to hoof. Here's what I do. I teach you, you get it down, and you show someone else. That's it." The Sandman picked up speed. "Each one teach one, feet first. We keep on like that and pretty soon we'll all be dancing. I haven't seen a kid who can walk who can't dance. If you're fat, you do a fat dance. If you're skinny, you do a skinny dance. But everyone can dance. That's what I do up at a Hundred and Twenty-third Street. I've got a big car lot. One half is for cars, and the other is to teach kids how to dance. I've got to pass my stuff on."

The Sandman surveyed the reception room, looking for another way to demonstrate his point. In a far corner, an award winner named Ralph Stanley was picking at his banjo while he and his group, the Clinch Mountain Boys, did a traditional bluegrass tune. A small boy stood behind the group and strummed along on a small guitar. "See that boy?" the Sandman asked. "He's Ralph Stanley's son, Ralph Stanley II, and he's six years old. If I'm not teaching kids like him, I'm not doing my job. His daddy must feel the same way."

The Sandman saw another opportunity, and walked us over to look at some coiled baskets made from sweet grass. "There's nothing in the world that's sweeter than these," he informed us. "There ain't a weave out of line." He turned to a short, white-haired woman nearby, introduced her as Mary Jane Manigault, from Mount Pleasant, South Carolina, who had won her award for a lifetime of weaving baskets, and spoke as if he were quoting from an official Sandman proclamation: "You can tell how she's thinking! Smooth! Beautiful! And she's teaching the youngsters how to do it!"

The weaver laughed at the dancer and slapped him five.

"The Lord does his thing through all of us," he declared.

"Yeah," she answered.

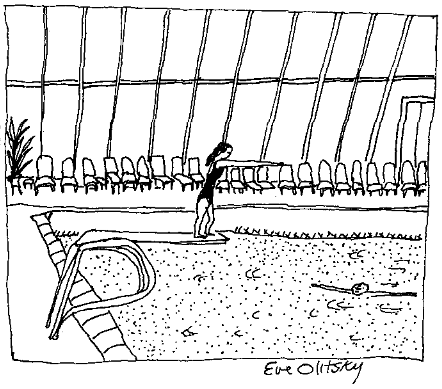
"We've got to pass it on," he continued, directing a series of brush steps toward a girl sitting close by.

"I hear you," said Mary Jane Manigault, fingering a basket.

"Pattern. Color. Everything," the Sandman summed up. "That's what they've got. Pass it on."

Local Hero

WE caught up the other day with Bill Forsyth, the Scottish writer-director, whose last film, "Local Hero," attracted delighted attention



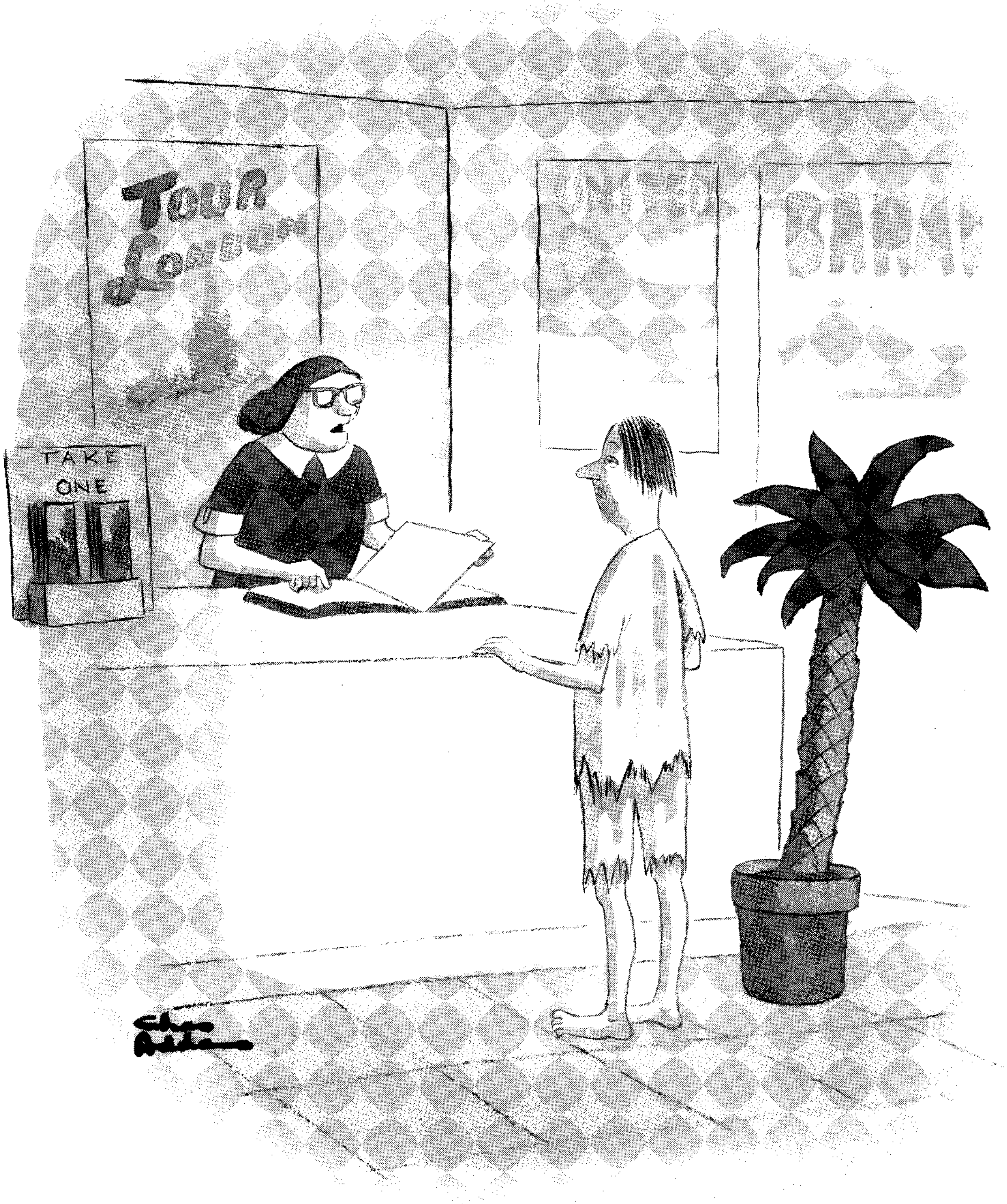
far beyond the boundaries of Scotland. He was in New York on a swift visit in advance of his new film, "Comfort and Joy," which is on the edge of opening. ("For me, Manhattan's full of places I know about but never have had time to see. I ought to have the gumption to come a couple of days earlier, just for looking about. But I kind of have the feeling that it's wrong to be idle in New York.")

Black-haired, fiercely bearded, with a very direct gaze and the blunt accent of Glasgow, he proved to be as dry and subtle as his films are, with an underlying candor about his craft. "It's a pure fluke that I'm here at all, that I've spent twenty years working in film, and that I've made four feature films in the last four and a half years," he told us. "I was due to leave high school, and I had to find a job, so I answered an advertisement in the Glasgow *Evening Citizen* from a small industrial-film company, which began, 'Lad wanted'—they still used terms like that. I thought it would be just a bit more interesting than other jobs, but I had no passionate interest in films—none at all. We made small promotional films on Scottish stuff—fishing, forestry, distilling, and the like—so I learned all the technicalities of filmmaking. Then, much later, I began to go to films, and to think vaguely about writing and making my own. I still couldn't think of it as anything like a career, however—especially in Scotland, where there was nothing that could be called a film industry. I just got deeper and deeper into doing it, learning and learning, taking in."

Had he ever thought of leaving Scotland, we asked.

"I had my year of breaking out, in London, in its swinging sixties," he said. "I got a job with the BBC, but no miracle happened, so I went back to Glasgow and to making films in Scotland, although on the train north I promoted myself to editor. Glasgow, besides, is a whole world. Edinburgh, in comparison, is a lot more tight and provincial; it has nothing of Glasgow's character. I could practically point you out all the locations in 'Comfort and Joy' from my front window. Glasgow is my place. I mean, I really know it well, humanly as well as physically. I know the light and weather there by heart."

The four films that Forsyth has written and directed—"That Sinking Feeling," "Gregory's Girl," "Local Hero," and "Comfort and Joy"—all



"There's nothing available in the Pacific or South Atlantic. Shall I check the Indian Ocean?"

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abound with single shots of pure human observation that speak volumes. In "Local Hero," for example, an American oilman visiting a Highland village approaches a small knot of men standing round a pram with a baby in it. "Whose baby?" he asks cheerfully. Slowly, the camera takes in face upon weathered face in a drawn-out, speechless moment. "Some of these moments I write into the script, but others just plain happen—happy accidents," he told us. "I spend a long time—say, a year—writing a script. It's the part I like best, where you still have total control. I always get a sinking feeling when the camera comes out, since all my life it's been the sign for going to work."

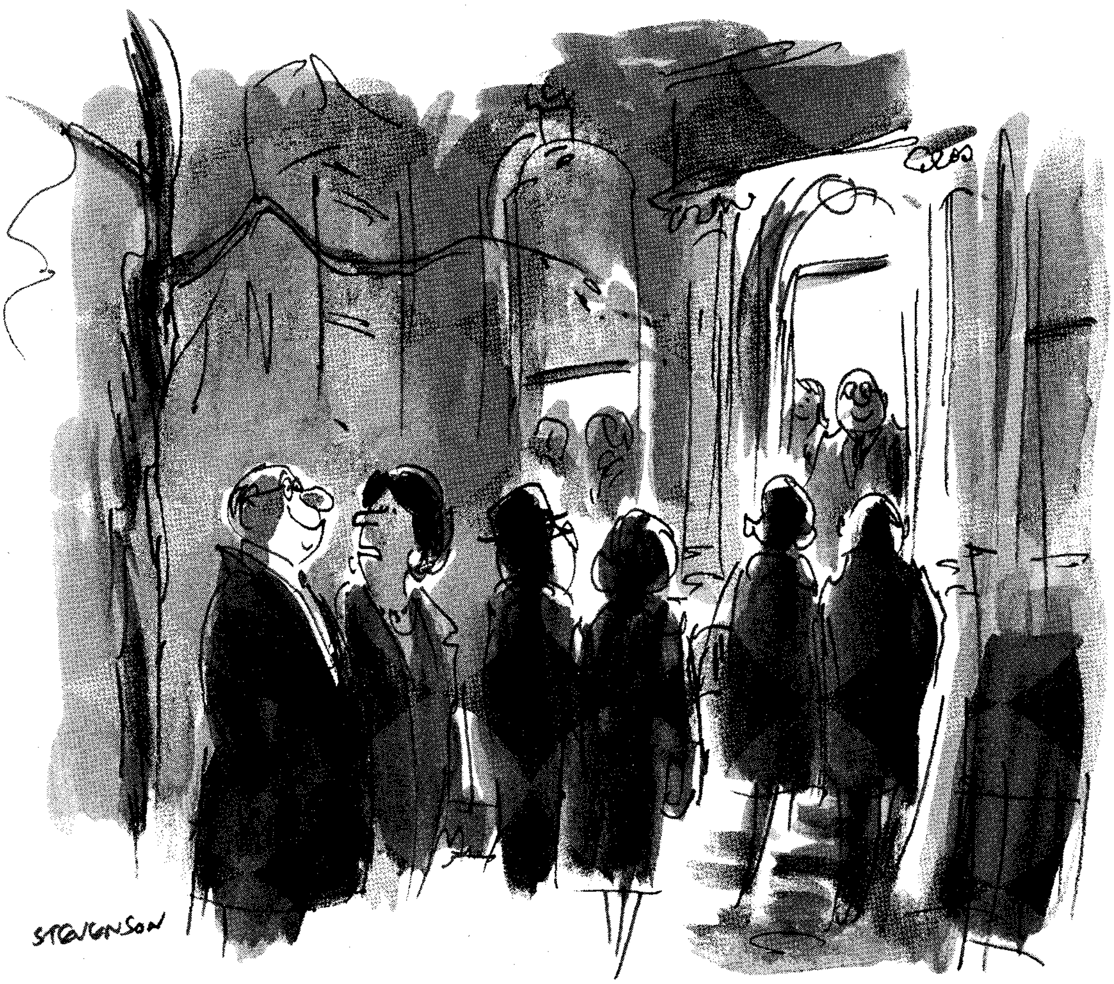
Forsyth's new film revolves around four disastrous days in the life of a Glasgow disc jockey as he attempts to settle a dispute between rival Italian ice-cream gangs, and although Glasgow is never mentioned by name the film appreciates the place with a covert affection. "The loose beginnings of this film have been lying about in my head for quite a long time," Forsyth told us. "I remember vividly when local radio started up in Glasgow—January 1, 1974. It was electrifying—here were people on the radio talking about local matters in local accents, others phoning in. It did wonders for the city. It seemed to bring everybody into the act. I saved the atmosphere of that, knowing I would use it at some point. As for the Italians and ice cream, we've had Italians throughout Scotland for nearly a hundred years now, making ice cream in summer and fish-and-chips in winter. They are a pillar of our existence, bilingual in Italian and Glasgow speech. I've known some of them all my life."

We asked him about the reception his films have had internationally.

"I used to wonder if they might seem too Scottish and remote for the States," he said. "But that hasn't proved any problem. I think that Americans have a certain directness in common with Scots—a directness that the English, say, don't have. I've been irked by what some of the English critics have said, but then I don't think the English have ever understood the Scots, and for that reason they don't catch some of the ironies in my films. They just see stereotypes everywhere."

What about his reception in Scotland, we asked.

"I used to think naïvely that if I made films set in Scotland the people would be bound to come and see them," he said. "But, you know, they're very wary people, a bit self-conscious, afraid of being got wrong. I think I've got past that. People will actually come up to me and talk about bits they liked, and so on. You have to know Scotland well to know how much that means. Let me give you one story. A few years ago, I was queuing for my evening paper in Glasgow. At that time, there was a famous Scottish rock climber called Dougal Haston, who was on an Everest expedition, and the radio in the shop announced



"Try to limit yourself to innuendo."

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that Dougal Haston had encamped close to the summit—something like that. Everybody oohed and ahed over it, and then this voice came from behind me in the queue. 'That's all very well,' it said. 'But he still has to get down, doesn't he?' "

We ♥ Buffet Butler

THERE'S no denying that kick in the national step—every few paces, Americans are just up and cutting loose. Some people fall and hurt themselves, but not many—not in this ebullient autumn of '84. Though the information is classified, it's an open secret in Washington that the astronauts aboard the last space shuttle detected a glow around the continental forty-eight—a *rosy* glow. Scientists now trace the warming of the ocean which was called El Niño, and attributed to a disruption of normal weather patterns, to outbursts of fellow-feeling along both coasts of our nation. Some researchers even worry that the elevated national temperature, that pink flush, may create a greenhouse effect, melt the ice caps, and flood low-lying areas—but they are the scientists of despair. Many people don't know just *why* they're feeling so good. Maybe it dates back to August of 1981, when a pair of Navy F-14s shot down two Libyan jets over the Gulf of Sidra. Other people say that it had to do with the Olympics—the track races, not the field events. Many people whose opinion we sampled in informal fashion said they probably felt good because of historical cycles—they would probably have been just as proud in the years after the War of 1812, when the frontier opened and the economy expanded, they said.

It is dangerous to look for trends in one's own heart—standard deviation and other statistical business make it unlikely that any one citizen is much like any other, even though they're all Americans, and that's a lot. But we know precisely the moment when *our* mood turned upbeat—it was the moment we heard about Buffet Butler, a new invention that will be on the shelves of department stores in many major cities by the time you read this. Buffet Butler is a set of four thirteen-by-eighteen-inch mats with either twelve numbers (1 to 12 or 12 to 24) or twelve letters (A to L or M to X) printed on each mat. Guests at parties put their glasses on the numbers or letters when they go to dance with the bride, or jump in the pool, or organize a National Guard unit. Any guest who can remember his number or his letter can find his drink when he returns. Thus, Buffet Butler solves the lost-drink syndrome, and means big savings in dishwashing and wasted liquor for you, the host or hostess. "Imagine a party without a sea of abandoned glasses on top of the Steinway," says Gail Ellison, the designer of the Butler. Its inventor, Leslie Freudenheim, is married to the director of the Worcester (Massachusetts) Art Museum, and so she gives a lot of parties. Her invention, she has found, works on many levels. "People start talking to each other—they say, 'Why'd you choose *that* number?' " The idea has grown, of course. Already, Mrs. Freudenheim said, there are cocktail trays with numbers and letters—"so that back in the kitchen you can remember No. 6 was the gin-and-tonic."

What does Buffet Butler say to us all, as Americans? It says ingenuity. It says separation, of gin and vodka, of church and state. It says we've internalized the lessons of Vietnam—no complex technology, like radio transmitters implanted in the highball glasses, but, rather, an understanding of how a party works. It says we're standing tall, not looking over our shoulder at a mantel awash with look-alike glasses. It says that the pursuit of happiness is dandy for a principle, but *finding* happiness—well, that calls for another round.

LOVE TROUBLE IS MY BUSINESS

Francis X. Clines, in the Sunday *Times* . . . : "President Reagan resembled a bashful cowboy the other day when he was asked about the apparent collapse of the 'Star Wars' talks with the Soviet Union. . . . At his side, murmuring something through the fixed smile that seems required of American political spouses, Mrs. Reagan was overheard prompting him: 'We're doing everything we can.' . . . Out there in . . . the President's mountainside retreat, subjects such as the Soviet Union seem to haunt Mr. Reagan the way vows to read Proust dog other Americans at leisure."

This may be the only time in history in which the words "Mr. Reagan" and "read Proust" will appear in the same sentence.—*Geoffrey Stokes in the Village Voice.*

I GLANCED over at the dame sleeping next to me, and all of a sudden I wanted some other dame, the way you see Mr. Reagan on TV and all of a sudden get a yen to read Proust. Not that she wasn't attractive, with rumpled blond curls and a complexion so transparent you could read Proust through it—that is, as long as her cute habit of claiming a tax deduction for salon facials didn't turn up in a memo to Mr. Reagan from some I.R.S. stool pigeon. It was taking her a little more time to wake up than it would take Mr. Reagan's horse to read Proust. After I'd showered and shaved and put on an old pair of pants that wouldn't lead anybody to believe my tailor was unduly influenced by having read Proust, I went back over to the bed, where I wasn't exactly planning to say my prayers—Mr. Reagan or no Mr. Reagan.

"Mr. . . . Reagan . . . ?" she whispered, fluttering her lashes, and I trusted the dazed quizzical act about as much as if she'd told me she could read Proust without moving her lips.

I slugged her a couple of times, and I'd have slugged her a couple of more times if something hadn't told me I'd get a colder shoulder than a cult nut insisting you could read Proust as anagrams predicting the end of the world during the Administration of Mr. Reagan.

She chuckled insanely, like Mr. Reagan looped on something you wouldn't want to drink while you read Proust. Then she touched me, with the practiced efficiency of a protocol officer steering some terribly junior diplomat through a receiving line to meet Mr. Reagan; funny, but I got the idea she wasn't suggesting we curl up and read Proust. As her hand slid along my thigh, I noticed that she wore a ring with a diamond the size of the brain of a guy who read Proust all the time, and if I'd been Mr. Reagan I'd have been dumb enough to buy her another one to go with it. But the distance between a private eye's income and Mr. Reagan's was a gaping chasm big enough to crawl into and read Proust.

I wondered if Mr. Reagan worked this hard for his dough, as I maneuvered her into the Kama Sutra position known as "Too Busy to Read Proust."

I WOKE to the phone shrilling in my ear like the hot line warning Mr. Reagan that ten thousand Russian missiles hurtling over Western Europe weren't R.S.V.P.ing for a let's-get-together-once-a-week-and-read-Proust party. I let it ring, hoping the caller would decide to quit and go reread Proust, and wondering why dames always ran out on me without saying goodbye—why they didn't stick around with loyal wifely fixed smiles the way they did for hotshots like Mr. Reagan. Then I found myself getting a little weepy at a sentimental popular tune that was drifting through the venetian blinds:

The connoisseur who's read Proust
does it,
Mr. Reagan with a boost does it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love.

Read Proust, where each *duc* and
comte does it,
Mr. Reagan with a prompt does it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love.

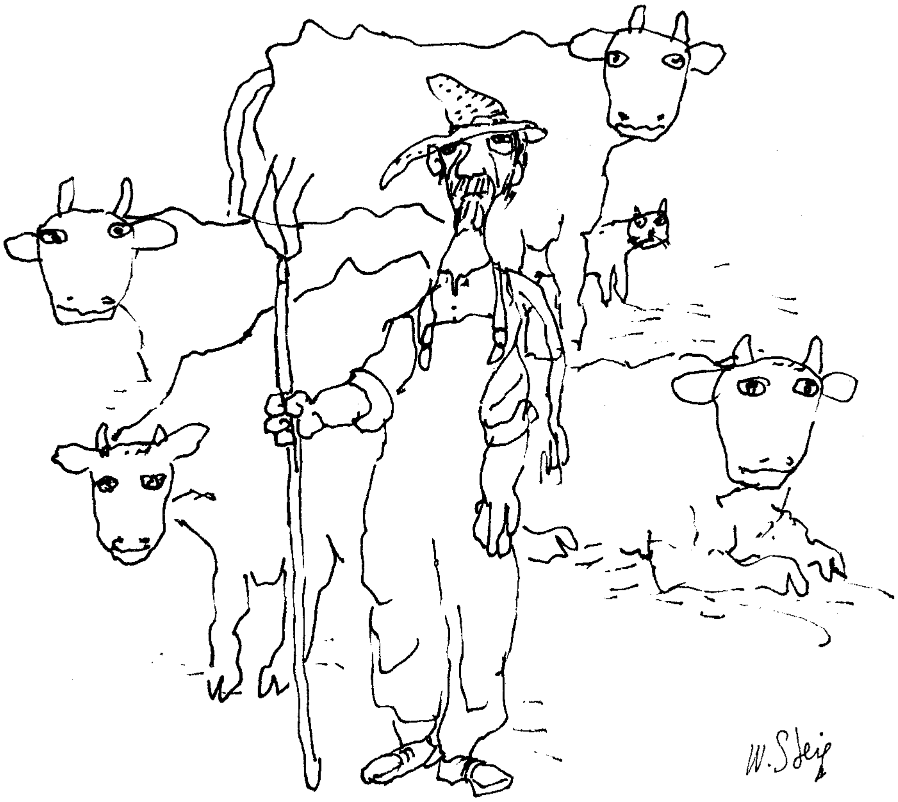
I've read Proust wished that he had
done it
Through a small aperture,
Has Leningrad done it?
Mr. Reagan's not sure.

Some who read Proust say Odette
did it,
Mr. Reagan with a safety net did it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love.

"*Cherchez la femme*," I said to myself—a phrase I'd picked up on a case where the judge gave clemency to a homicidal maniac for having read Proust—and then I went out in the rain to a bookstore where I usually browsed for dames, and found one perusing Mr. Reagan's latest autobiography. Just for fun, I looked over her shoulder and read:

For a long time, before I met Nancy, I used to go to bed early.

—VERONICA GENG



Kine

NEGATIVES

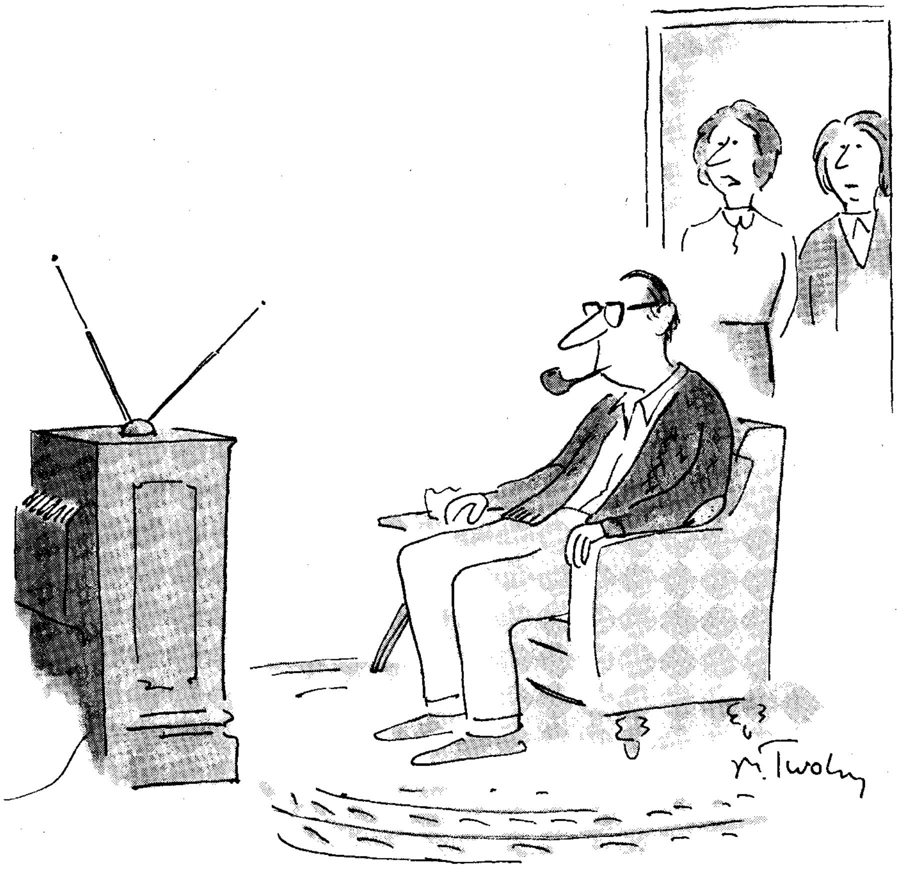
I HADN'T exactly grown up with Curry Daniels, but almost; he was even kind of related. Our mothers were distant cousins and had been best friends at Philadelphia Girls' High School. Side by side, wearing floppy, Depression-style hats, they had trilled sedately through endless Sunday afternoons in the Young Women's Choir of the New African Baptist Church. Throughout my childhood, my mother would receive a couple of Daniels-family snapshots every few months, sent in letters from Atlanta, where Curry's family had moved after the Second World War, and where his father practiced law. From the photographs, and from two visits to Atlanta, I knew that Curry (the name was short for John Curbin) lived in the same kind of surroundings I did in Philadelphia: a comfortable, insular middle-class black neighborhood swathed in billiard-green lawns. Once, when I was very small, Curry and his two younger brothers visited Philadelphia and gathered in my brother Matthew to form a band of little boys that harried me cruelly, unbraiding my plaits and threatening me with homemade blowpipes and with twigs they said were baby rattlesnakes. Much later, when I was in ninth grade, a snapshot of a rangy adolescent Curry (he was two years older than I was) negligently sprawled in the back seat of a Mustang convertible kept me awake and restless through a few starry May nights. After a while, though, I thought about him only when I had to send Christmas thank-you notes to his family.

When I left home in the early nineteen-seventies to go to Harvard, Mama gave me Curry's number at Dunster House and instructed me to call him, but of course I didn't. I'd almost forgotten he was at the same school, until my sophomore year, when I saw him one cold December morning at a lecture on "King Lear." After class, I ran down the steep steps of the lecture hall and caught Curry as he was stepping out onto Cambridge Street. It was snowing, and he was wearing a big down jacket; when I gave him a sudden, timid squeeze, the puffs of down collapsed softly, as if he were melting away in my embrace. "Sarah! You've certainly turned into a fascinating stranger!" he said, staring at me and grinning, and I felt a happy little flutter in my throat.

I thought he looked pretty much the same as always—a bit like me, in fact, with his lean face that showed an almost evenly balanced mixture of black, white, and Indian blood. Below a mass of dark curls that he had tried, vainly, to shape into an Afro, his forehead was high and bulgy, giving him a whiz-kid look of precocious intelligence, and his eyes, which were small, greenish, and very bright, peered through a pair of old-fashioned gold-rimmed spectacles that made him resemble, at times, an earnest young yeshiva scholar. His mouth was prettily shaped and rather pursed—the mouth of a spoiled boy. Besides his jacket he was wearing jeans, a blue flannel shirt, and, draped rather dramatically around his neck, a Moroccan scarf; over one shoulder he carried a Pentax camera.

AFTER this first meeting, Curry and I became friends. We often discussed whether or not this was proper: it was a friendship that would give great pleasure to both of our families, and that was something that neither of us particularly wanted to do. During the winter of my sophomore year, we wasted dozens of afternoons together over cooling cups of coffee in the Dunster House dining room. Sometimes we played games, like trying to flip a cigarette butt into a glass across the table; other times, we talked about a scholarly circle we'd invented that revolved around an imaginary publication called *Condiment Review*. "Have you seen Spazzola's monograph 'Restructuring Relish'? Absurd. The price of dillweed alone . . . "

We thought we were awfully clever. Curry was a visual-studies major and was planning—with the insouciance that returned so suddenly to male students after the end of the Vietnam draft—to spend a year after his graduation that June travelling and taking pictures in northern Brazil. I was majoring in English, and was putting the finishing touches on a collection of angular-looking poems with a lot of asterisks in them. Like most of our friends, Curry and I harbored ill-conceived ideals of leading lives that would almost diametrically contravene anything of which our parents would approve. We spent a lot of time talking about what it meant to come from the kind of earnest, prosperous black family in which civil



"Harold has managed to retain his bookish appearance without ever actually reading."

ARE THOSE MINE TOO?

rights and concern for the underprivileged were served up, so to speak, at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. "It made us naughty and perverse," insisted Curry. When he was home on vacation, he liked to scandalize his father, the veteran of a score of nonviolent desegregation campaigns, with long quotations from Marcuse and Che Guevara.

The funny thing was that when I was with Curry, daringly as we talked, I didn't feel much like the anarchistic poet I hoped I might be. When I was with him, in fact, I experienced a sweet feeling of nostalgia, a faint but concentrated and lingering suggestion of dear past days in the small world of home and family. Encountering Curry at Harvard had reawakened a memory I hadn't been aware of for many years: it was an image of a Sunday morning in autumn, during the time his family had visited our house in Philadelphia. Very early—before the grownups had come downstairs, and while Curry's two little brothers were still asleep—Curry, my brother Matthew, and I, all of us in pajamas, had been on our knees on the dining-room rug, reading the comics. The first sunlight was shining in through reddish leaves and gauze curtains at the window, striking the polished legs of the furniture around us, and over everything lay the magical freshness and conspiratorial quiet of the awakening day. As I pored over the funny papers, my brother made a rather labored joke (I thought) about the comics' being full of "nuts"—Nut being a derisive nickname the boys had bestowed on me. Curry looked at me and gave a cruel snicker; as he did this, a sunbeam struck his round cheek, and I saw for the first time, with the feeling of having learned a very intimate secret, that at the corner of his left eye he had a birthmark shaped like a long tear. It was faint, but it lay on his cheek with a formal precision, like the stylized tears clowns sometimes paint on their faces.

I never mentioned the birthmark to him, not even when I met him again in college, but my eyes automatically sought it out as something reassuring whenever I sat down to have lunch with him in the Dunster House dining room. Sometimes we lingered so long that the lights were turned out on us; in the early dusk of winter, the dim high-ceilinged room seemed like a cave. We usually sat at one of the side tables, two small figures dwarfed by the tall, many-paned windows, cracking jokes and guffawing as the kitchen help walked back and forth in the half-light. Occasionally the stout Irishwomen who served the meals would give us curious glances that we imagined were hostile—it was a year of accelerating race conflict in South Boston—and Curry responded by talking in an outrageous Georgia-redneck accent that he'd learned back at his fancy prep school.

On Wednesdays, Curry's girlfriend, Philippa, would join us after her tutorial. Philippa was a blonde from New York, undeniably beautiful, but a little faded and monotone in her coloring—a fine-arts major, with feminist ideas that she expressed in an incongruous wispy little girl's voice. She and I professed warm friendship, but I made fun of her behind her back. "Phil's like an aquatint of Gloria Steinem," I once remarked to Curry, and he, disloyally, agreed.

Curry and I used up a lot of energy making fun of each other's lovers; each of us treated the other's romantic escapades as if they were recurring bouts of insanity. Curry was especially cruel about a Chinese law student I went out with for a few weeks. "Why don't you go out with your own kind, dear?" he asked me one afternoon, in a meddlesome, grandmotherly manner. "Your circle of men is like the United Nations."

"Look who's talking," I said. "You'd better find a black girlfriend before you get yourself thrown out of that Frantz Fanon study group."

"You and I ought to get married," said Curry, abstractedly twiddling his bony fingers. "Except, with such a nice colored girl and nice colored boy, it would be . . . "

"A little too boring," I finished for him.

With girls of any color Curry was popular; he was the most successful kind of flirt—the kind who really knows about women's clothes and who can look attentive through long monologues about emotions. He was also a wonderful photographer, and that was another way he attracted girls: he took arty portrait shots that became quite the thing in some circles at Harvard. In his pictures, pretty girls perched in fey poses in the branches of trees in Radcliffe Yard, or, in trailing Indian dresses, lounged against tombstones in the Christ Church cemetery. Sometimes he photographed them nude, with contemplative expressions on their faces as they crouched inside cardboard boxes or huddled among heaps of crumpled newspaper. He was so successful at all this that he had already published several pictures, notably "Monica with Onionskin," in photography magazines, and his telephone line—much to the envy of his suitemates and to the studied indifference of Philippa—was murmurous with female voices.

Curry had been asking for a long time to do a portrait of me, but I just laughed at him. "You're the last person I'd let take my picture," I told him. "You know too much."

I enjoyed his pictures, however, and I liked to sit and discuss with him the faces and figures of the girls he photographed. (He talked about girls in an abstruse intellectual manner that broke down sometimes into a fraternity-style appraisal of measurements.) And I liked to visit him in the darkroom at Carpenter Center for Visual Arts, where his curly head and intent, spoiled boy's face glowed through the red darkness, as in the intimate smell of chemicals we watched the developing pictures rise out of the paper.

THE FURNITURE

To things we are ghosts, soft shapes
in their blindness that push and pull,
a warm touch tugging on a stuck drawer,
a face glancing by in a mirror
like a pebble skipped across a passive pond.

They hear rumors of us, things, in their own rumble,
and notice they are not where they were in the last century,
and feel, perhaps, themselves lifted by tides
of desire, of coveting; a certain moisture
mildews their surfaces, and they guess that we have passed.

They decay, of course, but so slowly; a vase
or mug survives a thousand uses. Our successive
ownerships slip from them, our fury
flickers at their reverie's dimmest edge.
Their numb solidity sleeps through our screams.

Daguerreotypes Victorian travellers
produced of tombs and temples still intact
contain, sometimes, a camel driver, or beggar: a brown
man in a galabia who moved his head, his life
a blur, a dark smear on the unchanging stone.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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ONE afternoon in mid-April, Curry and I were sitting around in the living room of his suite waiting for Philippa to arrive, so that we could all go down for an early dinner. (It was roast beef and ice cream night at Dunster House.) Half an hour before, we'd had a beer with Curry's suitemate Grant, a burned-out surfer from a rich family that seemed to own half of Honolulu. I often thought that the three suitemates—Grant, Curry, and Ted (a shy black work-study student from the Mississippi Delta)—formed an interesting social continuum. Talking to suntanned Grant, who found it hard to put three sentences together without using the words "bummer" or "dynamite weed," had depressed me; after he left to go sleep in the library, I sat dispiritedly on the sagging twin bed that served as a couch, looking at a contact sheet of pictures Curry had taken of Philippa during a weekend on Nantucket.

"She looks fantastic here," I said to Curry, who was sitting cross-legged in a big red leather chair that had yellowish stuffing showing through a dozen tears and slashes. "Ten times more alive than in real life. How did you do it?"

"That's an incredibly nasty thing to say, but I know what you mean. Sometimes she works better for me on film."

He had been splicing together one of his obscure blues tapes—it was typical of Curry to be pedantic about music, and meticulous in the upkeep of his elaborate stereo system—but suddenly, in one agile movement, he laid down the tape and swung his skinny legs to the floor. "Come on, Sarah, let me take your picture. Right now. You haven't been thinking about it, so you'll be natural."

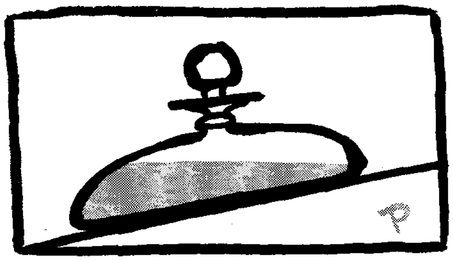
"But Phil's coming for dinner."

"That won't make any difference. She's cool. She watches me shoot all the time. Come on, there's enough light. I'll set up the tripod."

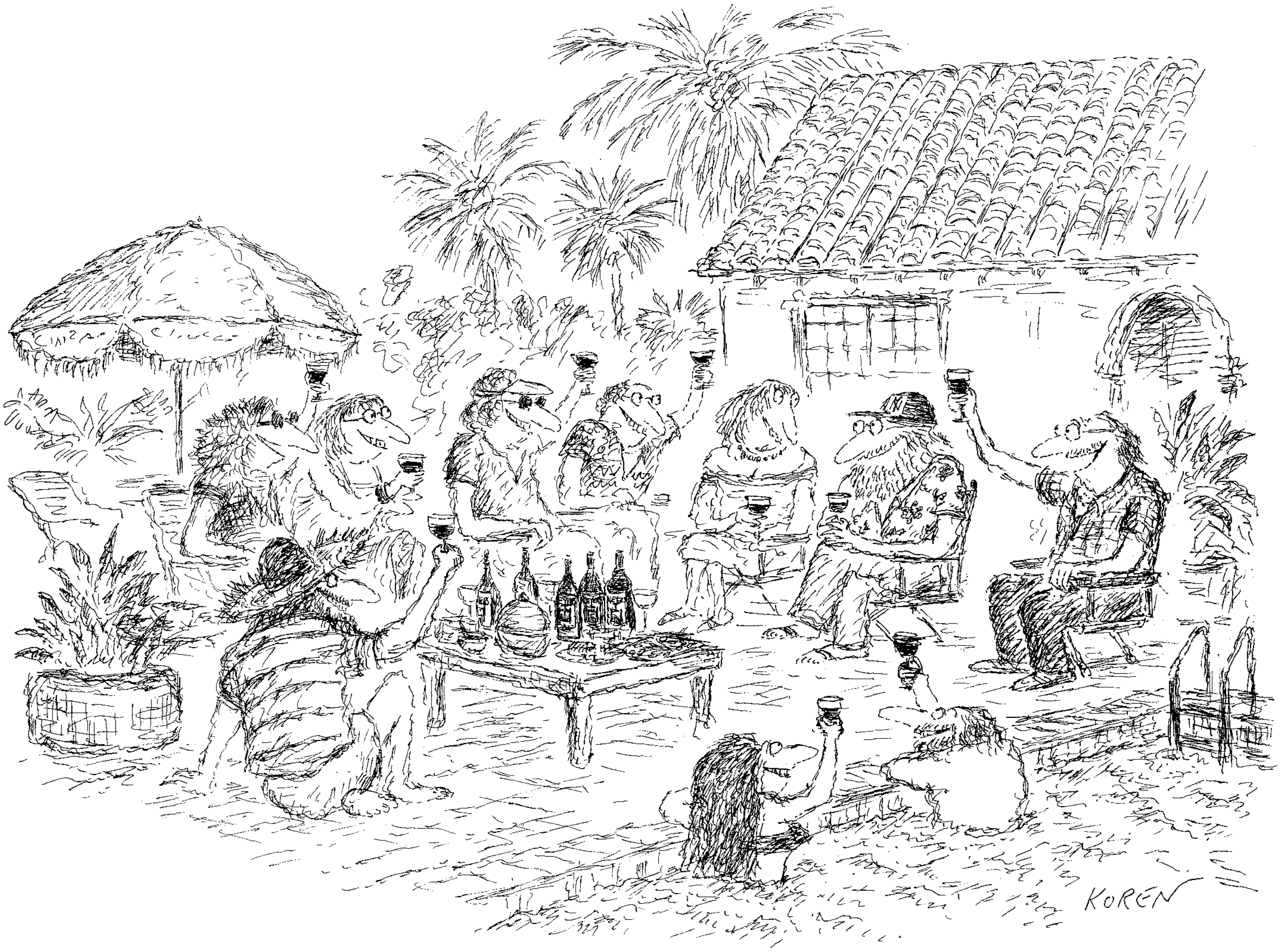
"Do you want me to take off my clothes?"

For less than a second—one of the infinitesimal fragments of time that determine how a remark is given or received—Curry hesitated. Then he said, in his normal relaxed, teasing voice, "Well, I think that's the best thing you can do. We can roll you up in Grant's tapa cloth, or have you climbing the bookcases, or something. We might get some fantastic shots."

I went into Curry's bedroom and pushed the door three-quarters closed. It seemed stupid to be modest about the act of undressing, when I was willing to prance around naked in front of a camera. I was surprised to find, however, that I was deeply unwilling to have Curry see me in the graceless process of disrobing: legs stuck in my jeans and underwear, head lost in my sweater. When I had pulled off my clothes, I tossed them onto Curry's bed, a big double mattress he and Philippa had bought at the Salvation Army. It lay on the floor, almost filling the tiny room, covered with rumpled sheets and bearing on one pillow an ashtray full of dried-out apple cores. Over the desk and the crammed bookshelf beside the bed were taped-up photographs and contact sheets, as well as three posters that showed Curry's eccentric range of interests: a black-and-red notice for a Caribbean Marxist rally, a poster from a psychedelic minimalist exhibition that depicted what looked like a radioactive pea, and an enlarged reproduction of a Burne-Jones angel.



From outside the window came the sleepy mumbling of a pigeon that had somehow managed to land there despite the anti-pigeon spikes on the outer sill. I could see part of a brick wall and a few bits of ivy flapping in the breeze. The suite was overheated, as usual, and it felt good to be out of my clothes. I looked down at my body, which I knew was pretty, and felt a frisky excitement in being able to show it off to Curry. It was strange, I thought, that we had never seen each



"To Richard, and to his forty years of intellectual curiosity and solid critical achievement."

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other naked before: at that time, the groups of friends we both went around with found constant excuses to have chaste nude encounters, all organized in the name of a specious artistic freedom. When I came out of the bedroom, I called out mockingly, "Get ready for the thrill of your life!"

Curry had been adjusting the height of the tripod. When he looked up, there was another of those minute, crucial pauses. Then he said in a dry voice, "How perfect you are."

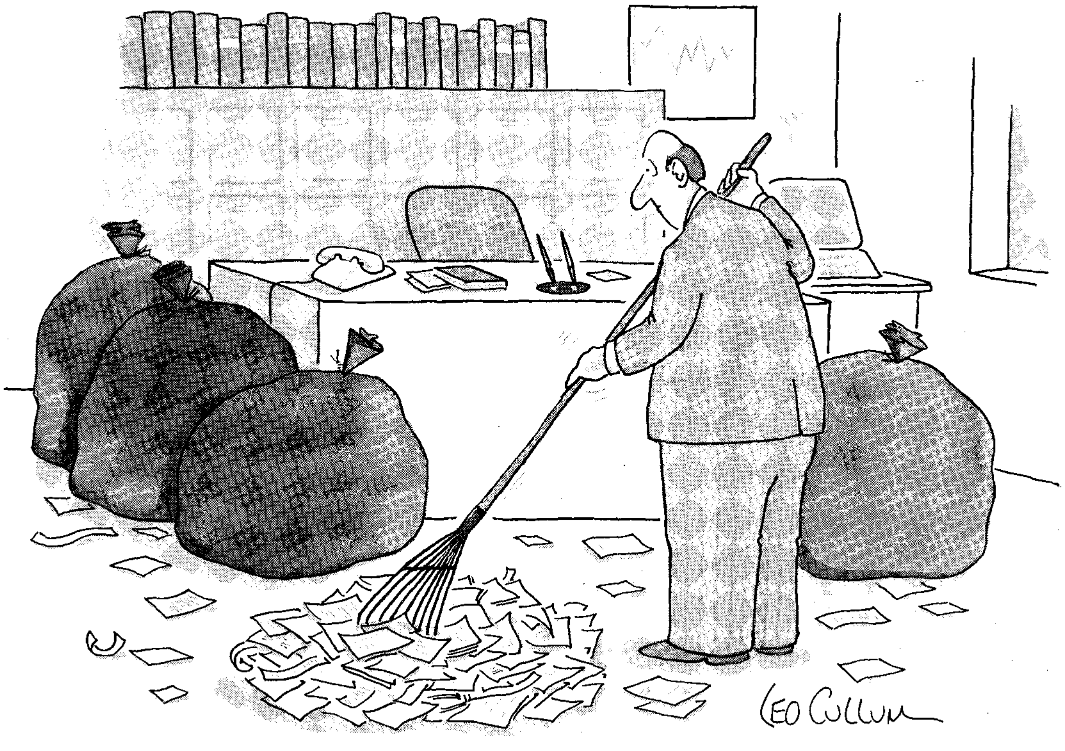
In a minute we managed to adopt the intimate, jocular tone we normally used with each other, and the picture-taking session went forward at a smart pace. Curry urged me to do things with my hands or chin, or to "approach and react to the couch," in a pretentious, slightly British accent he had clearly picked up from watching David Hemmings in "Blow-Up." The poses we tried were amusing or acrobatic rather than erotic: neither of us quite knew what to do with my naked body. When Philippa finally came in, pushing her long hair out of her face, smiling with her usual air of thin-blooded pleasure at seeing me, and looking unsurprised to find me crouching bare as a newt on top of the couch, I was glad enough to go back into the untidy bedroom and put my clothes on.

A COUPLE of days later, in a Carpenter Center darkroom, Curry developed the rolls of film he had shot of me, and I came along to see the results. The pictures were all horrible. After my first shriek of dismay, I was able to observe, objectively, that while the body of the girl in the photographs looked relaxed and normal, her face was subtly distorted, and her neck strained, as if an invisible halter were dragging her backward.

"You were pretty nervous," said Curry, clipping one enlargement up on a drying rack.

I looked at him, and he looked at me. We were very close together—closer than when our knees bumped occasionally under the dining tables at Dunster House. In the red light his gold-rimmed glasses gleamed rosily, and his green plaid shirt looked black. The open neck of the shirt showed the tender-looking skin that stretched over his knobby collarbones, and for the first time since I had known him, with what was less a conscious thought than an impulse of my flesh, I was curious about how it would feel to touch his throat, his chest. At the same time, I wondered briefly and coldly why Curry and I had never become lovers. The answer was fairly clear, as we stared at each other with eyes almost alike enough to be those of siblings, into faces that for each of us symbolized the unbearably familiar things of life.

Curry began to laugh, and waved a handful of negatives under my nose. "I'll sell 'em to you," he said. "Let me have five thousand in unmarked bills, or prints go straight to your parents." As he spoke, he was stuffing negatives, contact sheets, and two dry prints he



AUTUMN IN ACCOUNTING

had enlarged earlier into a manila envelope. "Here," he said, handing it to me.

"I don't want these."

"Take them anyway." He had stopped laughing, and spoke in a sharper voice than he had ever used with me before, and, unaccountably, I felt tears start to my eyes. I took the envelope quickly, looking away from him.

We talked studiously about movies as we came out of the darkroom and walked up the gray driveway of Carpenter Center, and slowly I began to feel a lot better—relieved, as if an obscure crisis had passed. Across Quincey Street the Memorial Church bell was ringing four o'clock. It had been a beautiful day, warmer than usual for April in Boston, and a yellow-green haze of budding trees hung over Harvard Yard. Kids were lounging on the steps of the libraries to catch the last of the waning sun, and Frisbee players shouted and leaped on the grass around the freshman houses. In a single sunny afternoon the miracle had occurred that always galvanizes college campuses: summer, the shining irresponsible season that lies beyond the barrier of term papers and exams, had come into view. I shifted my knapsack on my shoulders and reflected that summer meant commencement for Curry, who would then take off on his peculiar pilgrimage to eat *feijoada* among the Bahians, or whatever he intended to do. For me, the summer meant the beginning of a time without my friend. This was something I thought of unhappily, but without tremendous perturbation, because I had the feeling that no matter what happened I would always be running into Curry—that our particular bond of fascination and repulsion would bounce us together to resume, again and again, a dialogue that would always seem familiar but never dull.

We walked through the Yard and paused at one of the gateways, where a friend of mine, a tall Jamaican kid named Hunter, was passing out leaflets praising revolutionary activity in the Third World. Across the street nine Hari Krishnas, looking uncharacteristically buoyant and chipper in the bright spring afternoon, were hopping and chanting in front of the Harvard Coop. Curry had to go: Philippa was taking him to see "Yojimbo," and I had to camp out in the library to finish an overdue paper on Yeats. When I had said goodbye and started walking up toward the Radcliffe dorms, I heard footsteps behind me, and turned around to find Curry, out of breath from the run.

"Hey, please don't throw away those pictures!" he said, taking off his glasses, which had gotten fogged with perspiration, and raking his fingers through his dark curls, which were standing up even more wildly than usual. With his glasses off, his little tear-shaped birthmark was clearly visible, and the sight of it was enough to dissolve any trace of the irritation and grief I had felt in the darkroom. "At least hang on to the negatives," he went on. "Maybe I can try to shoot you again. I'd like to have something to work with."

I promised him I would keep everything—but in fact at the first trash can I came to, on Garden Street, I had a change of heart, and tossed in the manila envelope, negatives and all. When we were hanging out together in the next few weeks, I was afraid, once or twice, that he might try to get the pictures back from me, but he never mentioned them again.

That summer, after Curry graduated and I had come home to Philadelphia for two months, my mother, with the indiscreet eagerness that sometimes overwhelms even tactful parents, asked if there was "anything romantic" between Curry and me.

"Not a chance," I said.

"There are chances for all kinds of things," she said coyly.

"Not for that." At that point, I didn't feel sure of much in my life, but for once I felt I had said something that was absolutely true.

—ANDREA LEE

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But rhyme is the most obvious of all rhetorical tricks; it is the way children can remember instructions—"i" after "e," except after "c"—and strains too much to make a political message memorable, "I like Ike" to the contrary notwithstanding.—*William Safire in the Times Magazine.*

Funny thing, memory.

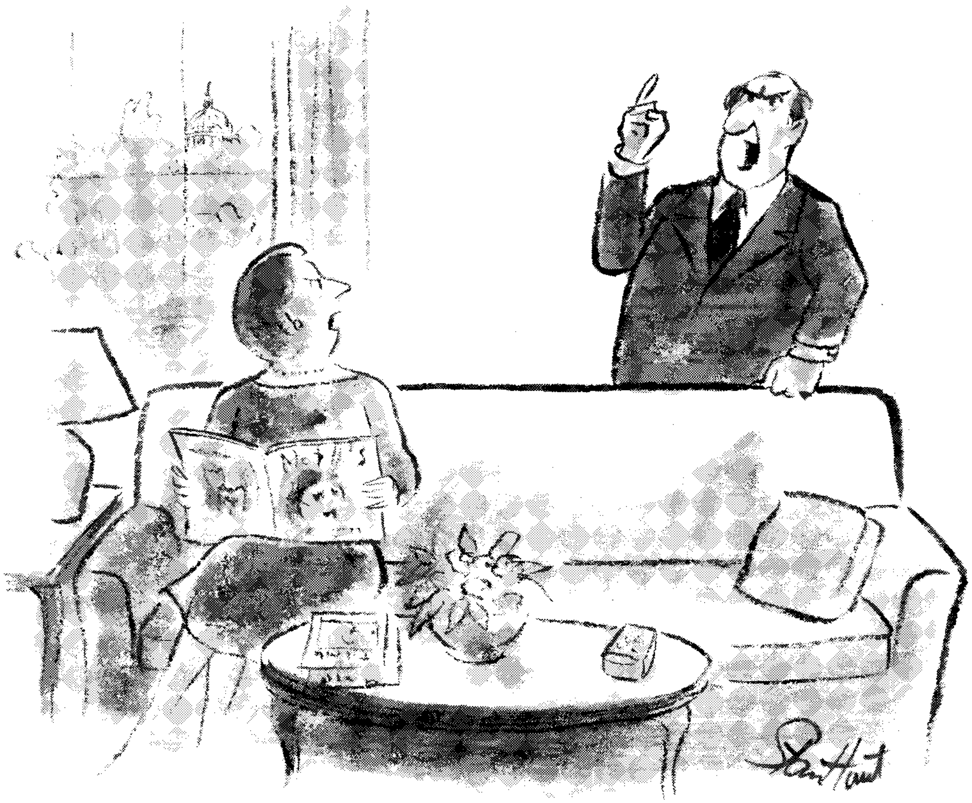
A REPORTER AT LARGE

JOURNEY TO PAKISTAN

THERE was a full moon over Karachi in the early-morning hours of April 30, 1983. Muhammad Siddique, the last master of the tanker U.S.S. Hermitage, had been waiting for that night, the night of the monthly high tide of the Arabian Sea. He was one of only ten crewmen on board the ten-thousand-ton American-built ship as it sailed northwest from the harbor just after 5 A.M. Six hours later, it was forty miles from Karachi, three miles off a place called Gadani Beach. Siddique turned the vessel toward shore and ordered full speed ahead. The Hermitage was travelling at twelve knots when it hit bottom, and then it slid slowly to a stop in the sand, a hundred feet from dry land. For a few moments, there was only a hissing noise as surf surged in around the beached tanker. Then, with a yell, barefoot men with loose clothes flapping in the dawn ran across the beach and into the sea. One of them, a hundred feet below the prow of the ship, jumped onto the lowering anchor and began climbing its chain, winding a steel cable into the links. The man below him grabbed the loose end of the cable and moved back toward the beach as if he were in a tug-of-war with the ship itself—as if he and the shouting men around him could pull ten thousand tons of ship onto the sand. And that was exactly what they were going to do.

Up on the beach, the other end of the cable was attached to a winch powered by an old Bedford truck engine. The Hermitage was tied up to this chugging device, which was being run by a man sitting astride the engine as if it were a horse. As the level of the sea was momentarily raised by each surge of the tide, he gunned the engine, straining the cable to pull the ship forward, inch by inch. Then gangs of men carrying tools of destruction—sledgehammers, wrenches, crowbars, and portable oxyacetylene cutting torches—climbed aboard the tanker, walking up the anchor chain to the bow as if it were a tightrope, or scrambling up monkey style. Then they began the breaking of the Hermitage. With clanging and hollow booms sounding small on the beach, the men began nibbling the ship to death. They had no equipment heavier than the old hundred-and-forty-horsepower truck engine attached to the winch—a deck winch that had been taken from another broken ship—and they were taking the ship apart almost by hand: carrying, unbolting, stripping, ripping, draining anything that could be sold anywhere in the world. Engines. Lifeboats. Compasses. Chairs. Toilets. Bottles of whiskey. Portholes. Railings. Pipe. The oil in the crankcases. All that was done with nothing but the winch and hand tools and human muscle. The largest pieces of the ship's superstructure—up to twenty tons—were slid off on wires from the deck to the beach, almost a hundred feet below, the way children come down a playground slide. It took a week to get all that gear off and into piles on the beach. Then the men—hundreds of them—began cutting up the tanker as if it were a salami, into slices weighing ten and twenty tons each.

Three months later, in August, what was left of the Hermitage was about two hundred feet long. Where the bow had been—at the point where the sea met the shore—was a rusty wall, sixty feet high and about forty feet wide, that had been a bulkhead between two of the tanker's great oil reservoirs. Four hundred feet or so of the Hermitage was scattered up the beach—a funnel, the crankcase, the anchor, heaps of steel plate—to be sold as the raw material of new steel. Sparks and glowing chunks of hot metal were raining from the top of the rusty wall as the cutting torches completed another slice. Other men, small silhouettes against the sky, were slowly moving across the top of the wall, straining as if against a great wind, pulling cables from the same old winch. The cables, coming over the left shoulder and under the right arm, pulled taut against their backs as they inched toward the high corners of the great wall. The cables were attached through holes burned into the corners. The Bedford engine whined, paused, and whined again. The wall finally began to waver. The cablemen and the torchmen leaped back onto the remainder of the ship—flying for a moment



"Please, Hobart, would you kindly confine your speeches about the damned deficit to the floor of the Senate? You've already got my vote."

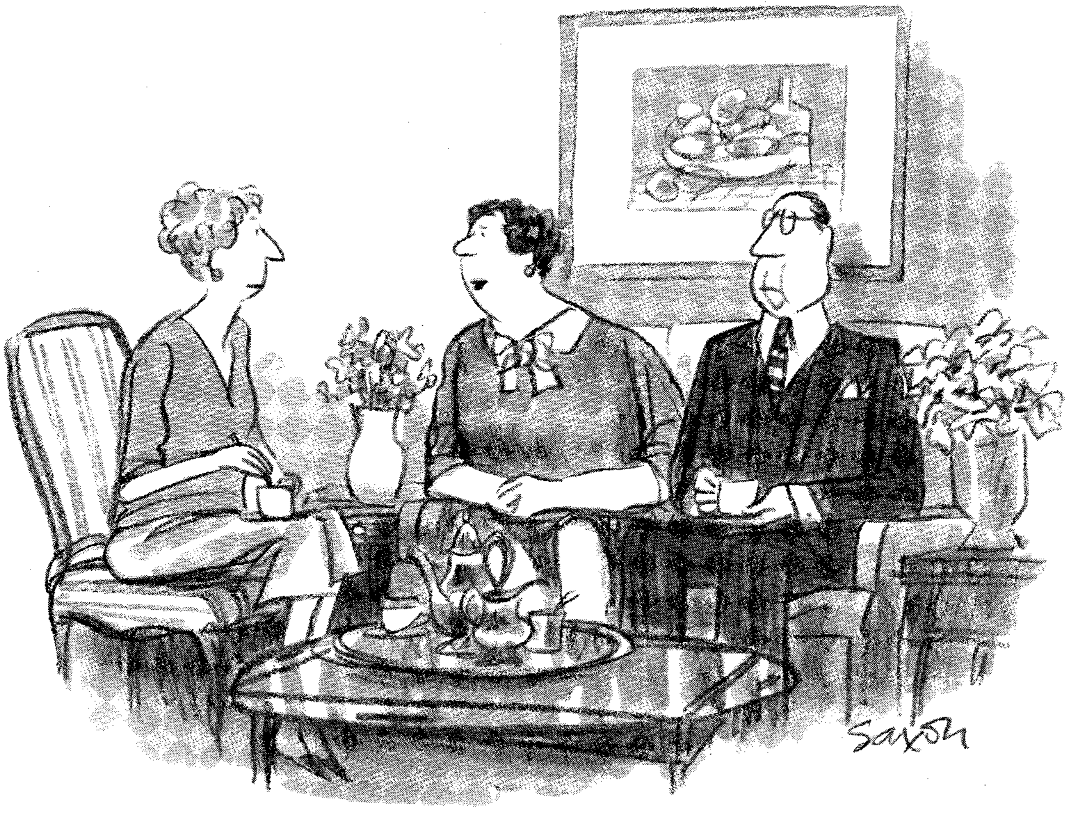
like birds, flapping and vulnerable, in turbans, sandals, and thin flowing cloth. The huge slice of the Hermitage tipped away from them and crashed into the wet sand below. Other men rushed forward on the beach, grabbing the cables to help the winch pull the steel wall farther up on the sand. There it was cut again and again by the torchmen or split by men using wedges and sledgehammers until eight men, two at each corner, some of them placing a sandal on one shoulder to protect the flesh against the metal heated by the torches and the hundred-degree sun, could lift a section, crouching under it and pushing up with a cry of "*Udi!*"

"Lift!"—the word was Pashto, the language of the Pathans, the people who live on both sides of the mountain border between Pakistan and Afghanistan. The Pathans, as many as twenty-five thousand at a time, travelled a thousand miles south to the Arabian Sea to work along the five miles of Gadani Beach, where at any given time a hundred and fifty ships were beached and broken. The ship breakers—their bosses usually did not know their names—were day laborers, paid from thirty to fifty rupees for a day that began at 7 A.M. and ended at 7 P.M., seven days a week. That was, roughly, two dollars and twenty-five cents to three-seventy-five a day. If they were killed at Gadani, their families were supposed to receive fifteen thousand rupees—a little more than a thousand dollars. There had been thirty-four deaths along the beach during the past six months, but I was told by a director of a shipbreaking company that the death fee was rarely paid. It was more economical to scare survivors away with threats, or, if necessary, to bribe local officials and the labor brokers who supplied the gangs of nameless workers from their tribes and villages along the country's northwest frontier.

Breaking a ship, at the time my family and I were there, just over a year ago, cost out at about forty dollars a ton. A ship like the Hermitage—built in the mid-fifties and relatively inefficient after 1973, when rising fuel costs made many older ships obsolete—could be bought for about ninety-five dollars a ton. The profits on the investment and on the cost of breaking were, at the best of times, well over three hundred per cent. The best steel in the ship (about half the tonnage) was selling for two hundred and forty dollars a ton. The rest sold for as little as a hundred and thirty dollars a ton. In addition, the owners made money from selling the lifeboats, the boilers, the whiskey, and anything else on board at the end of a ship's last voyage, and then there was whatever copper, brass, and aluminum could be stripped from the vessel. In all, Gadani was producing more than a million tons of steel a year, and ten thousand tons of other metal—principally copper and brass.

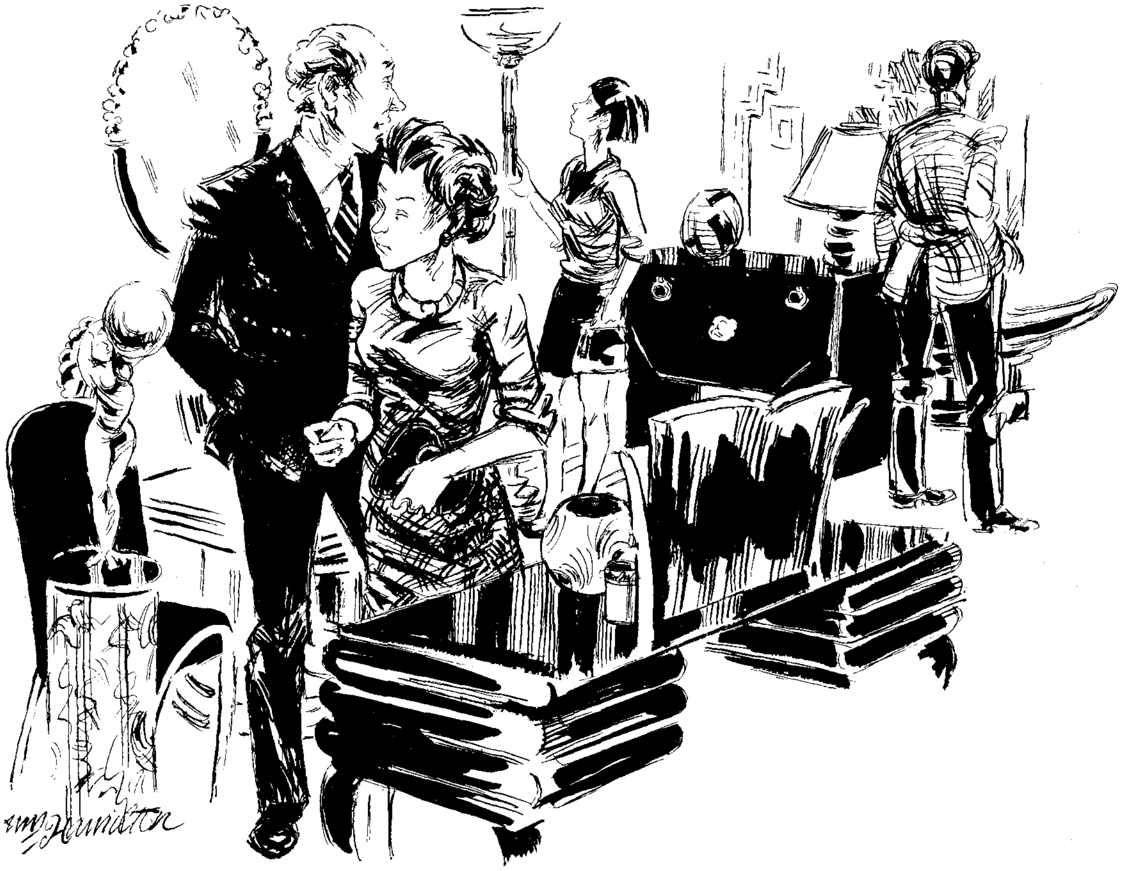
The idea was to buy a ship complete with cargo that was consigned to a port near the breaking area. For the Gadani breakers, that meant Karachi or a relatively nearby Asian port. With luck, the investors made some money on shipping and selling the cargo, before the regular crew was directed to Karachi. On arrival, the whole crew would be dismissed except a couple of engineers and a cook. Those few waited—for the monthly high tide and for Muhammad Siddique or, sometimes, Hamid Fadoo. Siddique and Fadoo were the two beaching masters of Gadani. One or the other was paid approximately twenty thousand rupees, or fifteen hundred dollars, per beaching. The beaching master's job was to move the ship to the point where the Pathans could get their hands on the anchor.

The skill of the masters was legendary; the ships were lined up with amazing precision along the waterline, often only a hundred feet or so apart. Next to the Hermitage was a British ship called the Dragoon, or what was left of it after four months: less than a hundred feet of the lower stern of what had been a seven-hundred-and-twenty-six-foot, twelve-thousand-five-hundred-ton tanker. Then came the Nordave, another British vessel—a five-hundred-foot, seventy-five-hundred-ton cargo ship. They were all in a rusty row along a strip of wide beach, many miles from the nearest electrical or water lines, that the government of Pakistan had once talked about developing as a seaside resort. It had become something far different: Gadani was a place where time rolled backward. Muhammad Siddique brought the modern world—or, at least, its products—to this strange shore, and people rushed out with little more than their bodies as tools and broke the vessels of mo-



"We always assumed they were grooming Wingate for something down at the plant, but as it turned out they weren't."

dernity down into ever smaller, ever less complex parts until they could lift them and carry them away in pieces, little more than big hunks of mineral—rocks almost. At the edge of the sea were the ships. Then there were large and recognizable parts, products of skilled design and workmanship: the propeller; the crankshaft, with webs higher than a man was tall. Farther up were smaller parts: doors and hatches, instrument walls with their dials and gauges removed. Then plates the size of walls, showing rivets and welds and bolts. Finally, piles of the smallest steel plate and scrap, almost unrecognizable, just something to lift on a truck headed for a mill furnace somewhere inland.



"Do you realize we are living through the second time people got tired of Art Deco?"

The Pathans lived behind the last heaps. The beach was bordered by a thin line of housing constructed from the scrap of the sea—flotsam on land, the few bits of scrap that couldn't be sold. Broken boards. Torn canvas. Cardboard. Driftwood. The roofline of the shanties was broken occasionally by the towers of small, crudely built mosques. This was, after all, the Islamic Republic of Pakistan ("Land of the Pure" is the English translation), by population the ninth-largest country in the world, with more than ninety million people, and a growth rate of close to three per cent each year. The workers seemed to be quite religious—government and peer pressure in the Islamic Republic may produce more religion than meets the soul—and during the holy month of Ramazan (called Ramadan in other Muslim countries), when Muslims fast from sunup to sunset, the men worked at night, because they were too weak without food or water to work twelve hours in temperatures above a hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The ships were broken then—in part of June and July—by the ancient light of oil-soaked torches in the sand and by a few electric spotlights powered by portable generators.

That was Gadani, and beyond it the desert began and time continued in retreat. Swirling dust rose in plumes and clouds behind the rough shelters of the Pathans. The only life seemed to be nomad families and their animals—camels and goats—dimly seen in the dust, and dimly understood by someone like me. They might have been Pakistani. But then they could have been from Afghanistan. Or Iran. What country? Just a name. What century? It did not seem to matter in the brown air. The only thing clearly seen on the road from the beach back to Karachi was the white mountain, which was not really a mountain and not really white. It was a conical rock outcropping in the desert flatness. The white was paint, and on one side only. Perhaps something religious? That would certainly make sense in a country of faith, a land of shrines. It was sort of miraculous, but a miracle that I understood better than I understood the nomads in the haze. The rock had been painted white for a television commercial. The magic of lights and cameras could make it look like the snowy peak of a great mountain, the greatest mountain in Pakistan, the second-highest in the world: K2. The desert rock was being used to film commercials for a popular Pakistani cigarette of that name: K2. How far were the nomads from the painted rock? How many years or generations would it take them to get to the electronic mountain? But weren't they there already? They could see and touch our world through the dust that was everywhere in Pakistan. What agony there was in that: the agony of an ancient people drawn to a miraculous modern mountain.

THE road from Chitral south to the valley of Bumburet also runs backward in time. Chitral itself is almost at the northwestern edge of Pakistan, and so at the very edge of the modern world. Guarded against the outside by the peaks of the Hindu Kush and the Hindu Raj—one of them, Tirich Mir, is more than twenty-five thousand feet high—Chitral is closed to land traffic from December to June by high snow in the passes. It is a village of a few dusty (or muddy) streets leading to an old British fort on the Mastuj River and to a polo field. Both are historic. A colonial garrison was besieged inside the fort by Chitralis for a month in the late winter of 1895; and the field, long and narrow, with four-foot-high stone walls at the boundaries, was one of the first places the game of kings was ever played. Polo came from that part of the world—the British found it there—and men from the mountains and valleys come to Chitral to cheer one another at wild games played to wilder drumbeating.

The main street of the town, Shahi Bazaar, was jammed day and night when we were there. Men from the town and outlying settlements shopped and gossiped and promenaded, along with hundreds of men from the Afghan refugee camps that had been built up along the river since late 1979, when the Army of the Soviet Union invaded the lands on the other side of the mountains. Ethnically, Shahi was one of the world's great streets. Many of the faces of the world were right there: the Chitralis, an Indo-European people, who often have fair hair and, sometimes, blue eyes; Pathans, from Pakistan and Afghanistan, classically handsome, with high cheekbones and burning brown eyes; Orientals, with the flat faces of Tibet and southwestern China, less than two hundred miles away. They lounged in tiny shops, where merchants, seated cross-legged on the floor among their wares, weighed out a few ounces of tea or showed off their selection of Chitrali caps—flat woollen hats with rolled bottoms. The Tudor hat, something like the kind that Henry VIII usually wore, was also the hat usually worn by these mountain tribesmen half the world and more than four centuries distant. But by the middle of 1983, after the Afghans' three years of guerrilla warfare against the Russians, there were almost as many bulky Afghan turbans in the bazaar. Also among the Afghan men, who crossed back and forth through the passes of the Kush to fight, were many wearing blue-gray synthetic-fur caps taken from the bodies of Soviet soldiers. They just threw away the red stars originally on the hats. Many of the Afghans were armed, wearing bandoliers of ammunition over blankets they wore as capes, with Kalashnikov or Lee Enfield rifles slung behind their shoulders. It was a street of high colors and high spirits; the people of the bazaar, all men, endlessly greeted each other with elaborate ritual embraces and handshakes, bowing slightly and sometimes kissing each other on the cheek or the neck.

ON THE VERANDA WE DRINK GIN-AND-TONIC

The elephant ears
tired of hearing witty stories
twist flat on their stems.
The flashy camellias drop to the lawn
like abandoned prom dresses. In Baton Rouge,
the falling over begins. Unmindful,
we might dissolve like aspirin
in this moist night air.

If it's not the falling over,
it's the standing up.
The bartender keeps a battalion of rags
in white uniform. I've seen him
beat a peacock rug to bloody red.
Isn't that how the Cubists began,
separating the white threads of canvas
into a field of broken glass?

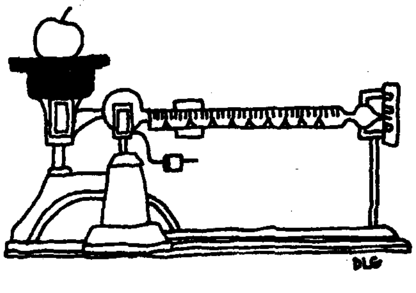
Nature morte: shaping the guitar
from wood-grained paper,
laying it flat so that one might embrace
every side at once.
Three women lean on their elbows
like collapsing tripods—
and see how their malaise fractures
into radiant blue prisms?

With a moment's stay against geometry
this landscape could turn suddenly impolite.
We might break each other open
like the clear pink coat of a shrimp.
Perhaps we'd become friends,
the way cartoonists drew Frankenstein's scars
with zippers, as if anyone could
enter his curious skin.

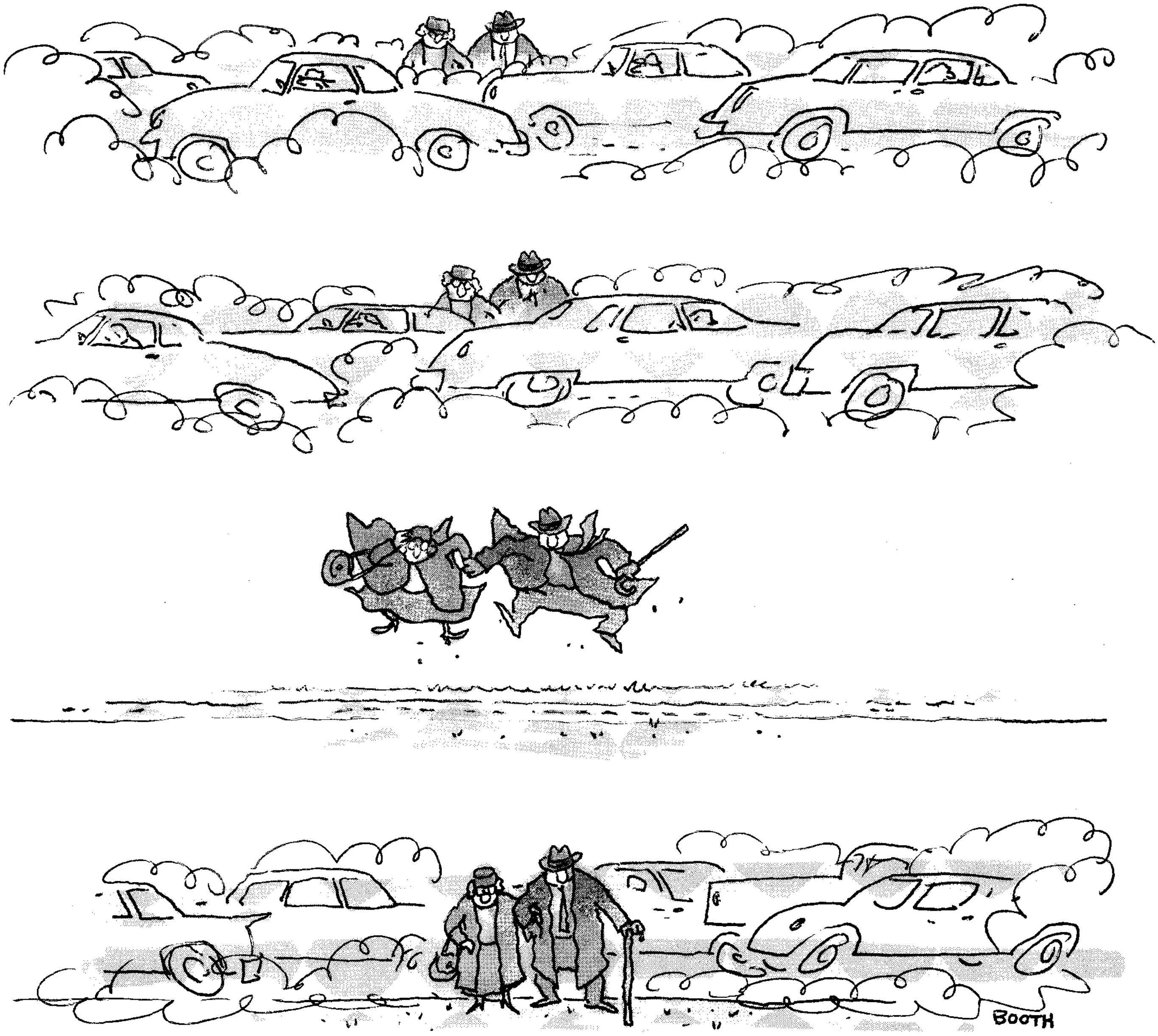
—Sandra Alcosser

• •

In three days in Shahi Bazaar, the only women we saw were four in burkas whom I happened to catch a glimpse of as they were scurrying down an alley off the main street. We did not really see women; what we saw was four bouncing apparitions, dressed very much the way children in America dress as ghosts at Halloween. Except that these sheets were colored, usually in shades of brown. The burka is like a small tent, a garment without arms, pulled on over the head, fairly tight around the face, with a slit of grilled cloth over the eyes. It billows out to the ground; fancy burkas are pleated from top to bottom.



One day, I went through the bazaar in a jeep—a Toyota, one of the few vehicles in the valley—south to a new bridge built by the Pakistani Army; south across the river, and backward in time, to the valley of Bumburet; across and through some middle-level mountains. The roads were built of scree—fallen rock—and carved into the sides of barren mountains above the rivers and the roaring streams of aquamarine water that divided the peaks and carried the melted snow from their caps down to irrigate the farms of Pakistan. The land outside Chitral, though, was as hard as it was beautiful. This was the territory where snow leopards were found and falcons were trained, but there was precious little earth among all the soaring, rocky vistas. Mudslides and

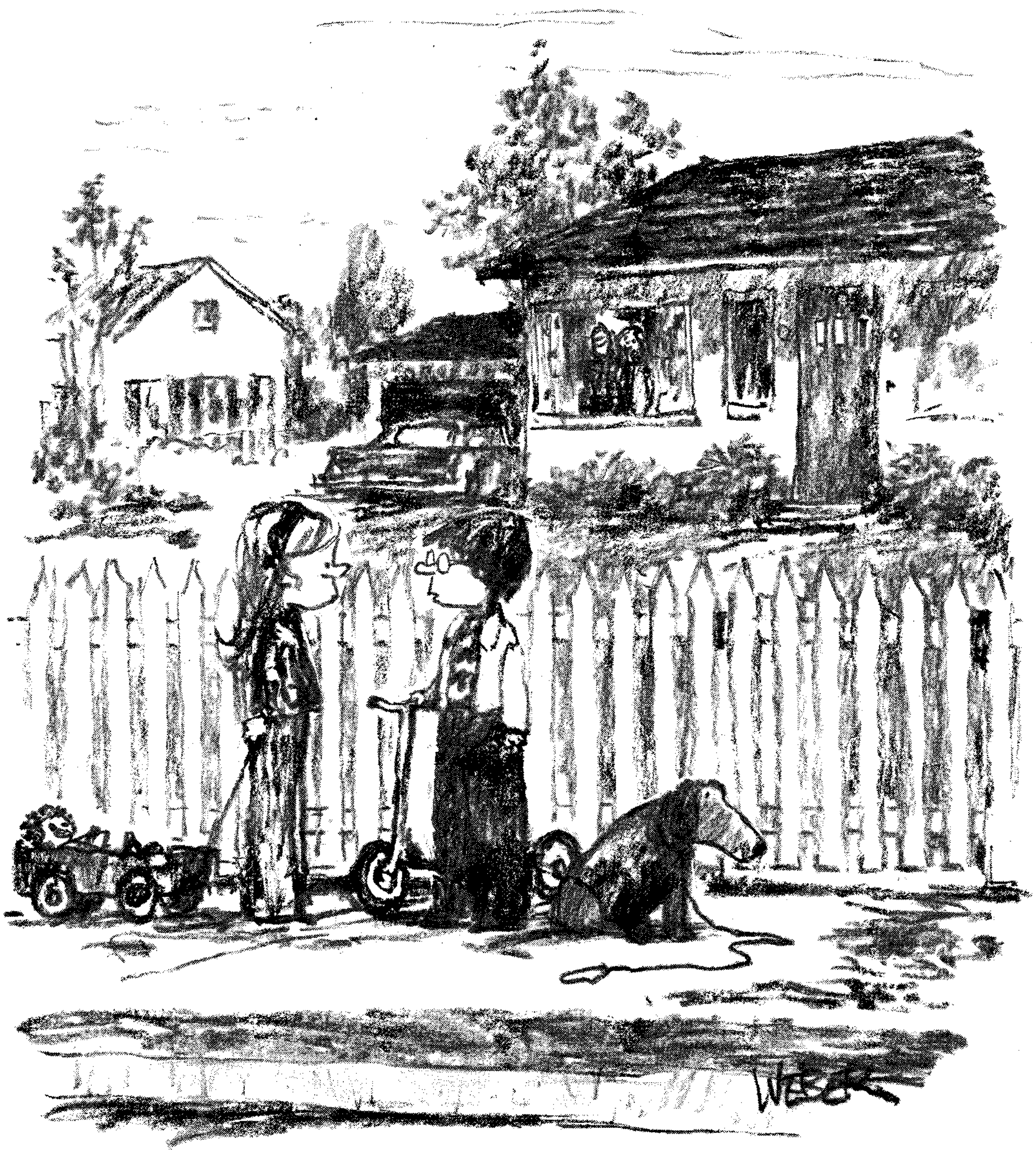


drifting dirt from the mountains had been trapped over centuries by rock walls to form little fan-shaped terraces, where wheat and rice and maize were patiently cultivated with wooden tools. The work of Chitral in the warm months had always been to grow and dry and store enough food for the frightening cold months, when the winds come from Tirich Mir.

In the winter, people huddled together in hay for warmth at night. Even in the summer, food was short—my wife and I were told one morning that we had just eaten the last egg in Chitral—and in the winter there would be no meat or fresh fruit or vegetables. Chronic malnutrition and the fact that the aquamarine water was used for sanitation and for the irrigation of manure-fertilized fields had made these valleys part of the world where measles and pneumonia were still fatal diseases. Until I spent time in those parts, I had had the vague impression that native populations were somehow immune to problems associated with bad water. "They" were used to it. Only "we" got sick. Many people in places like the settlements around Chitral were sick all the time; some mountain languages and dialects in that part of the world did not have words for "diarrhea" or "dysentery," because such things were normal—too common for special comment.

But it was beautiful—and terrifying. We had been on the fifteen-mile journey to Bumburet for more than three hours when we passed through a gorge that seemed to be the pass to Shangri-La. It was the entrance to the valleys of the people called the Kalash Kafir—the valleys Rudyard Kipling wrote of in "The Man Who Would Be King," a short story about two Englishmen who find a place so remote that they can convince the pagan population that they are gods. But Kipling had never been able to reach Bumburet. He had only heard the stories of light-haired and light-skinned pagans tracing their ancestry (probably inaccurately) back to soldiers of Alexander the Great, who passed their way in the fourth century before Christ.

"Kalash Kafir" means "black infidel" in the languages of the region, and the pagans are obviously infidels to the Muslims of Chitral. Their unveiled women wore black homespun



"I find there's a lot of pressure to be good."

gowns. Pretty women, direct in their gaze, wearing beaded necklaces and elaborate hats of feathers and shells, danced in the flowered fields of the valley they believed was once Paradise, the home of the Creator of all life. Their men still sacrificed animals to mysterious gods in secret rites. They buried their dead aboveground in rough wooden coffins—a luxury in such fuel-short parts—and eventually the rough boxes rotted and broke open, so the land in the burying places was littered with skulls and other bones.

There were only three Kalash valleys left. Somewhere between five hundred and fifteen hundred people were still practicing the old rituals, protected for a while longer by the difficulty of the terrain. The stream we had been following ran twelve miles through the center of the valleys, and right through many of the houses—primitive indoor plumbing. The sound of the water and the smell of cut pine as men shaved logs with rough adzes to make the timbers of new houses gave the valley a music and a perfume of its own. Walnut trees and mulberry trees formed an aisle for the water. A man climbed a mulberry tree and shook some fruit to the ground, and children rushed for the berries while women clapped and laughed at the scrambling boys and girls. It was not hard at that moment to understand why those people believed that Bumburet was the home of Dezaw, the Creator, who gave it to them because of the pleadings of the youngest children of the first man and the first woman.

Not a bad story—as good as many of the stories that a young American Protestant was told growing up. The Kalash have many stories—but the ones I know are the stories that were told me by Pakistanis who had spent time near the Kalash valleys. The Kalash sacrificed goats and bulls on smoky altars in dark huts, I was told. A goat was sacrificed to Istogosh Deo the first time a Kalash child wore clothing, and the blood of the animal was spread on the child's forehead: baptism. They told their children that the greatest of the gods lived in "Siam," and that earthquakes were caused by flies landing on the nose, back, or ears of the great bull whose two horns held up the earth. They quarantined all women who were menstruating or were pregnant, passing food through the door of a house of confinement called the *bashaleni*. Any married women who had not become pregnant during the previous year might seek the services of the *bodolak*, a strong young man who was taken to a hidden mountain place and fed the best milk and meat for months, and then returned to his valley in September to do his best for the women of the tribe.

It was a wonderful place to visit, and a few travellers, mostly Pakistanis, did get that far off the tracks beaten around the modern world. The light-skinned, chestnut-haired Kalash women were a staple of Asian travel posters. They painted their faces in intricate mask designs and braided their long hair once every three days in a delightful ritual by the side of the stream—each one hiding her comb under a rock. They seemed gay, calling to us in their language, Kalashwar, and being amused at our ignorance of their words. The language

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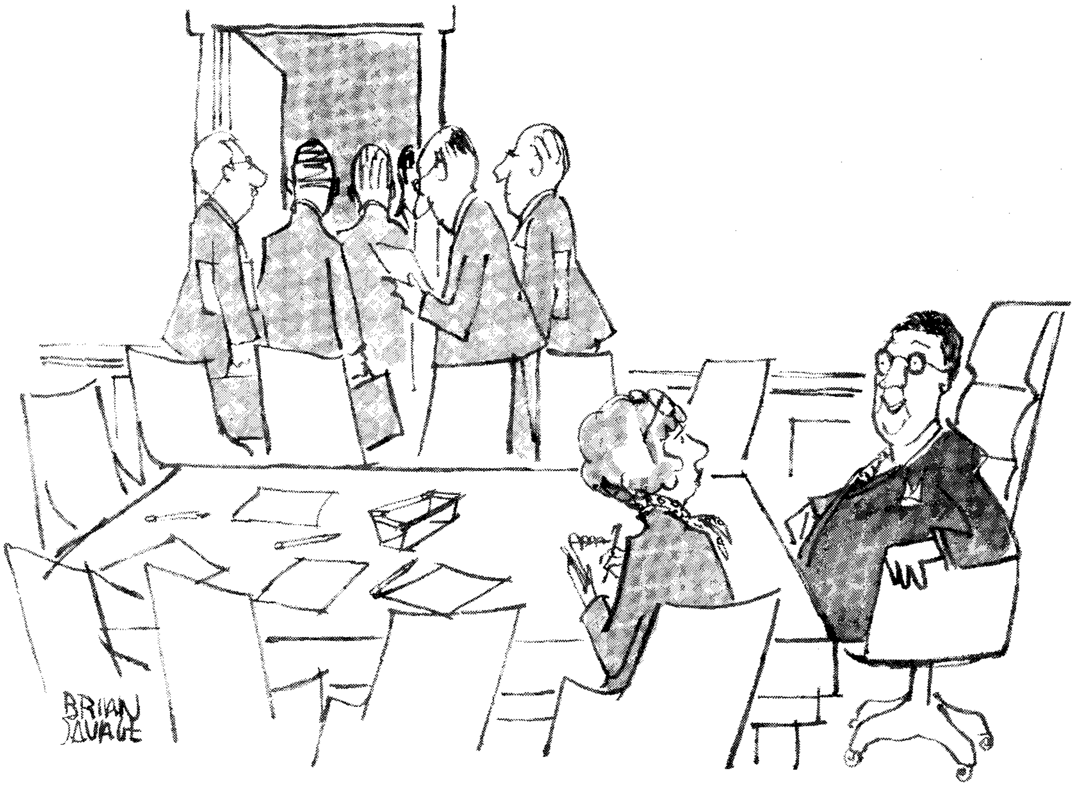

"Quite a stimulating discussion. I can't remember when I've been so frequently interrupted by applause."

provides one clue to their ethnic and geographic origins: it seems to be a combination of Sanskrit, Persian, and Greek.

But the life in this paradise was even harder than life among the Chitralis. On the beautiful July day we were there, the Kalash were doing what they have done all the summers—collecting mulberries and picking corn, which they dry on rocks in the sun to provide food to survive the winter. The photogenic women and children were filthy. Flies were crawling into the eyes and mouths of babies inside the windowless two-story wood-and-mud-brick houses—the first story was for storage and cooking, and the second-story living quarters were reached by steps carved in walnut logs leaned against outer walls—where cheerful women invited my wife and me to admire their children. The kids were sick—colds, dysentery, ear and eye infections. No one seemed to notice.

And the kids had begun to charge for photographs. When they saw our camera, they ran to pose, holding out their hands for paisa, the pitiful pennies of Pakistan. Cash had begun to mean in Bumburet what it meant to the men working in the sun of Gadani Beach—or Brighton Beach. The pagans could run, but they couldn't hide. If Bumburet had really been another world, I wouldn't have been there. The advance guard of modernization in those valleys, though, wasn't American visitors. It was the Chitralis, the Muslim majority, who were beginning to move into the corners of the Kalash valleys, bringing more modern technology with them: innovations like diverting the streams into mud-walled ponds to grow a crop new to Bumburet—rice. The Chitralis used donkeys; the Kalash carried things themselves. The Muslims we saw on Kalash lands were ostentatious in their prayers. Groups of them bowed to Mecca the obligatory five times a day in the fields and on the roofs of their larger homes. They were sending the pagans a very modern message: Your world can't survive in the world we are making; you must become like us. It was, I thought, looking out over that valley of the past, the same message that my world was sending to Chitral, to Islam, to the Islamic Republic of Pakistan.

ALL Pakistan was divided into three parts. Not geographically, because the country, twice the size of California, was made up of four provinces: Punjab, with a majority of the population, dominating the national life from the sophisticated city of Lahore; Sind, spreading out from and closing in on crowded Karachi; Baluchistan, the hard desert country, reaching from Iran to the beach at Gadani; and the North-West Frontier Province, including Chitral. The three parts were not ethnic, either, because there was no human race or style that you could not see in the seven hundred miles between Karachi and the Khyber Pass, and there were twenty-four languages spoken across the country. The division that struck me again and again as I travelled through Pakistan had to do with time. The question I mentally asked each man and woman I saw was: What century are you living in? The answers, I thought, would have separated them, roughly, into three groups: the people of the cities; the people of the towns and the larger villages; and the people of the small villages, the desert, the countryside. City, town, and rural. Those categories were far from perfect. If nomads in Baluchistan or peasants in the Sind were living in the Middle Ages (and many were), their views of the world might not be very different from those of men in the slums of Karachi—and, in fact, it was such peasants migrating from the land who were making new slums as mechanization and cash modernized the agriculture of the water buffalo and the wooden plow. The son of a tribal chieftain in the Khyber region might be a Stanford junior coming home to a mud-walled fortress to tell his people of the wonders of computers, or of the money to be made by converting local stores of opium into the heroin craved in San Francisco. There was a confusion of ages in a society where women hidden inside burkas waited to pass through metal detectors before boarding a Pakistan International Airlines 747 from Rawalpindi to Karachi. But the divisions in time seemed critical to me as I tried to make some sense—Western sense, anyway—of the people and ideas sharing Pakistan.

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human veneer—people quite a bit like "us." Ph.D.s from Columbia and Oxford who were home to teach or to man the federal bureaucracy—perhaps even to stay. Young Air Force officers flying General Dynamics F-16s at twice the speed of sound. Newspaper editors, fervent in their commitment to Islam, groping for ideas and movements and men to mold a modern Pakistan that would be not Western and not Soviet.

There were the bazaar people, the spiritual core of what middle classes there were in a society that had hardly anything or anybody between rich and poor. They looked more ancient than they were, squatting or sitting on rugs in their booths and shops, surrounded by bowls of bright spices and the gossip of street and square. In reality, they had some education and considerable commercial sophistication—enough to begin thinking about the politics of fundamentalist Islam or social democracy—and they lived near the fault line of modernization. Right on that line was a group that might be called "bazaar graduates"—the low-level bureaucrats, the hotel clerks, and such, who lived in one world and worked in another, newer one.

And then there were, everywhere, "the illiterate masses." The phrase was a cliché—I sometimes heard it a dozen times in a day of conversations with Pakistanis and foreigners living in Pakistan—but it had real and powerful meaning in a nation where, as far as I could tell, perhaps one person in twenty had ever been inside a school. For a while, they and I were living in the same space but in different times. I did not know their time. I could not imagine the thoughts of the Pathans—Aryans so handsome by Western standards that they looked like actors hired to play poor people—as they walked the Khyber Road past the Star Trek, one of the video-game parlors in Peshawar. A woman carrying twenty-eight bricks on a board on her head at the construction site next to our rented house in Islamabad—what did she imagine I was thinking when she turned and saw me staring? She pulled her veil across her face and went about her business, hod carrying. I looked away and went about mine.

So the twain did meet. East met West, West met East, the traditional and the modern fascinated and touched each other, recoiled, cohabited in a place, confused and frightened each other—that was the essence of the tension and the dreams of Pakistan. It was a clumsy ballet, the courtship and the struggle involving the old and the new. The governors of the city of Jhang, in the Punjab, paid for this half-page advertisement in a national newspaper, the *Pakistan Times:*

> Chairman and Members of Jhang Municipal Council consider themselves dutybound to appeal to the people of Jhang to pledge to keep the City Clean and be good citizens.
>
> 1. Pay the Municipal dues in time and coöperate in completing the schemes.
> 2. No cattle to be kept in the streets.
> 3. No dung is to be stuck on the walls.
> 4. No litter is to be thrown in the streets.
> 5. Not to allow children to use the drains as latrines. . . .

It was just another well-meaning appeal to the illiterate masses, who, of course, couldn't read newspapers—and, if they ever did, the newspaper was almost certainly not going to be the government-owned, English-language *Pakistan Times.* But the illiterate masses were like the weather, only more so: everyone talked about them, no one did much of anything for them. But most of the people doing nothing wanted to tell the masses what was good for them and what was bad for them. The military rulers of Pakistan, the Westernized élite, the fundamentalist *maulanas,* or mullahs, and the progressive, younger Muslim intelligentsia, the Americans and the Russians and the Saudi Arabians and the Indians, and the politicians who were supposed to keep quiet under the country's martial law—they all had advice and schemes for the illiterate masses. And almost all those willing advisers were troubled and frustrated by the noncoöperation of the masses and by their "rampant materialism." That was the second recurrent cliché in serious conversation in Pakistan. What disturbed many of those conversationalists was that when the illiterate masses were given a choice—on a rare day in Pakistan—they seemed to reject appeals for Allah and a life of pure Islamic sacrifice, or for capitalism and liberal democracy, or for state ownership and regulation. Generally, the masses seemed indifferent to the efficient and orderly procedures of one sort or another which were favored by their spiritual or intellectual or financial superiors, or the ones favored by the people who happened to be in charge of things because they had the guns. The better classes on all sides were distressed when illiterate Pakistanis who had got to Saudi Arabia and the other oil states and done the

Great Statements in Style

ALABAMA Trent Whittens: Albertville **Parisian:** Birmingham **The Varsity Shop:** Birmingham; Tuscaloosa **Shaias of Homewood:** Homewood **WM. Moore:** Mobile **The Locker Room:** Montgomery **ARIZONA John's & Company:** Phoenix **ARKANSAS John W. Coles:** Fayetteville **Mr. Wicks:** Little Rock **STATE OF CALIFORNIA Nordstrom: The Toggery Shop:** San Diego **The Hound Shop:** San Francisco **Hallidays:** Newport Beach **The Ascot Shop:** La Jolla **At Ease:** Newport Beach **Tearney's:** Palo Alto **Atkinson's:** Pasadena **Gary Lund:** Pasadena **COLORADO The Regiment:** Boulder **Homer Reed, Ltd.:** Denver **CONNECTICUT Allen Collins:** West Hartford **WASHINGTON D.C. Georgetown University Shop:** Washington D.C. **STATE OF FLORIDA Burdine's: Jacobson's: Maas Bros.: Mark Fore & Strike: High Rise Shop:** Boca Raton **Scot Shop:** Coral Springs **Del Hurd:** Delray Beach **M. Sterling's :** Ft. Lauderdale **Jarrod's:** Gainesville; Tampa; Jacksonville **Roderick's:** Gainesville **Five Points Men's Shop:** Jacksonville **Johnson's Men's Shop:** Lake Worth **Kepp's Men's Shop:** Naples **Paddle of Florida:** Naples **Frances Brewster:** Palm Beach; Vero Beach **Conrad Egan:** Sarasota **Kepp's:** Sarasota **Fletcher Cantey:** Tallahassee **Nic's Toggery:** Tallahassee **Dobber's:** Vero Beach **Andy Thornal:** Winter Haven **Florida Toggery:** Winter Park **GEORGIA H. Davis & Sons:** Albany **George Deans:** Athens **Davison's:** Atlanta **Fisher's:** Atlanta **Guffey's Tower Place:** Atlanta **Muses:** Atlanta **Rich's:** Atlanta **Sporting Life:** Atlanta **H. Stockton:** Atlanta **Legrand's:** Augusta **B. Young's:** Columbus **Esserman's:** Rome **Men's Quality Shop:** Savannah **J. Parker:** Savannah **Larry's Gentry Shop:** Stone Mountain **J J:** Tifton **STATE OF HAWAII Reyn's Mens Wear ILLINOIS Mark Shale:** Chicago **The Fell Co.:** Highland Park; Winnetka **IOWA Reichardt:** Des Moines **KANSAS Gentry Limited:** Wichita **KENTUCKY Wade's Men's Store:** Hopkinsville **LOUISIANA Todd Garland:** Baton Rouge **Gilhe's:** Baton Rouge **McLavy & Easterly:** Baton Rouge **M. Goldberg:** New Orleans **Perlis:** New Orleans **Terry and Juden:** New Orleans **Top Drawer for Men:** New Orleans **MICHIGAN Redwood & Ross:** Kalamazoo **MISSISSIPPI Smith & Byars:** Columbus **The Country Gentlemen:** Greenville **Clothiers and Company:** Jackson **Owens, Ltd.:** Jackson **The Rogue:** Jackson **McCullar Long McCullough:** Tupelo **MISSOURI Mister Guy:** Kansas City **Boyds:** St. Louis **STATE OF NEW JERSEY Roots: English Shop:** Princeton **MacHugh:** Ridgewood **NEW MEXICO Alans:** Albuquerque **Santa Fe Country Store:** Santa Fe **NEW YORK J. Press:** New York **London Majesty:** New York **F. R. Tripler:** New York **Wallachs:** New York **Dall's:** Niskayuna **NORTH CAROLINA Bells Traditionals:** Asheville **T. Neal & Co.:** Asheville **Nowells:** Raleigh **Leon Sugars:** Fayetteville **J. Craig:** Greensboro **Coffmans:** Greenville **Arnold Craven:** High Point **Brothers II:** Lexington **Varsity Mens Wear:** Raleigh **Levy's:** Rocky Mount **Zimmermans:** Salisbury **Sir Richard:** Southern Pines **Kannons:** Wendell **Norman Stockton:** Winston Salem **OHIO Peer Gordon:** Cleveland **Damschroder's:** Sylvania **OKLAHOMA McCalls:** Edmond **Harolds:** Norman; Oklahoma City; Tulsa **Stricklands:** Oklahoma City **Bates Brothers:** Stillwater **Brenners:** Tulsa **Jeffrey's:** Tulsa **PENNSYLVANIA Fillings:** Lancaster **SOUTH CAROLINA The Hub Clothiers:** Charleston **Jack Krawcheck:** Charleston **Max's Mens Store:** Charleston **Brittons:** Columbia **Granger-Owings:** Columbia **Jack Runnion:** Greenville **Andrew Arnold Clothiers:** Hilton Head Isl. **Stanley Welch:** Sumter **TENNESSEE The Gentry, Ltd.:** Chattanooga **Jonathans:** Chattanooga **Dardens:** Johnson City **Schrivers:** Knoxville **James Davis:** Memphis **Mobley and Sons:** Memphis **Oak Hall:** Memphis **Whitfield & Co.:** Memphis **Levy's:** Nashville **Oxford Shop:** Nashville **TEXAS Jeffory's Village Peddler:** Abilene **McCoy Ballou:** Amarillo **Brittons:** Austin; Houston **J. Westfahl:** Austin **Shellenbergers:** College Station **Marvin Brown:** Dallas **Clyde Campbell:** Dallas **Culwell and Son:** Dallas **Harrison & Co.:** Dallas **Mark Shale:** Dallas **J.T. Clothiers:** Denton **Cambridge Clothiers:** Ft. Worth **Harold's:** Ft. Worth **Ford-Richardson-Jones:** Houston **Norton Ditto:** Houston **Oxfords in the Village:** Lubbock **J.E. Borron:** Midland **Pincus Company:** San Antonio **J. Carl's:** Sherman; Tyler **VIRGINA Davidsons:** Roanoke

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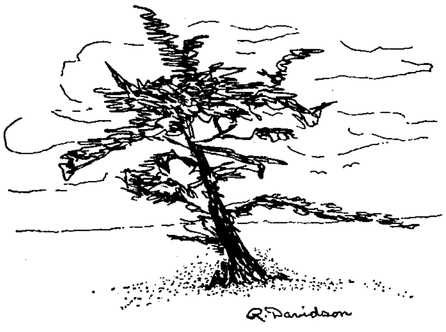
dirty work and brought home what for them were enormous amounts of money spent that cash on things like television sets and big portable stereophonic radios. And when the masses were allowed to vote—something that hadn't happened in almost six years—the majority of them had seemed unduly attracted to the slogan coined by the late (executed) Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto: "*Roti*, *Kapra*, *aur Makan*," meaning "Food, Clothes, and House."

So, with some regularity in intellectual Pakistani conversation, the masses' desire for the things that the people conducting the conversation already had for themselves became "rampant, rampant materialism, which just can't be met with our meagre resources." That remark was made by a young newspaper editor. "Meagre resources," by the way, was the third, and last, cliché that punctuated many conversations. It meant, I concluded after a while, that Pakistan did not seem to have much oil, and therefore a lot of the sweat of its people went toward making enough hard currency to buy the stuff from richer Muslims around the Persian Gulf. It would take a lot of oil—and sweat—to move a country from Bumburet to 1984.

I occasionally tried to use an American calendar to set a date for where Pakistan was—no easy job in a place where illiterate peasants hooked little transistor radios onto the horns of their water buffalo—and I usually found myself thinking that maybe the time, politically and economically, could be compared with the end of the eighteenth century in the United States. Perhaps it was sometime near the late seventeen-nineties—it was much earlier in many ways—and the people of Pakistan were trying to do what the people of the young United States did over the next two centuries. But they had to begin that modernization without the conditioned reflexes of people who took freedom as their due. And while the new United States had been pretty much left alone by the more modern world, Pakistan would have to pick its way among the demands and entreaties of the giants of the world, the United States and the Soviet Union, and the giant of their corner of it, India. Then, there was also the crude anti-modernism of cadres of ignorant *maulanas* who did things like—this happened in the city of Gujranwala—declaring *kafir* (we would say "excommunicating") any members of their congregation who believed that Americans had walked on the moon.

But, with all the obstacles, the commitment to modernism was there. Not that there was much choice in a world already opened to the wonders of 747s, videocassette recorders, and antibiotics. "Solution of the complex developmental problems of our age requires extensive and sustained application of sophisticated scientific knowledge and technological skills," read the introduction to one section of the Sixth Plan, the latest of Pakistan's five-year development programs outlining government goals and budget priorities. "As a poor developing country, our priority goals include, *inter alia*, provision of basic necessities like food, clothing, shelter, and health cover to the common man; increase in industrial/agricultural productivity; modernization of communications. . . . Meaningful progress towards attainment of these objectives cannot be achieved rapidly until effectiveness of the relevant development programmes is appropriately enhanced through regular infusion of latest technical know-how . . . The Sixth Plan makes many bold departures in its programmes and in its policy prescriptions. Its basic objective is the socio-economic emancipation of the masses."

The plan, like every other public document in the Islamic Republic, was punctuated by inspiration from the Koran. The health section, for instance, began, "If anyone saves a life, it shall be as though he had saved the lives of all mankind" (Koran 5:32). Interminable quoting of the Koran was in official deference to the Islamization program—a puritanical and cynical attempt to create Nizam-i-Mustafa (a "System of the Prophet") by such Koranic exercises as banning liquor and instituting public flogging—initiated by General Muhammad Zia-ul-Haq, whose titles include Army Chief of Staff, Chief Martial Law Administrator, and President. He had as many uniforms, ranging from the leather, tinkling medals, and riding crop of an Army that had been defeated every time it took the field to the simple white cotton gown of the devout, pure, humble Muslim. Watching him for a couple of months during travels through the country in the summers of 1983 and 1984, I thought he must have had an exciting time picking his costume each morning and deciding who he was going to be that day. When Zia and I talked about modernization one afternoon, sipping tea at a reception in one of the elaborate Victorian government guesthouses that are part of the British legacy to the Indian subcontinent, he was wearing a long, form-fitting tunic, with a mandarin collar, in light-gray wool—his country's elegant formal dress. "We are totally for modernization of the country," he said. "We want modernization and all the things it can bring to the masses."



I asked, "Is there anything you don't want that could come with modernization?"

"What we don't want is our women forced out of their privacy. That is the thing we don't want. And pop music and jazz—that kind of thing."

I said, "But don't modern societies need the brainpower of all their people—of women—to become truly productive? Don't you have to have women engineers and scientists, for instance?"

"We have women engineers. Islam dictates that women cannot be left out of the mainstream. Islam's respect for women is unlimited. But we are not going to force our women into the streets. We encourage women to be active within the parameters of Islam."

There were, I learned, fewer than a hundred women engineers in Pakistan. The parameters, as they were defined by Zia and his Islamic advisers, who favored the strict, puritanical Islam of Saudi Arabia, provided that the testimony of a woman in court should have half the legal weight of a man's. In cases of rape, there had to be four male eyewitnesses to "penetration." Zia ordered that Pakistani women be withdrawn from international athletic competitions in which men might see their legs. That manly obsession with keeping the weaker sex weak, however, was a subject for another time. Discretion seemed to me the better part of conversation with the Chief Martial Law Administrator.

"You talk of productivity, and so do

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we, but any American, any Westerner, looking at Ramazan would conclude that almost nothing gets done here during that time."

"Why do you say that?" he asked. "Productivity is higher during Ramazan. I know that. Men work harder. It's amazing, but you can see it."

What I had seen was a country of dazed, irritable men (even in Islamabad, the Westernized capital city, women were invisible during the holy month), squabbling men stumbling into one another in the midday sun, and men curled in the shade, any bit of shade, sleeping, until a mad scramble for food began at Iftar, the feast each evening after sunset. At the moment the sun set—the time was announced in advance each day by *maulanas*—Pakistan stood still. Cars and trucks did not move. No people could be seen in the streets—or maybe just two or three, huddled together, squatting over a plate with a little rice.

But I did not quite have the courage to argue with a devout Chief Martial Law Administrator—and he is apparently very devout. I saved my skepticism for a conversation with a young Oxford-educated administrator in the Federal Planning Bureau, and asked him whether his bureau had made studies of the relative productivity of Pakistan when its people were going without food or water seventeen hours a day.

He laughed, and said, "We wouldn't dare."

The fabric of the society was being pulled out of shape by the tugs and tensions between the coming new and the going old. More people than Zia-ul-Haq wanted to have it both ways: to have the miracles of the new world but not give up the faith and the customs of the old. Without consulting the masses, I thought there did seem to be a Pakistani consensus on commitment to both currents, modernization and Islam—contradictions or not.

The great devotion of Pakistan, it seemed to me, was not so much to the dogma of the religion as to the ways of the past. Islam represented security, the known, and the country's reason for existence—as a haven created in 1947 for the Muslims of predominantly Hindu India. "The country is nowhere near as devout as it seems or, perhaps, as the President believes it is," I was told by Altaf Yawar, who is the foreign editor of Associated Press Pakistan, the government-owned wire service. "Ten or fifteen per cent, maybe, of the people really believe in and practice Islam. But fifty or sixty per cent of the rest want the society to be based on the old principles, the traditional values. So the country is about eighty per cent 'Islamic-thinking.' Conservative."

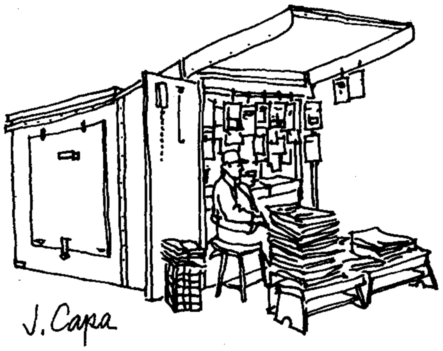
"What are they most conservative about?" I asked. "What is it they really don't want changed?"

"Women," Yawar said. "Pakistani men are afraid that the place of women in an agricultural society can't be maintained in an industrial society—that women will have to be given more. Why was Bhutto hanged—really? How could they get away with it? Because he raised women too high."

Maintaining the unquestioned power of men over women was, he thought, at the heart of "Islamic thinking"—and was the principal reason that modernization was such agony for the men of Pakistan. It didn't matter what the Koran said; like the Bible, it said many things, many ways. Selection was argument; interpretation was power. The drafters of the Sixth Plan—modernized men who favored changing the status of women, such as my friend the planner from Oxford—used their own Koranic verses, like this one, at the head of the chapter on women: "To men is allotted what they earn. And to women what they earn" (Koran 6:32). The plan continued:

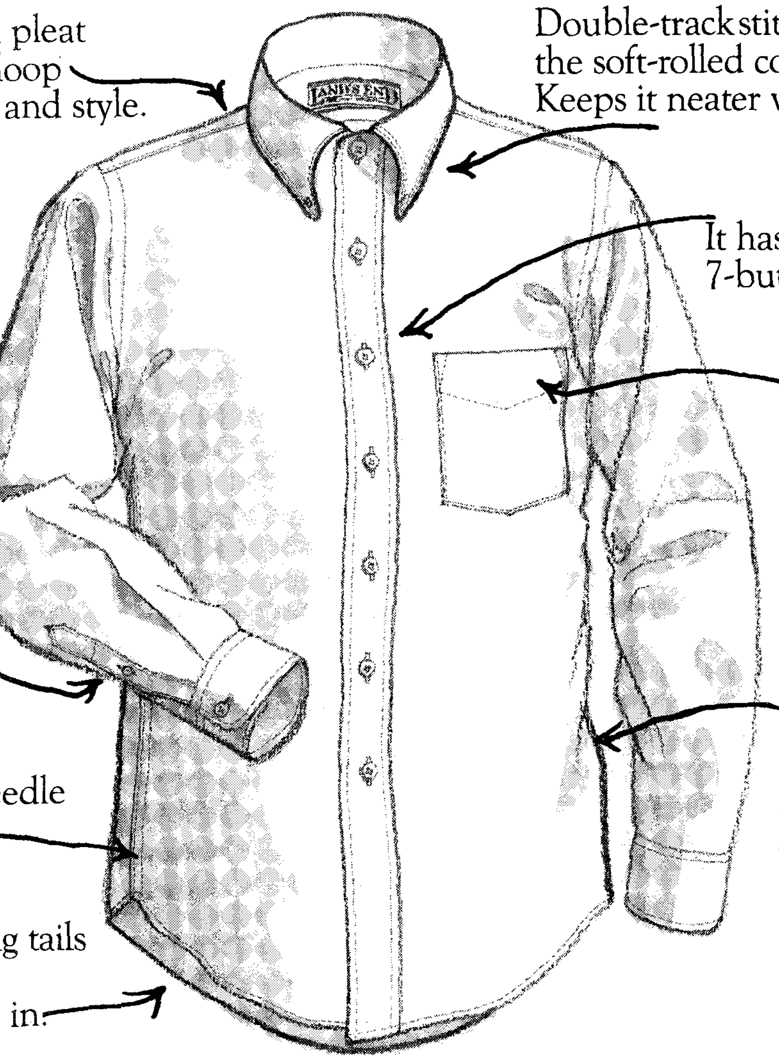
> In all societies, women's development is a prerequisite for overall national development; indeed, no society can ever develop half-liberated and half-shackled.
>
> . . . in Pakistan, today, the profile of women is simply shocking. The following cold statistics are a sad commentary on the legacy of neglect. . . . Female literacy is only 14 per cent . . . the participation rate of women in the compensated labour force is only 5 per cent. . . . Less than 3 per cent of civil service jobs . . . Crippling handicaps: illiteracy, constant motherhood, and the primitive organization of work.

And carrying bricks past my house. Or carrying the water in a countryside without aqueducts or pipe; around farmland and in slums, mothers and their daughters were everywhere—beasts of burden carrying water in pots on their heads, straining, but still able to pull up their veils if men passed. The women worked but were not paid; the reality was far worse than shocking statistics. The numbers were for Western consumption, prepared by Western-educated bureaucrats. Places like Washington can't run without statistical fuel, and places like Pakistan get a lot of money from Washington. So the bureaucrats made up numbers. The one being used most often was twenty-five per cent; according to the speeches and reports of the day, about twenty-five per cent of the people of the country had access to potable water, and about twenty-five per cent were literate. In reality, no one knew. Those statistics, as far as I could tell, rose gradually to that pathetic twenty-five per cent because of the government imperative to show improvement in succeeding five-year plans.



The chief dispenser of statistics in Pakistan and the principal author of the Sixth Plan was Mahbubul Haq, the Minister for Planning and Development. He came back from Washington, where he had worked twelve years for the World Bank, ending that tenure as director of the Policy Planning and Program Review Department. He was brilliant, charming, persuasive. His office, in the Secretariat in Islamabad, could have been in Washington, except that its occupant was wearing the national costume—the same *shalwar kameez*, or knee-length light shirt and baggy pants, worn by the ship breakers at Gadani Beach.

"The national per-capita income is about three hundred dollars, compared, of course, with ten thousand, or whatever, in the United States—but that is a false comparison," he told me. "We are, economically, fifty years behind the West. Maybe eighty years in regard to the United States, or a little over. But it doesn't take fifty years to catch up fifty years anymore. Chronology is mixed. You have a country still fighting to control tuberculosis and malaria, but it has jet aircraft and satellite television transmission. Direct dialling. People who could never dream of such things as running water have television in their homes. And they want that. People want modernization. In the most remote villages people are using refrigerators as closets, waiting for the day electrification gets to them. And it will. Look at the plan. In July of 1978, seven thousand six hundred and nine villages had electricity—out of forty-five thousand in the country. That was the begin-



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placement and
detailing of
the left
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ning of the Fifth Plan, and now about sixteen thousand four hundred are electrified. By the end of the Sixth Plan, that number will be thirty-eight thousand nine hundred—ninety-five per cent of the rural population will be covered. In terms of catching up—before the Second World War the growth rate of the Western world was less than three per cent. Ours is over six per cent now. Yes, our population growth rate is more than three per cent, but death rates always fall before birth rates begin to, so . . .

"When I left Pakistan in 1970, the malnutrition rate was thirty per cent, and the country couldn't afford to import enough grain to feed its people. I came back in 1982 expecting the same absolute poverty, expecting starvation. But the malnutrition rate was below one per cent. We were exporting grain. There was no obvious poverty, so . . ."

Haq was glancing at his watch by now—a Washington technique I had not seen before in Pakistan—so . . . I asked for a copy of the Sixth Plan, and we shook hands. Outside the office, the Minister's assistant popped his head inside the next door and said, "Give me one." I had my copy.

I was in the roadway, blinking in the sunlight, almost walking into a donkey loaded with bricks, when I realized what had happened. The minister had slipped me pre-1971 statistics and compared them with 1982 statistics. "When I left in 1970 . . ." When he left in 1970, there was a West Pakistan and an East Pakistan, politically united but geographically separated by a thousand miles of India. In 1971, a brief civil war between West Pakistan and East Pakistan led to Indian intervention and the surrender of ninety-three thousand Pakistani troops (loyal to the West) to the Indian Army. East Pakistan seceded and became the new country of Bangladesh. East Pakistan, as it happened, was the poorest part of Pakistan, an abused stepchild, treated as a colony by the bureaucracy of West Pakistan. So . . . The country's worst malnutrition problem (and statistics) had been shifted to the new country of Bangladesh.

The grasscutters were at work around me as I walked from the Secretariat to my car. They cut the grass almost blade by blade, squatting in the Asian manner—comfortably, with their bodies almost like a backward N, their heads just above their knees and their hands in front of their feet, each man cutting away with a scythe the size of a bread knife.

ISLAMABAD is one of the most resolutely modern cities in the world. Pakistan had no real capital city after it was hastily partitioned off from India by the British to create a Hindu country and a Muslim country when the old empire, the British Raj, ended, on August 14, 1947. The Indians had Delhi; the Pakistanis decided to build a new city, Islamabad. A city plan prepared by Constantinos Doxiadis, the Greek architect, was laid out on the barren plateau of Potwar, six hundred thousand trees were planted, and a city began to rise along wide boulevards and square corners. "A city of airline terminals" was the caustic description of the novelist Salman Rushdie, who has family ties to Pakistan. Islamabad, with a population approaching two hundred thousand, was built on a scale strange to Westerners. Public buildings and officials' homes were about one and a half times the size they would be anyplace else. The Presidency, the word for Pakistan's White House—it is almost never used, because General Zia-ul-Haq prefers to live with his Army down the road in Rawalpindi—looked like the Kennedy Center, in Washington, covering with marble an area just about the size of a football field. From a distance, an American could hardly tell that it wasn't the Kennedy Center, for it was designed by the same architect, Edward Durell Stone.

It was easy to make fun of Islamabad. Nine miles from Rawalpindi and anyplace else in Pakistan—that was one local joke. But it was quite an achievement and had something of the sterile charm of Washington, including a main boulevard called Constitution Avenue—or, when I was there, Suspended Constitution Avenue.

Islamabad, designed so bravely to show how far Pakistan and its people had progressed, had the opposite effect on me: the water carriers and water buffalo in the streets constantly mocked its late-twentieth-century façade—its Holiday Inn and its Datsuns and its strange, sweet Coca-Cola. But the look of the late nineteenth century in the cities of India (and subsequently Pakistan) was also deceiving. Karl Marx was among many who miscalculated the patterns of modernization on the subcontinent. "England has to fulfill a double mission in India: one destructive, the other regenerating—the annihilation of old Asiatic society, and the laying of the material foundations of Western society in Asia," Marx wrote in 1853. "Modern industry, resulting from the railway system, will dissolve the hereditary divisions of labour, upon which rest the Indian castes, those decisive impediments to Indian progress and power."

That annihilation hasn't happened; the north of old British India is not yet what we would call a modern society. Nothing worked in Pakistan—or so an American found himself thinking day after day. The society had not evolved to the concept of the line. People did not line up at ticket windows or counters, or anyplace else; they just converged on the spot where the action was, avoiding one another's eyes, sliding between, under, and over backsides, frontsides, arms, shoulders, and heads, thrusting papers or money or whatever was to be taken or processed or, usually, stared at blankly before these dreaded words were spoken: "Not here." By displaying sufficient emotion—noise, anger, tears—you might be told where: another window. The windows of bureaucracy were small and were built at what I would call waist level. That was on my side. On the other side, the power side, they were at the level of the eyes and ears of a clerk sitting at a desk. To deal with that clerk, you had to bend to the window to be heard through the talking slot.

The society had also not evolved to the concept of the appointment. It was not only that Pakistanis might or might not be where you thought they were supposed to be at the appointed hour. It was that you regularly had conversations like this one, which I had with a Minister of the Islamic Republic:

"I would like to arrange an appointment to speak with you about the work of the Ministry."

"Fine. I am free now. Come over, please."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't do that

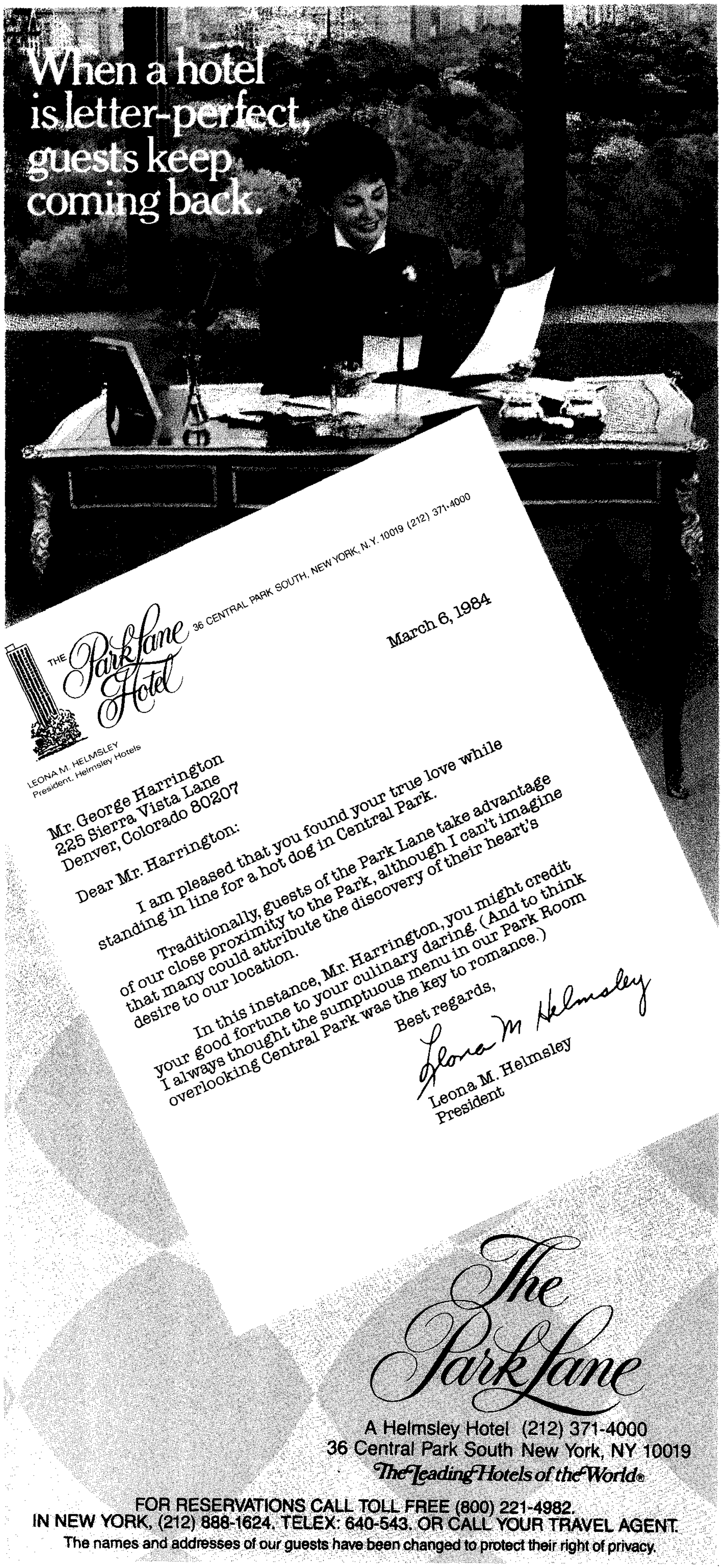
right now. Perhaps this afternoon? Tomorrow? Any time this week?"

"But I don't know what I'll be doing then. Call me then. Perhaps I shall be free."

And perhaps the stadium will be finished. On that same day, the *Muslim*, an English-language newspaper in Islamabad, ran a photograph with this caption: "A view of the main stadium under construction in the Islamabad Sports Complex. The stadium was supposed to be completed a few years back but it is still unpredictable when it would be available to the sportsmen."

Pakistan, in fact, did work, but it didn't work the way an American thought it should. Modernism as we define it—and so far we in the West have the exclusive franchise—is not a matter of buildings by Edward Durell Stone and television sets by Hitachi. The difference between the "developed" and "undeveloped" countries of the world, I thought more than a few times while fighting my way to the dispensing windows of Pakistan, was the difference between systematic and individual approaches to handling predictable situations or problems—distributing food, protecting property, repaving roads, assigning airline seats. In Islamabad or Karachi, you did not find many planned, organized, work-saving, time-saving, sanity-saving procedures. Usually, if you had a problem you had to find someone, hire someone, or bribe someone who knew how, or was related to someone who knew how, to handle what were the routine chores of everyday life in any city anywhere. The most welcome words I heard in Karachi were "Come with me"—a sign that I had finally found the person who knew enough to return me to my own life.

The old ways, charming or frustrating, usually depended on cheap labor—wealthy Pakistanis kept what amounted to slaves to run errands like throwing themselves at ticket windows—but such charming traditional ways don't come cheap. Food rots. In the Thar Parkar district, the government reported in July of 1983, thirty per cent of the vegetables grown were destroyed because they did not get to markets or cold storage in time. The official reason was transportation problems. When systems broke down or were never really started, both prices and corruption went up. The United Nations Industrial Development Organization studied transportation problems for the government of Pakistan



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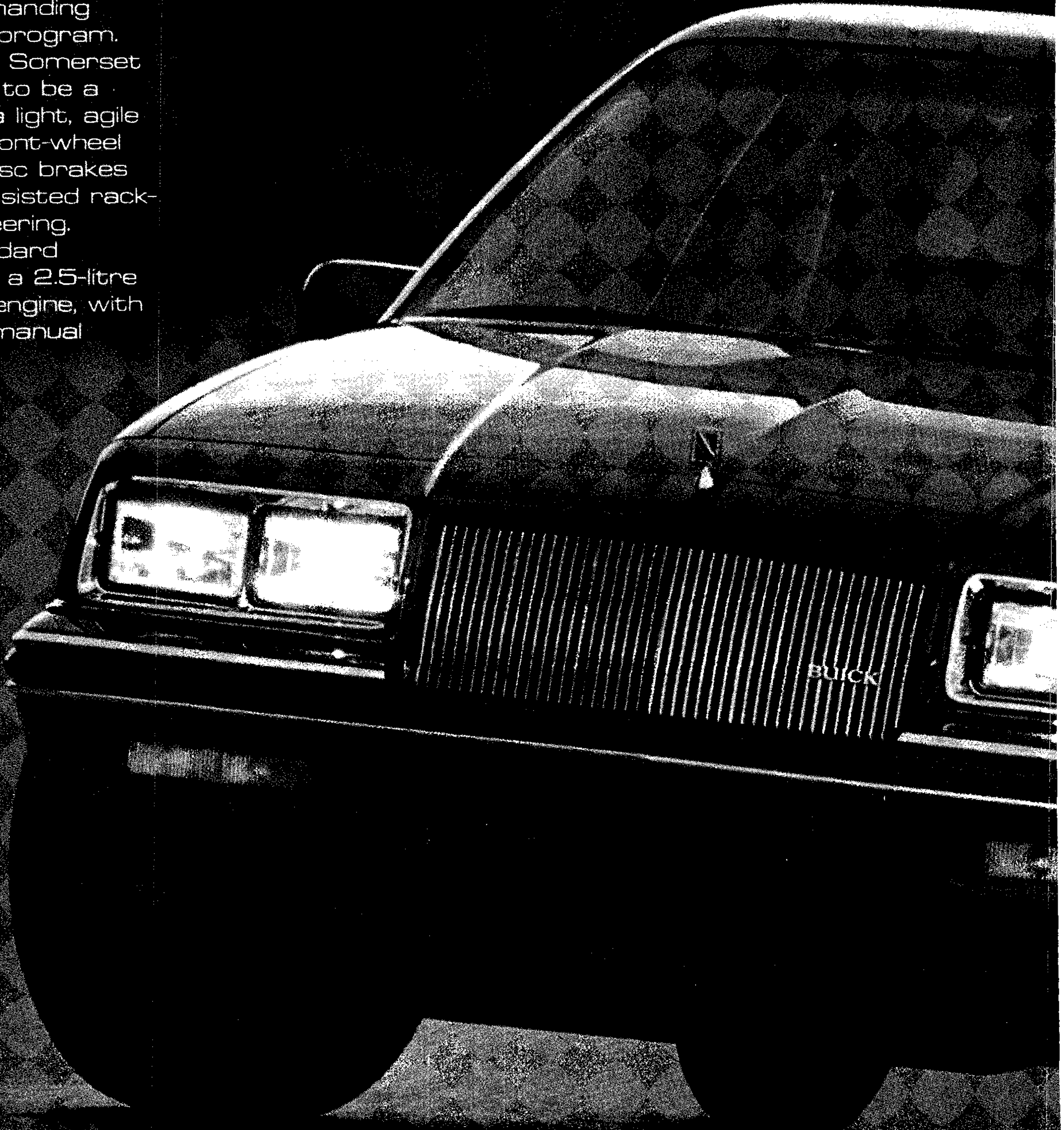

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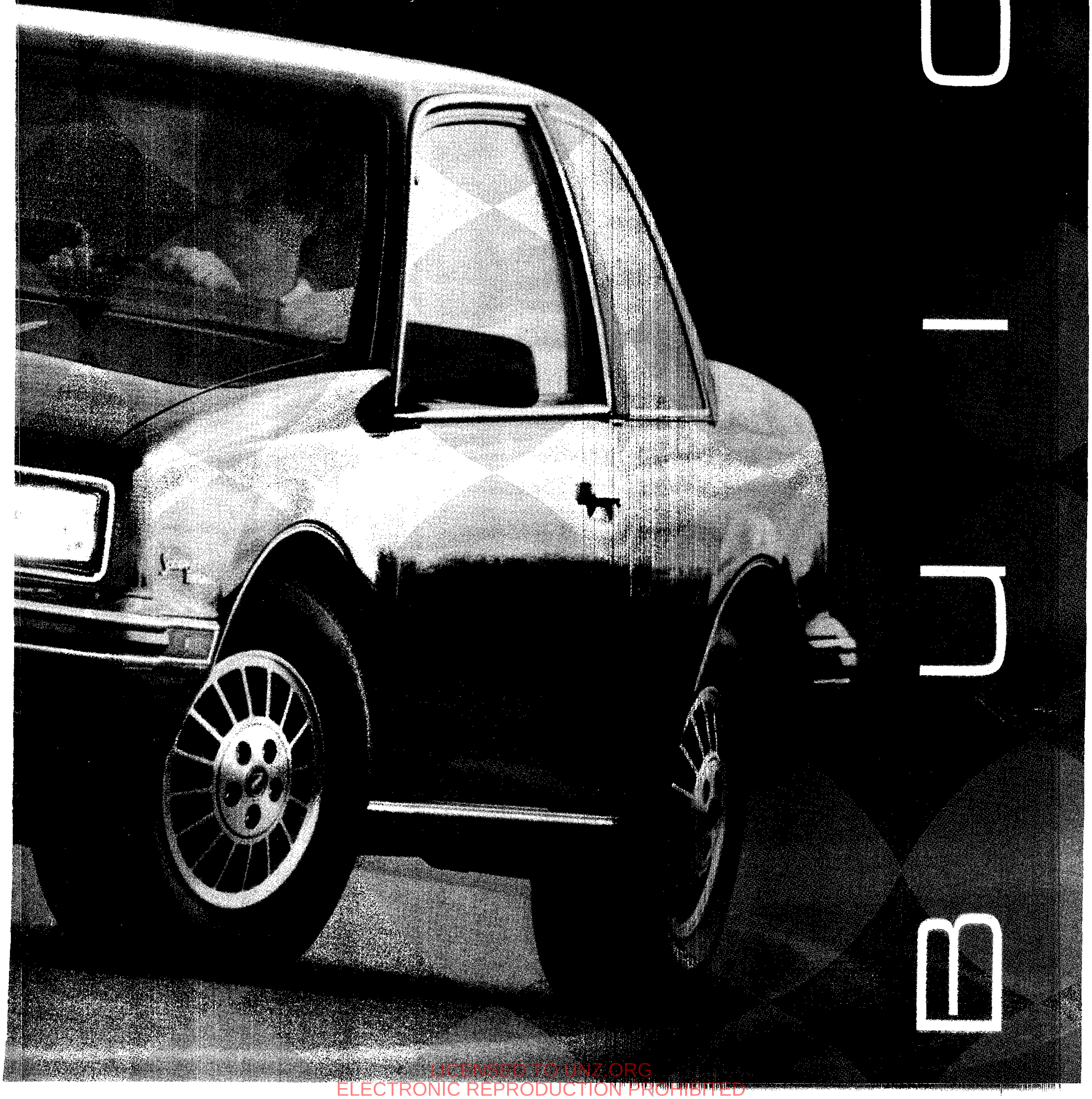

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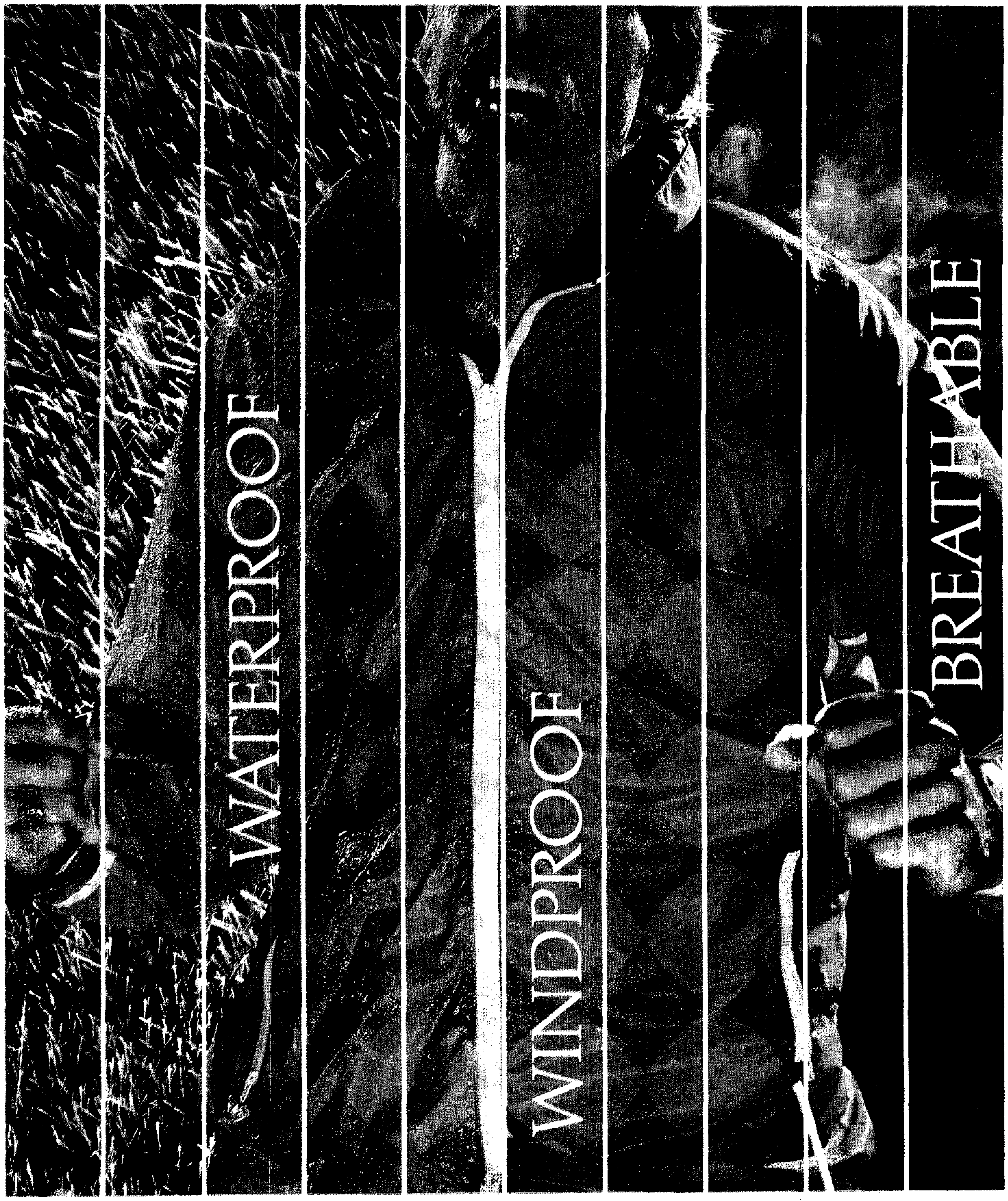
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The disorder and inefficiency, besides offending "developed" folk like Americans, tended to offer some opportunities and temptations to any indigenous organizations with internal discipline and certain organizational skills—the Army, for instance. The military people in Pakistan and other "developing" countries not only had guns, which have always been very helpful in taking over people against their will, but also had command structures and disciplines, communications systems, and, most important, transportation systems. Even the worst military organizations have in miniature some of the strengths of "developed" societies. Armies have trucks, soldiers tend to follow orders. General Zia-ul-Haq, I was told more than once, managed to stay in power year after year—six years by the time I was there—because he was smart enough to use his troops to maintain reasonably efficient distribution of the necessities of the life of Pakistan's masses: wheat, cooking oil, tea, and sugar. It could be as simple as that for a while—particularly in a society where political systems were among those which had thus far not really developed. "These people aren't ready for democracy yet. Sad, isn't it?" said Louis Dupree, an American scholar living in Peshawar. An expert on Afghanistan and the Pathans on both sides of the border, he had been driven into Pakistan, along with millions of others, by the Soviet invaders. "Democracy is not going to work here for a long time—not what we call democracy now. Our kind of democracy wouldn't have worked in the United States in 1783. Communications were too poor. Loyalties were to regions. People weren't ready then. You and I were serving on committees and voting for things when we were seven years old. There's no history of that around here. People have to learn. It takes time to learn how to deal with things that are new."

To adapt to new things or adapt new things to old ways—either is difficult. Maulana Fazl-ur-Rehman, the head of one of the largest congregations in Lahore, argued with me one day against American-style liberty for Pakistan. He analyzed our system this way: "Your Constitution, which I have read, emphasizes 'rights.' If you buy a ticket, you have the 'right' to a seat on the bus. That is fine, but we emphasize human values. Vacating that seat for an old lady is a human value. Do you understand?"

Almost. But then many things we understand, or think we do, are only almost understood or confusingly new in a place like Peshawar. That city—which has more than five hundred thousand people—is the effective capital of the Pathan nation, of fourteen million people, in Pakistan and Afghanistan; it is just south of the Khyber Pass, the doorway between the countries (Peshawar means "Frontier Town" in Pashto), and was one of the places in the world where the new and the old bumped into each other every day. On July 1, 1983, local police confronted a new problem, automobile theft, by going around town letting the air out of car tires. That way, thieves couldn't move the cars.

How can you deal with people like that? That was our problem. Moving around the country, I felt as if I were spending half my life in the offices of P.I.A.—Pakistan International Airlines—forever confirming and reconfirming, finding the person who was willing to handle something for me. In Chitral, that had meant waiting an hour for the man who was supposed to open the padlocked ticket cabinet in the corner of a hut with a rough wooden table and three low chairs which served as the local P.I.A. office. He came, took out a knife, and pried the hinge off the cabinet, pulling out the screws with the slightest flip of the wrist. There was no key to the lock, hadn't been for years—everyone in the hut knew that except me.

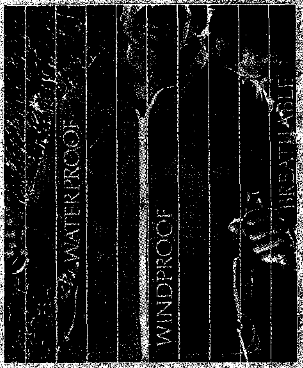
In the cities, they had computers in the offices. I could get out in a couple of minutes after half an hour or so of fighting the people crowded around the right desk. Computers think like us. We programmed them.

That was a small comfort. So was getting telephone calls from the United States. The first one I got was from Kansas City. It sounded as if the caller were next door. But if he had been I probably wouldn't have been able to hear him.

"Did you have much trouble getting through?" I asked.

"No," said the voice from Kansas City. "Why would I have trouble? I just dialled the code and your number there."

We were using new technologies to



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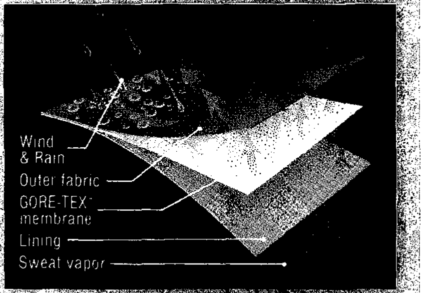

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get around old ways. We could get around them completely with things like direct dialling—no more Pakistani operators—and get our business done the American way. Computers could go around them or through them, because the Raytheon terminals at P.I.A. brought their systems with them—the quickest and most logical of systems. Western systems. Western logic. That was happening all around me in Pakistan—a kind of new, electronic imperialism. Some of it had to do with the rules of internationalized commerce. Pakistan's airplanes were scheduled, maintained, and flown under international systems and in the international language, English. Money, with a language of its own, was moved and accounted for in approved international ways, which were monitored by Western institutions like the International Monetary Fund and Mahbubul Haq's alma mater, the World Bank.

There had been an inconvenient period (for us) in international dealings with this part of the world. Before the independence of British India and its partition into India and Pakistan, the outside world dealt with it through the British-trained and maddeningly British Indian Civil Service. Then, for a while after the British left, we had to deal with the locals. Now, it seemed, an imperious technical relationship, if not a technically imperial one, was being established by modern technology. Very few local people would be required to make Pakistan function relatively smoothly for world purposes.

Inside its own borders, though, and inside the minds and hearts of its people, the nation was going to have to suffer the agony of its own modernization. Perhaps it would be better for the Pakistanis and for us if that newest imperialism did isolate them—leave them alone, and give them more time and freedom to become whatever kind of modern people they finally decided they wanted to be. Maybe they could actually find a different kind of modernism. They might even—perish the thought—be able to become modern without becoming like us.

"You know nothing of us," Abdullah Khan, a provincial commissioner, said to me one day with surly contempt. "We are forced to study your history, but you are ignorant of ours. You think Islam is a nightmare because you are ignorant of it. You are afraid of us because of that ignorance." Abdullah Khan, his name was, but he insisted on being called and written about as only Abdullah. He made a sort of hobby of browbeating foreigners. And he saw a lot of them in his position. As the Commissioner of Afghan Refugees for the North-West Frontier Province, he was responsible for the administration of some two hundred and eighty camps, which housed about two million men, women, and children who had fled or been driven from Afghanistan after the invasion by Soviet troops, in December of 1979. More than five hundred thousand dollars a day of Western money, channelled through the United Nations and international relief organizations, was supposed to go through Abdullah's office.

An interesting man: putting on a bit of the show, but still fundamentally different from me—and, like Maulana Fazl-ur-Rehman and General Zia, determined to maintain a gap between us. I did not doubt that he knew more about me than I knew about him. He had taught English and English literature before being admitted to the Civil Service, and then he had served as a political commissioner in tribal areas and as first secretary of the Pakistani Embassy in Saudi Arabia. He was forty-two years old, intelligent, attractive, combative, egomaniacal. He meant a great deal when he once wrote, "For strength we must nurture our own roots. Our problems have arisen from foreign imposition. Their solution lies in tapping our inherent strength of character and culture."

He was a fundamentalist Muslim, a zealot. There were many like him in Pakistan—probably including Zia—yet they were a minority within the ten- or fifteen-per-cent minority of "believers" defined for me by Altaf Yawar, of Associated Press Pakistan. As I had gathered from Zia, they saw themselves as pro-modern but not necessarily pro-Western. There was another group in Pakistan—smaller than the fundamentalists, I thought—who saw themselves that way. They were men like Mushahid Hussain, the young editor of the *Muslim*, who described himself as "a progressive Muslim." The groups parted company, though, on other issues—in fact, they despised each other—because there are more interpretations of Islam than there are of Christianity or of democracy. And all those interpretations created intellectual and political havoc in the Islamic Republic, because, as that name implied, and Abdullah asserted, "We can't separate God from

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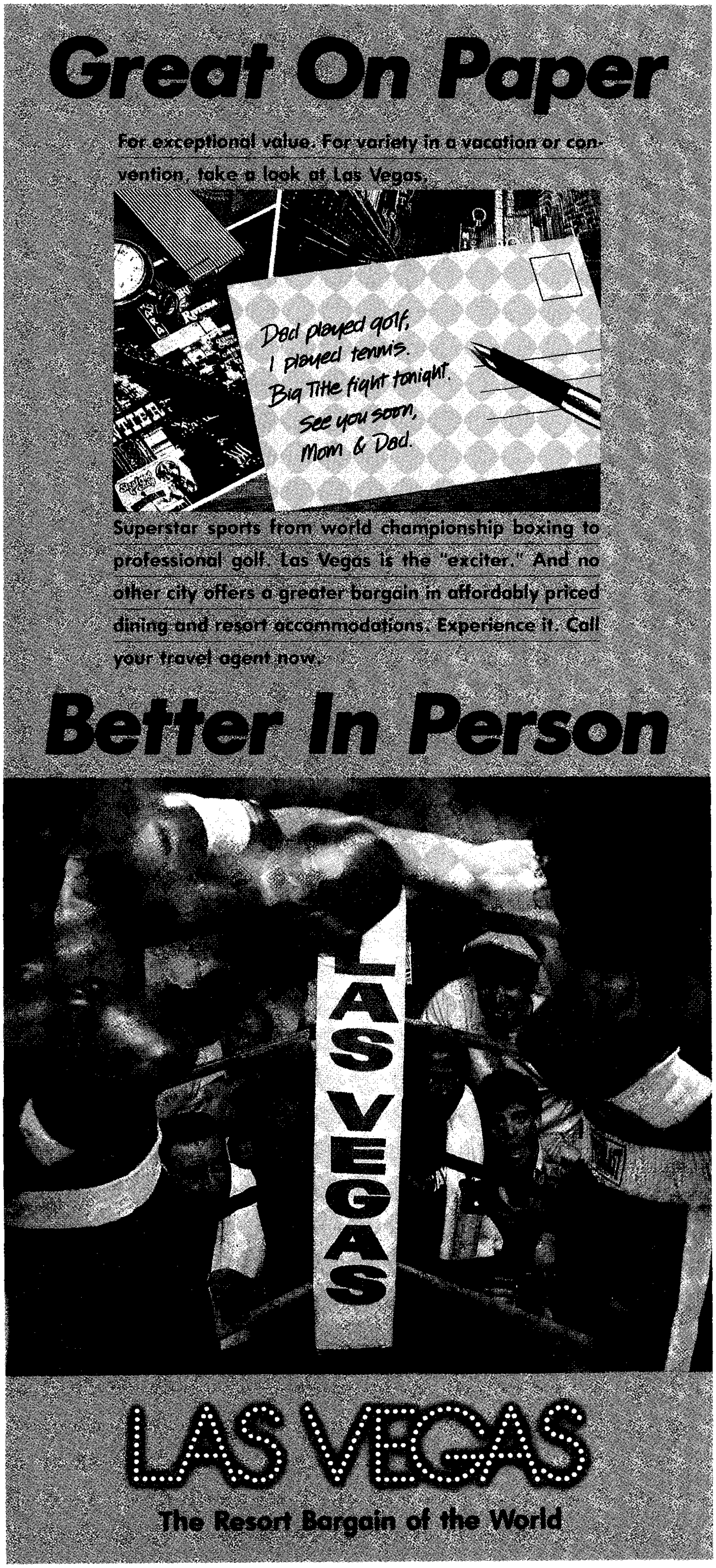
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They saw the world differently; the communications gap was far less complicated than gaps in basic perceptions. Mushahid Hussain, thirty-one years old, with a master's degree in foreign affairs from Georgetown University, told me he had once considered himself part of a worldwide youth movement for liberal democracy, but no more. "It began to change in the mid-seventies," he said. "There were Muslim successes. Oil—the long gas lines in America were a triumph for us. The Palestinians. The October War. Iran—a watershed in Muslim history, in world history. Khomeini told the United States and the Soviet Union both to go to hell. He was a new kind of leader in the Third World—he wasn't afraid of the Americans, he wasn't afraid of the Russians, and, most significant of all, he wasn't afraid of his own people. It wasn't like Egypt telling the Soviets to go to hell and then turning to the Americans. There was something to be proud of, and we began looking inward. We're searching for a way to restructure the social order here without looking east to the Soviet Union or west to the United States."

"Progress"—a word we both claimed—was obviously in the eye of the beholder. "We want schools and technology," Hussain said. "We don't want miniskirts." In a report on the Kalash of the valley of Bumburet, the region's military commander, Lieutenant Colonel M. Afzal Khan, with undisguised condescension, described the housing of the people this way: "These houses express nothing but primitive abundance, security and an enormous zest for living . . . they bear witness to a society that is still isolated in small units, where each has only himself and his own family to think of." The Lieutenant Colonel, looking into the past, had seen us and the way we live. He could have been describing Teaneck, New Jersey. To him, societies inevitably progressed toward the large houses of his people, built for extended families of grandparents, children and grandchildren, in-laws, and a few cousins.

"Always remember, they think we are the barbarians," said Louis Dupree. "Their cultural heritage is heavy on the Crusades, when the Christians came killing and looting and destroying."

Commissioner Abdullah, like other Pakistanis I met, had brought up the

Crusades, saying, with what might have been a twinkle in his dark eyes, "We fought the Christians many times. We know how to do that." I thought about that when I left his office, walking into the sunlight and almost colliding with a band of Pathans lounging in the doorway with their Lee Enfields and Kalashnikov AK47s—the old British Army rifle and the newer Soviet semiautomatic rifle—and with bandoliers of cartridges draped over their *shalwar kameez.*

I went from Abdullah's office to a party at the home of the American consul in Peshawar. It was July 4, 1983. Inside the walled compound, under the American flag, men and women were chatting and sipping from cans of Budweiser—precious stuff, since drinking beer (outside the consulate) had been declared a heinous crime in Pakistan. Most of the hundred and forty foreigners living in Peshawar seemed to be there. Dan Rather was there, too, on videotape, reciting the CBS Evening News of the week before. Loudspeakers over the garden were lustily broadcasting "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

To a Christian or any other Westerner, the sight of hundreds, thousands of men (and the occasional woman) in a Ramazan daze or sleeping like children in the shade at the end of each day was Pakistan or Islam at its worst—or at its best, depending on your perspective. "Faith, at the moment, could supply only the simple negatives that answered emotional needs," V. S. Naipaul wrote in his book "Among the Believers," after travelling in Pakistan in 1980. "No alcohol, no feminine immodesty, no interest in the banks," and soon "no political parties, no parliament, no dissent, no law courts."

All that was still true in Pakistan in 1983. But there was more to it, I thought, even under military rule and in the quiet desperation of a mandated puritan revival. The zeal of the enforcers of the faith often verged on fanaticism, but the emphasis on family and on responsibility to your own seemed to me positive to the point of inspiration. So was a strain of egalitarianism in the faith—not always affirmed in daily life, but always there at least as a proclaimed and shared ideal. In the Majlis-i-Shura, or Federal Council, an appointed advisory body with the appearance but not the voting power of a parliament (an example of the impotent kind of "National Assembly" favored by dictators everywhere), General Zia's appointees began banging on their desks in approval when an old man named Mahmod Ahmed Minto, who had been a political activist at the creation of Pakistan, rose and said, "In the eyes of God, a tonga wallah"—a cart driver—"has the same rights and status as General Zia-ul-Haq." (A tonga is a two-wheeled cart. "Wallah," a wonderful and widely used word, means something like "handler of." One man I saw regularly in an Islamabad bazaar was my "Xerox wallah.") Another Majlis appointee, Khanzada Taj, jumped up after the old man and said, "This country belongs to the people of Pakistan. The sooner it is handed over to them, the better." There was more banging on the desks.

I tried to remember moments like that, to remind myself that those ideas had as much claim on Islam and Pakistan as its puritanism and its subjugation of women—contradictory claims that gave the faith constant and vigorous intellectual ferment. And, in my own ferment over what I was seeing and hearing around me, I had to remind myself again and again that the "subjugation" was in our eyes. That was my judgment. I was sure about what I believed about what we call "equal rights" and "human rights." But "they" were not "us." The man who said that best for me was another foreigner, a Belgian filmmaker named Paul-Jacques Callebaut, who had travelled the world doing documentaries on dying religions. We met at the Chitral Aerodrome. His family and mine, a young woman from Michigan, and a couple of Christian missionaries from Peshawar on a short holiday seemed to be the only Westerners in town. "There are no fanatics to me," Callebaut said. "I reject fanaticism. If Muslim mystics get pleasure from driving nails into themselves, that is their concern. If their women cover themselves, that is their concern. If our women wear pants to here"—he drew his hand across the point of his groin—"that is our affair."

"Every time I read or hear about the floggings, I remind myself of what year it really is in this country and that there were years in our history when we used to put people in stocks in the public square of the city of Boston," said Louis Dupree, the American scholar. He also said that in his heart

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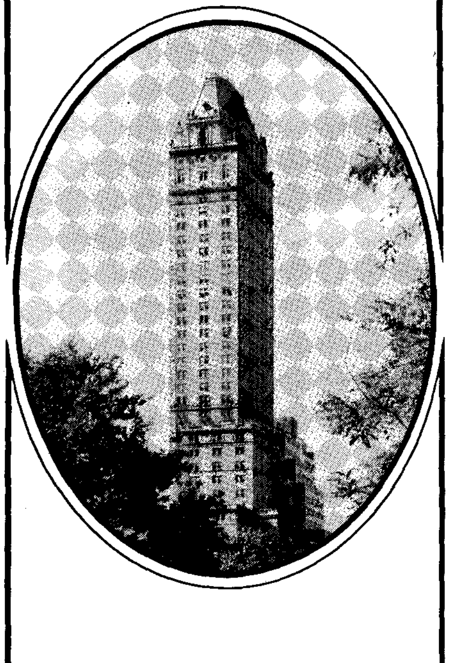

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he considered himself a Muslim, even as he downed a cold beer in the privacy of his room at Dean's Hotel in Peshawar on a broiling Ramazan afternoon. (There were indeed floggings in village squares in Pakistan, but the imposition of Islamic punishments under Zia's Islamization decrees were more symbolic than real. The lashes of the whips were padded. There had been no amputations for thievery, up to the time I was there, because the new laws mandated that the amputations must be done surgically and no surgeon in the country had been willing to perform the operation.)

Drinking beer was not the only thing that might have made Dupree and me seem a bit strange to a tonga wallah in the Rawalpindi bazaar. Westerners keep dogs in the house—a practice that Muslims consider unsanitary. When I left Pakistan, I went to a country where the food was better but where in every town, in almost every house, there were statues and pictures of stripped, bleeding men. Barbaric stuff to a modern tonga wallah. The representations were all of the same person, with blood dripping from a cut in his side. He was actually nailed, through the hands and feet, to crossed boards. The people in the towns would gather together once a week to eat bread and drink wine, chanting that it was the body and the blood of the man hanging from the boards. The country was France; the tonga wallah might have thought that it was quite a place and that Christianity was a religion of dark, negative superstitions.

When my wife, Cathy, who was in Pakistan to prepare a report on the status of Afghan refugees for Columbia University, visited the Majlis-i-Shura, she struck up a conversation with a young guard. He was fluent in English, and said that he had graduated from a Christian missionary college—high school, in our system—in which English was the medium of instruction.

"The priests insisted on English at all times," he said.

"Oh," Cathy said, reacting to the word "priest." "Was it a Catholic school?"

"What?"

"Was your college Catholic or Protestant?"

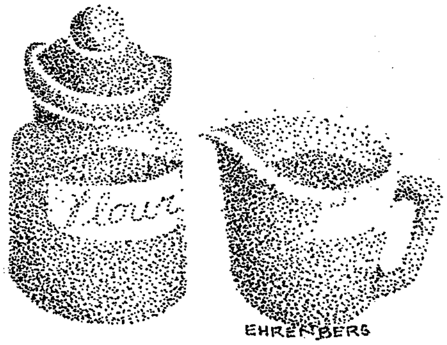
"I don't know."

And most Americans don't have the vaguest notion of the difference between Sunni and Shia Muslims. That difference, though, is essential to even beginning a conversation about how Pakistan compares with Iran, or discussing the differing views of Mushahid Hussain, who is a Shia, and General Zia, who is a Sunni.

Both of us have a long way to go, the tonga wallah and I. But what was an inconvenience for me will be painful for him, because he is the one who has to figure out how to close the gap. I will not change very much—at least, not to accommodate illiterate masses. Pakistan will change to be like us in many ways; the struggle I saw going on was over how much of what they were they would give up to get some of what we have. It was sometimes very moving. One night in Lahore, a friend, a thirty-four-year-old attorney named Anwar Kamal, proudly took us to a new park in his city. Thousands of families were roaming great lawns long into the hot night, renting paddleboats and motorboats on an artificial lake, riding a miniature train—a wonderful place. When we praised it, Anwar said, "Yes, but . . ." and began talking about his one long trip outside Pakistan. He had travelled across Europe by train and then across the United States by bus for three weeks, from New York to San Francisco.

"You have created heavens on earth," he said in wonder as he talked of the freedom, the health, and the wealth of Europeans and Americans. "I want us to do that for ourselves. We can do that here. I know it, and I want to be part of it."

A few nights later, my wife and I had dinner with one of the most important spokesmen for fundamentalist Islam in Pakistan—a man whose name is an important part of his country's history, the son of a man who was talked about as America might talk about Thomas Jefferson. He and I carried on a conversation on one side of the room while the women congregated on the other; even in the most Westernized groups, men pulled me away from conversations with women. His wife would draw her veil self-consciously if I happened to look across. He told me he thought that the Islamization pronounced and promulgated daily by the Zia regime was neither sincere nor sweeping enough. More discipline and more turmoil were needed, not only to preserve real Islam but to return the faith to its basic principles. He was going to miss some of the turmoil, however. His wife was a physician (there were many women doctors in the country, because female patients ordinarily do not see male doctors), and he was going to Waco, Texas, with her next year, so that she could do advanced study at Baylor University Medical School in her specialty, dermatology.



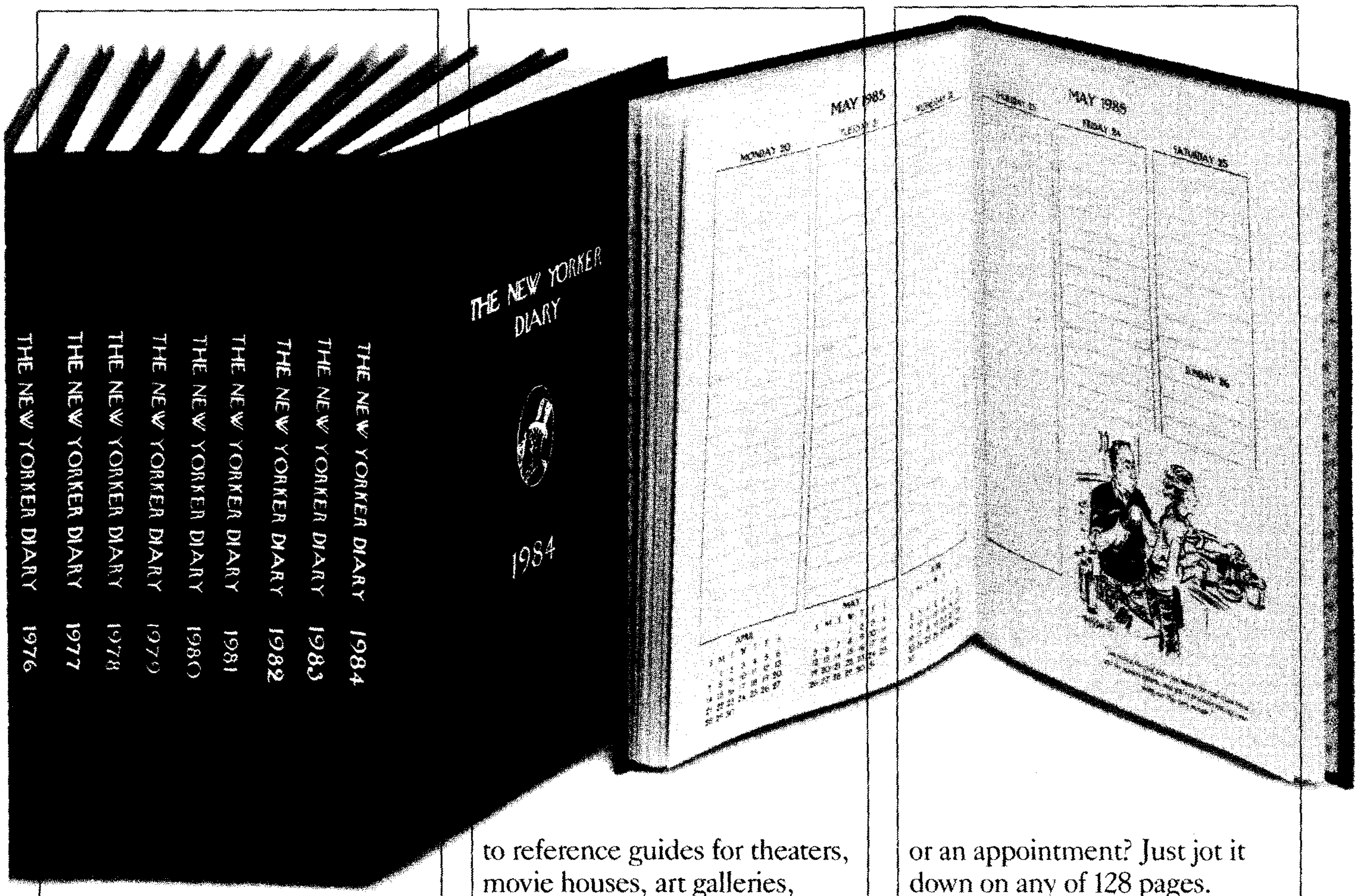
THREE thousand men—fierce-looking Afghans in dirty flowing robes and wearing turbans with the loose end hanging almost to their waists—sat cross-legged under a tin roof on a hot and dusty plain called Nasir Bagh, near Peshawar, on the morning of July 2nd. A handsome young *maulana* with a sense of drama, using gestures and inflections that reminded me of evangelists I had seen in the American Bible Belt, animatedly recited and interpreted the Koran. On cue, a wild-eyed old man in the front would leap to his feet screaming, and three thousand voices would chant "*Allahu akbar*"—"God is great."

There was remarkable discipline in the scene. The men did not move, despite the heat that shimmered off the plain. At least, they did not move until they heard a noise, and then, one by one, they looked away from the *maulana* to stare at three jet helicopters flying in formation. A few bold ones stood to get a better look, then a few more, then many. The Holy Book could not compete with the spectacle and the sense of power as the clattering machines came lower, creating their own weather, a dust storm over the place called Mr. Nasir's Orchard, where thirty-two thousand Afghan men and women were living in tents and mud huts.

The helicopters were bringing the Secretary of State of the United States of America to a refugee camp to have his picture taken for television. That night, Americans back home—and people in a few other parts of the world—saw images of Secretary George Shultz against the background of robes, turbans, and *maulanas*, and were visually reminded that millions of Afghans had fled their country, most of them to Pakistan, rather than live under the control of invaders from

1985

THE YEAR IN DRAWINGS, WORDS, NOTES, APPOINTMENTS, ENTERTAINMENT.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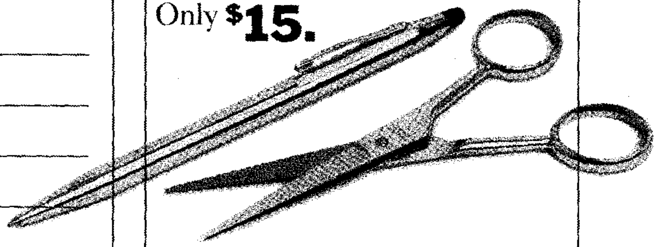

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the Soviet Union and of its chosen government in Kabul. "You fight valiantly, and I want you to know," Shultz said in English, then waited patiently while Commissioner Abdullah translated his words into Pashto, "you do not fight alone." Cheers. "I come here with a simple message. We are with you."

A *malik*, a tribal chieftain, had spoken before Shultz, pledging that the Afghan Mujahideen, the "fighters of the Holy War," would resist the Russians until death, and he added, incidentally, that they were with the United States all the way in its efforts to gain control over left-wing insurgencies and governments in Central America.

"What's his name? Where is he from?" I asked Abdullah.

"I don't know," he answered.

I persisted, asking for the name again. The Commissioner was annoyed by my insistence on things like names and dates. I was sure he thought it a debating trick Westerners used to avoid real discussion of large questions about God and man.

"What does it matter?" he said, with contempt in his voice. "He is the man who speaks to the Americans. He knows what they want to hear. We've done this dozens of times."

The American version of the relationship that developed between the United States and Pakistan after the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan on December 24, 1979, was pronounced in drier language. The State Department and the Department of Defense reported to the House Foreign Affairs Committee on March 9, 1983:

> The stability and security of Pakistan contribute importantly to meeting U.S. objectives in South and Southwest Asia. As a frontline state [that is a new American cliché] resisting Soviet expansionism, Pakistan has incurred additional security responsibilities. . . . Moreover, the Pakistanis have provided refuge to the nearly three million Afghans fleeing the fighting in Afghanistan. . . . Our commitment to Pakistan's security is given both real and symbolic shape through the existence of our six-year [$3.2 billion] program of security and economic assistance and through our willingness to contribute to Pakistan's military modernization program.

That three billion two hundred million dollars—which is supplemented by about one hundred million a year in direct and indirect American aid to the Pakistani government for refugee programs, and by a little more to buy weapons and ammunition for the Mujahideen—made Pakistan the third-ranking recipient of American foreign aid. (Israel is first, and Egypt, our other client state in the Muslim world, is second.) That is a great deal of money in an economy with a gross national product of less than thirty billion dollars. But the United States didn't make such a bad deal for itself. Most of the money would be coming right back to the United States, much of it to defense contractors. Among other items of expensive hardware that Pakistan was obligated to buy were forty F-16 fighters from General Dynamics, at something like twenty million dollars each. The local estimate of how much of the American aid would be personally pocketed by the generals and bureaucrats of Pakistan's military and civil-service élites was twenty per cent. But even some of that would come back to the United States, in tuitions at Stanford and Harvard, and for land in places like Sacramento, California—one of the cities where Pakistani expatriates live in the United States.

It was a tricky business, because neither side, neither the Pakistanis nor the Americans, really trusted the other, and both sides seemed highly doubtful whether, if a crisis came—an overt Soviet move from Afghanistan into the North-West Frontier Province or Baluchistan, say—Pakistan would actually resist long or effectively. "The volatile nature of past U.S.-Pakistani relations" was the phrase used in the State Department's briefing of Congress. That referred to the burning of the American Embassy by a mob in Islamabad back in November of 1979, and to the resentment of all Pakistanis—from generals to sporadically jailed dissenters—who believed that the United States had abandoned or betrayed Pakistan in its times of greatest need, the 1965 and 1971 wars with India over territorial claims to Kashmir and the secession of East Pakistan. The United States, despite a mutual-defense-coöperation treaty with Pakistan that went back to 1959, delayed or cut off military supplies and spare parts to the Pakistan Army during those conflicts. I met very few Pakistanis who did not believe that the same thing would happen again if there was trouble with India—and almost all Pakistanis seemed to expect trouble with India.

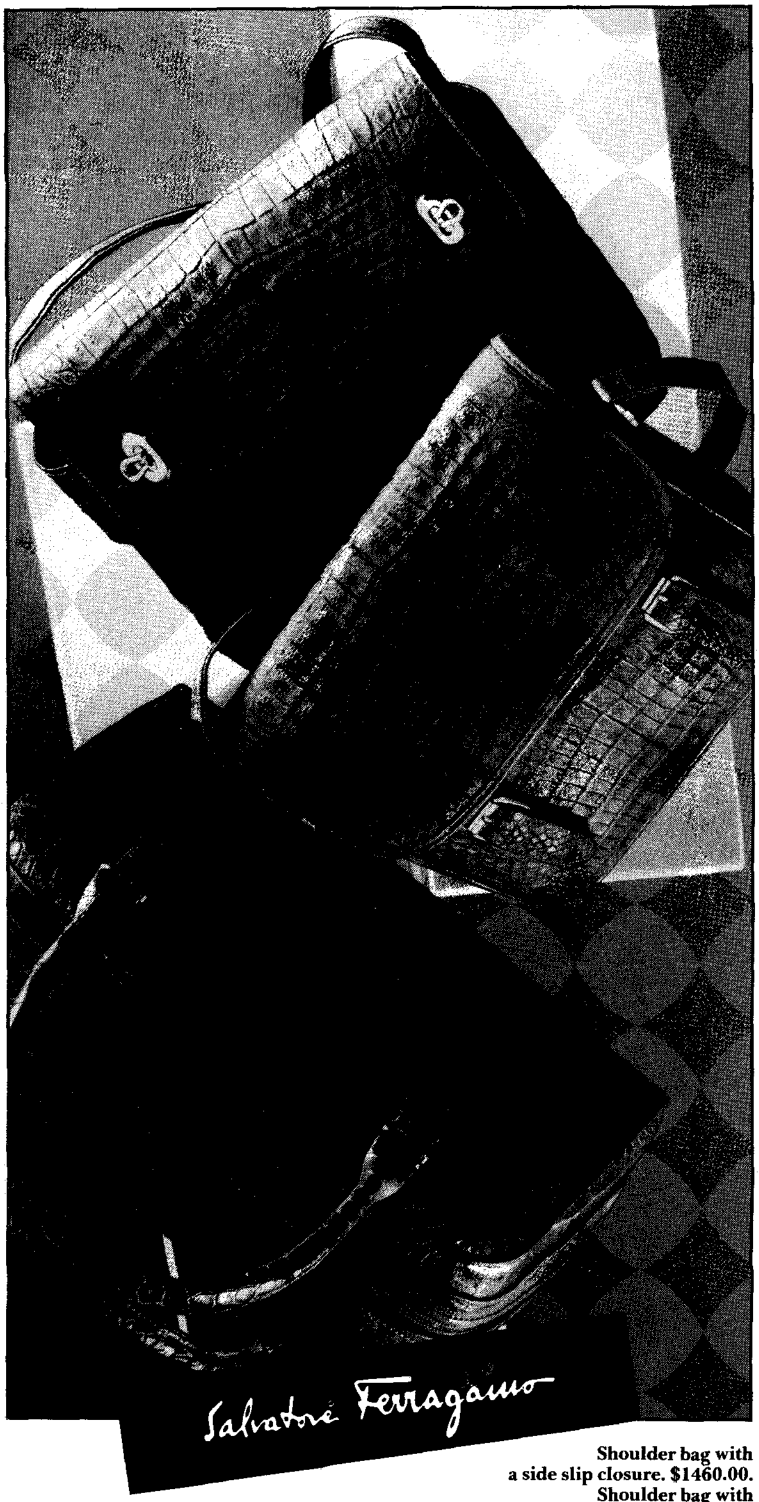
Besides that, even the most anti-Soviet American officials—the ones who believed that any negotiations with the Russians were bargains with devils—had other doubts. For one thing, the Pakistan Army had started three wars and lost them all badly. The only people ever conquered by that impressively medalled bunch under General Zia were the people of Pakistan. For another, in the nineteen-eighties the country became the most important supply point for narcotics headed for the West; American drug officials in Islamabad told me that eighty-five per cent of the heroin in New York and Los Angeles currently came through Pakistan, usually following a route from the Khyber Pass to Karachi. And, finally, as far as American intelligence agencies could tell, or would admit, Pakistan was ready or getting ready to build an atomic bomb at a secret installation at Kahuta, in the Punjab, in violation of assurances to the United States—and of common sense, because exploding a nuclear device could lead to a fourth and final (losing) war with India. This seemed dangerous for Pakistan —which was traditionally determined to see itself as the military equal of India, even though India was almost ten times its size in every way—and embarrassing for us, because American policy was to prevent proliferation of nuclear weapons. Nevertheless, the Pakistani consensus, at many levels of the society, seemed to be "If India's got it, we want it."

So there was a volatile nature, also, to American-Pakistani relations, depending as they did on a foundation of self-interest that—on both sides—was not very solid-looking, at least to me. The United States wanted its "frontline state," and the Zia government wanted not only American money and expertise but the legitimacy that came with having the most powerful of democracies constantly building up the legitimacy of military rule. In American newspapers, Chief Martial Law Administrator Zia seemed to be evolving from the executioner of an elected Prime Minister—Zulfikar Ali

Bhutto was hanged on April 4, 1979—to a defender of the free world and protector of refugees.

"Our personal views of human rights may be a little too esoteric in this part of the world," said Ronald Spiers, the American Ambassador to Pakistan in 1983. "As an individual American, there are many things I would like to speak out about. But publicly, as a representative of the United States government, I don't go around lecturing people about the way we do things at home." There was obviously some truth in that, but in making my own assessment of the permanence of our self-interested friendship with Pakistan, I couldn't help noticing that two of the three helicopters that brought Secretary of State Shultz's party to Nasir Bagh were Soviet machines. The Russians had provided matériel to the Pakistan Air Force for almost ten years after the Pakistanis concluded that we had deserted them in the 1971 war that led to East Pakistan's becoming the independent country of Bangladesh. Before that, relations between Pakistan and the United States had been very friendly; Yahya Khan, the second of the country's military dictators, had used Pakistan's close relations with its neighbor the People's Republic of China to help set up the 1972 trip of President Richard Nixon to Peking. (The strong Pakistan-China connection has survived, bonded by fear of the Soviet Union.) Pondering the ups and downs of Pakistani-American relations while driving near Peshawar one morning with a Pakistani official, I was reminded of something else. "That's the field where Francis Gary Powers took off," he said, pointing to an airstrip in the distance. "Before the Russians shot down his U-2 in 1960."

Airstrips in faraway places are the insignia of superpowers. We are everywhere, or we used to be or will be. We've moved into—and sometimes been kicked out of—about every place you can put up a plane or put up an antenna pointed toward Moscow. Hope springs eternal in official American breasts, and particularly the ones decorated with ribbons and medals. Admiral Thomas Moorer, the retired chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, writing in the magazine *Strategic Review*, suggested that the United States should utilize Gwadar, in Baluchistan, as a military port to replace the Iranian military bases and facilities lost in 1979, when the fundamentalist Shia Muslim government took power. That



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was a profitable year for the rulers of Pakistan, because even before the Russians penetrated Afghanistan the Iranian revolution had left the United States without a geopolitical best friend in that critical area between the Soviet Union and the Persian Gulf. "There is the possibility that the Pakistan Army could serve as a proxy fighting in the Gulf . . . provided once again that the United States undertakes to protect Pakistan from the consequences of such a decision," Frank Fukuyama, a member of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, said in testimony before a congressional subcommittee in 1982.

The people of Pakistan, because of the geopolitical chance that put their land along invasion routes mapped by strategists from Alexander and Genghis Khan to Leonid Brezhnev, were going to be facing the consequences of many decisions, most of which they never made.

THE homes of most of the Afghan refugees were hard to see. They blended into the earth, because they were made of earth. A few of the perhaps two million women, children, and men who crossed the mountains into Pakistan lived in tents supplied by the United Nations, but by the summer of 1983 most of them had been there long enough to construct houses of earth mixed with water, buffalo dung, and a little straw.

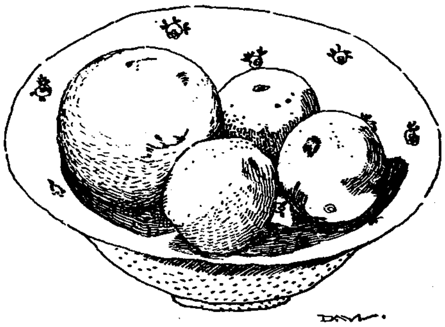
On the roads and in the bazaars, the Afghans themselves blended into the people and the summer dust of Asia before the monsoons. There were no walls, no fences, no guards around the refugees or their camps. The image I retain of those people coming through the passes of the Hindu Kush with only what they could carry is of men and boys and water buffalo in muddy irrigation canals. The road from Peshawar to Nasir Bagh ran along a canal, and sometimes it seemed that I could not see the opposite bank because of the human beings and animals finding what coolness they could out of the bright heat.

Those people, the refugees taken in, were, if anything, even poorer than Pakistani villagers. By the summer of 1983, one out of five or one out of six people in Pakistan's North-West Frontier Province was a refugee, and there were some in Baluchistan and some in the Punjab. There had been, for all practical purposes, no trouble. Pakistan worked. Not our way, but it got by. People were generous.

Commissioner Abdullah told this story: "About two years ago, a group of two hundred refugee families came to a village because they knew somebody there. The villagers told the refugees that they were poor, landless people who earned their livelihood either by working on a government farm or in the city. They had nothing to offer the refugees but their own houses. They literally halved their houses. If someone had two rooms, he offered one room to a refugee family and kept one for himself. It actually happened." With great pride, he said, "It is the way of Islam."

The Commissioner had reason to be proud of his faith and his people. What would happen if more than six million Mexicans came into the United States between Texas and California during an invasion of their country (that would be the proportional equivalent to the Afghan migration)—would we, Christians on both sides of the Rio Grande, be as generous? The situations would not be so different; for instance, a good many Afghans were unofficially (illegally) in Pakistan's northwest before the Russians came, just as a good many Mexicans are illegally among the Mexican-Americans of the American Southwest. But the reactions might be different.

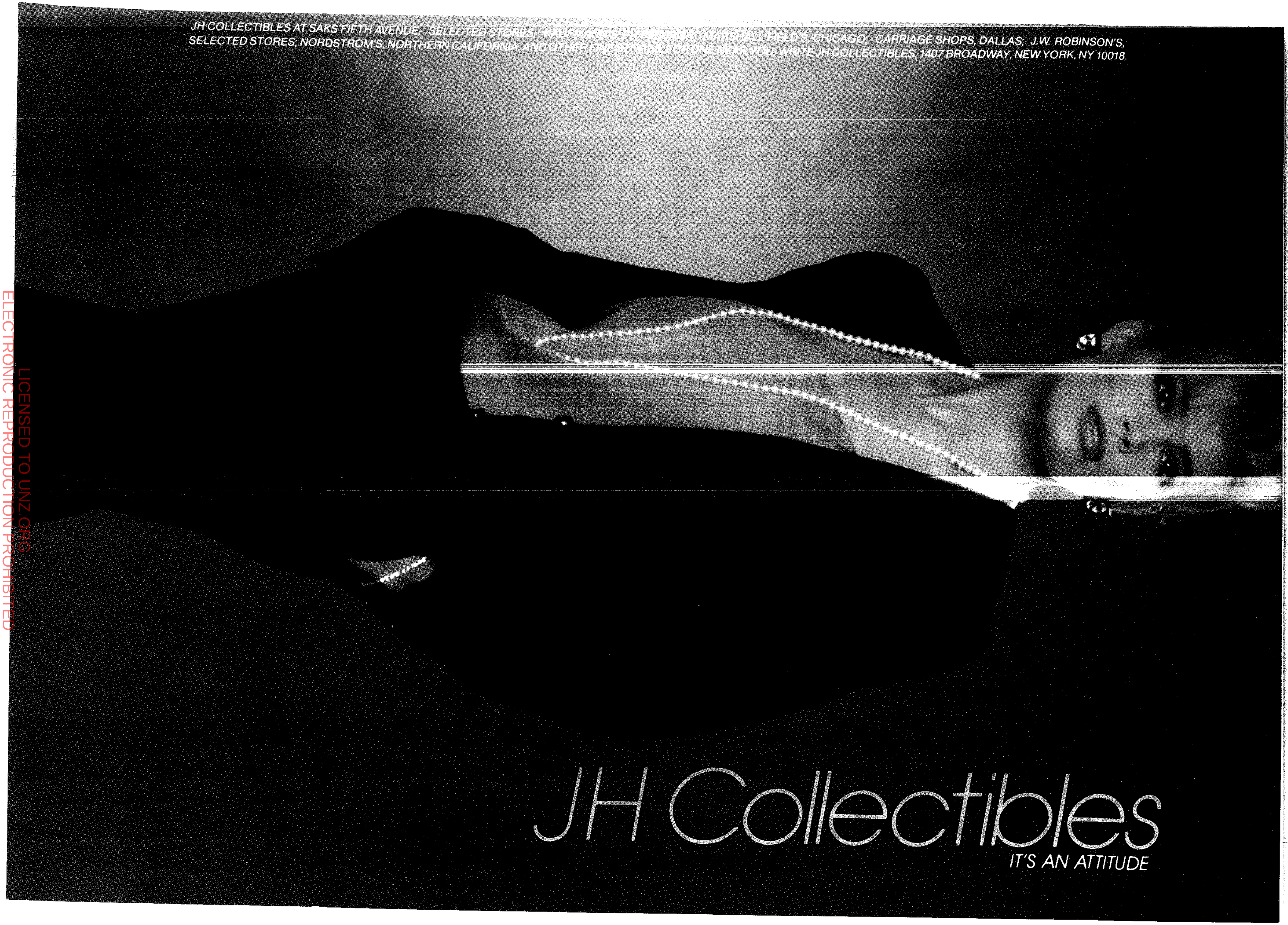
The refugees began coming in large numbers in the spring and summer of 1978, when a new Communist government in Kabul, which had taken power in a coup d'état against other Communists, attempted to impose land reforms, and violence erupted in the countryside. Before that exodus began, perhaps half of the fourteen million or so Pathans lived on the Afghanistan side of the mountains. After three years, fewer than four million were left there. More and more families, and entire villages, crossed into Pakistan—the mountainous border is cut by more than three hundred passes, some known only to the Pathans—as successive Communist governments, all unelected, harshly increased the pressure on the countryside to live according to the new dogma of Kabul. By December of 1979, there may have been four hundred thousand Afghans in Pakistan.



Armed resistance by the Pathans against the Communists in Kabul escalated constantly—escalated so much that the Soviet Union decided to quash the local rebellions at the end of 1979. Eighty-five thousand Soviet soldiers invaded Afghanistan, beginning on that December 24th, and the Russians placed their own man, an Afghan Communist named Babrak Karmal, in power in Kabul. Within twelve months, as many as a million more Afghans fled to Pakistan, bringing stories of Soviet terror and brutality. (Smaller numbers of refugees went to Iran.) Most came across in groups of fifty or a hundred—villages or nomad clans led by their *maliks*. They brought more than two million animals with them—goats, sheep, buffalo, and camels. It was a timeless sight. The men in turbans or wool or embroidered caps and baggy pants and vests or robes like academic gowns, with bandoliers of cartridges across their chests, old rifles or new machine guns on one shoulder. Their sons were dressed the same way, miniatures of their fathers. The animals and the women walked behind.

I saw Afghan women only when I travelled with my wife during her inspection of medical installations—tents set up by such organizations as the International Rescue Committee, the Red Crescent Society, and the International Red Cross. The women came to the medical tents with their children (the average refugee family had six children, in a society where surviving male children were de-facto old-age insurance), and sometimes their husbands, to what was clearly the social event of the day or the week—literally the only way to get out of the house. Even then, many of the men did not allow their women to speak to male doctors or technicians, instead reciting their wives' real or imagined symptoms.

"I would rather see them die than be corrupted by these males who call themselves doctors," roared Malik Haji Tur Gul, scattering the women waiting at the International Rescue Committee tent in a camp called Lakhti Banda. He was an important man, a white-bearded giant who was the accepted chief of thousands of refugees. He seemed to be over seventy years old—"He looks like Noah," said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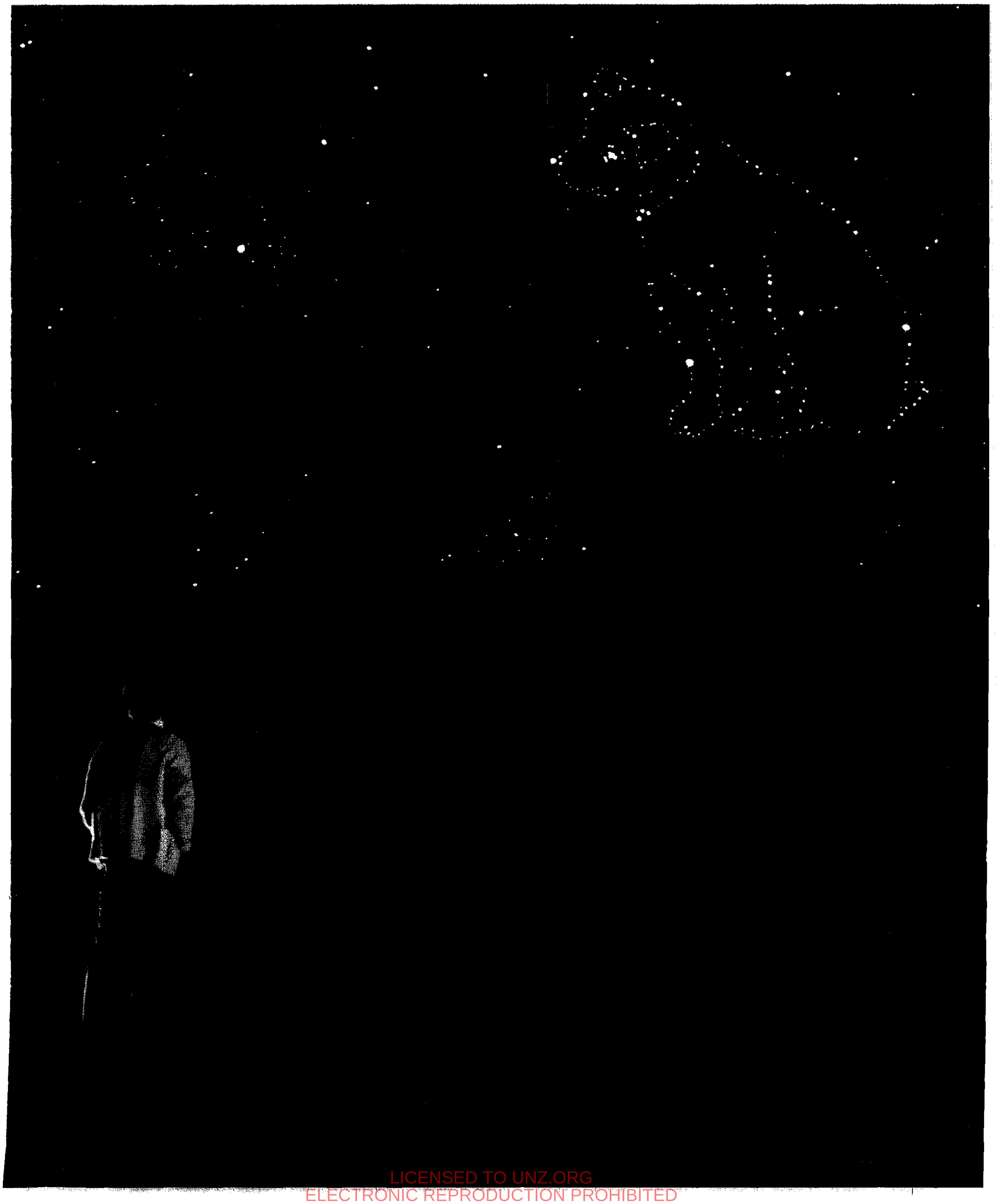

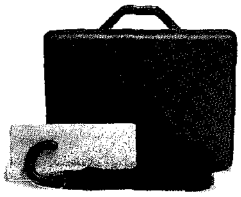

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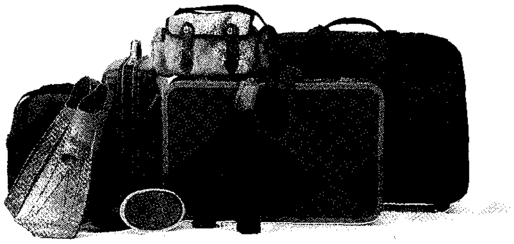

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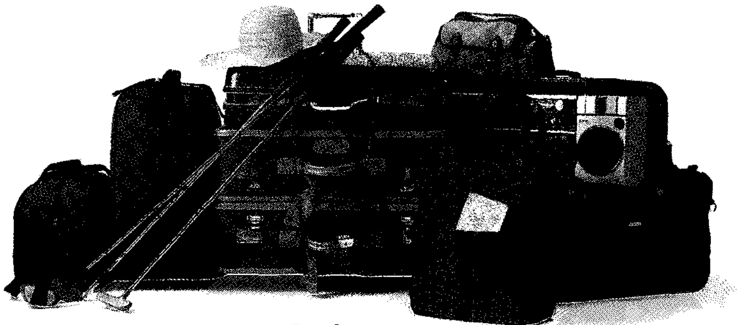

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Dr. John W. Hennessey, an American in charge of International Rescue Committee medical programs, coming out of the tent—but it was impossible to know, because the Afghans do not record birthdays. The wife with him appeared to be about sixteen. It was obvious that part of his rage was at the thought that she might have to wait in line behind the other women.

Dr. Hennessey and Dr. Sayed Abdul Rahman Hashmee, himself an Afghan refugee, tried to calm the old man, explaining that there was a female physician on their team but that she was away for a short leave.

"And who are you to decide these things?" the Malik said. "Two bulls who want to roam among the cows." Afghan society is more fundamentally religious and traditional than Pakistani society. When Afghan women give birth to sons, there are feasts and rifle shots into the sky. If the baby is a girl, the event is simply not mentioned. One of the frustrations of the workers in the World Food Program and others distributing food in the camps was that they knew that the Afghan men ate first and well, and then the boys. What food was left went to the women and the girls.

Only a quarter of the people in the camps, though, were men, and a disproportionate number of those were old men, like Haji Tur Gul. Yet almost all the patients in refugee hospitals scattered around Peshawar were men between the ages of sixteen and forty. The camps served as the military bases of the Mujahideen. Thus, many of the men who had registered in the camps were actually in Afghanistan or else in the hospital. Others had never crossed the border but had sent their women and children to safety in Pakistan.

"We close our eyes to what is really going on," said an official of the Peshawar office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, an organization obviously pledged to neutrality in such matters as civil wars and resistance movements.

It was already a long war. The Soviets, who had more than a hundred thousand troops in Afghanistan by 1984, had been in combat there for longer than they fought Germany in the Second World War. In one of the Afghan hospitals—in Avicenna Balkhi, near Nasir Bagh—there was a poster of a child's crayon drawing of Soviet troops machine-gunning rows of uniformed schoolgirls in Afghanistan in December of 1981. Tulips sprouted from the pools of blood. "We will not be defeated by them," Dr. Mummad Mohmand, a Kabul surgeon, who was the director of the hospital, said when he saw me looking at the poster. "We fought the British, we fought Genghis Khan, we fought Alexander. They could not defeat us. We will not be defeated, because we will fight to the last blood of a small child."

The refugee hospitals of Peshawar—more than a dozen of them—were there not only to treat the war wounded of Afghanistan; they were there also to impress foreigners, and particularly Americans, with the horror of Soviet tactics in Afghanistan—which included the use of small anti-personnel bombs (dropped from planes) in the shape of toys and wristwatches. I was impressed. At the Afghan Surgical Hospital, run by Pakistan's most militant fundamentalist organization, Jamaat-i-Islami (the Islamic Party), I was not allowed to leave without going from bed to bed—forty beds. At each one, the stump of an arm or leg would be thrust at me, or a dressing would be lifted away to show a red hole that had been a face. A young man, what was left of him, held my eyes with his until I cried, as the blankets were pulled from his wasting body, most of it scar tissue from burns. The truck he had been riding on was hit by a Soviet mortar shell, and exploded into a ball of flame around him. An older man, named Abdul Kareem, who said he had been a farmer at a place called Bagh Lan, north of Kabul, proudly showed me the foot-long stumps of his legs. "It was the poison gas, I know it," he said, through a translator. "A Russian threw it into the room where I was staying. Three children were killed." He was almost certainly wrong about the gas—I could find no evidence to support the many stories that any American was quickly told about Soviet toxic weapons—because soldiers do not use poison gas where the fumes would kill or maim them, too.

"How do you know it was a Russian?" I asked.

"I know Russians," he said, making a face. "They have red faces. They look like monkeys."

The maimed men around me burst into laughter. They were broken only in body—and the bodies of many of them were being patched up so they could fight another day. Sermons and readings from the Koran were broadcast from loudspeakers on the walls of what had once been a mansion with a large inner courtyard. It was Ramazan, and twenty-four of the patients were fasting. The sixteen others were being force-fed by doctors.

THE Russians obviously knew what was going on in Peshawar—a city of spies—but in the summer of 1983 the situation along the Afghanistan border seemed acceptable to all concerned. The Pakistanis, the Americans, the Russians, the refugees—all had reason to be satisfied with the way things were in the far, violent land. For Pakistan, the influx of refugees meant an influx of both foreign aid and foreign sympathy. The aid included hundreds of millions of dollars a year in hard Western currencies, the coin that the world demands for everything from gasoline for running trucks to tear gas for controlling mobs—cash that was critical to a country that spoke, quite accurately, of meagre resources. But the sympathy was probably more critical to the people currently running that country—the military. General Zia was certainly one of the few military dictators around the world who were often quoted as humanitarians. "We are looking after them"—the refugees—"ungrudgingly purely for the sake of humanitarian grounds and we will continue to do so even if the population increases," the Chief Martial Law Administrator was quoted as saying at the beginning of a January, 1983, report of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees on the status of the Afghan refugees. "But it is a very large burden. . . . We are a poor country but we are prepared and we are sharing with our neighbors and friends who may have perhaps less than we have."

The refugee population gave the regime respect and legitimacy abroad, and the burden of the Afghans and the threat of the Russians probably kept Zia in power. Even his worst domestic enemies—lawyers and other Western-educated political activists—sometimes defined the situation on the frontier as a national "emergency," and "emergency" has always been the favorite word of military rulers everywhere. There was one other advantage supplied by the refugees in the North-West Frontier Province. Their labor was needed in Pakistan. As poor as the country was and as low as the cost of a

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man's pay was, there was a labor shortage around Peshawar, because so many of the local men were working in the Gulf states as laborers in and around the oil fields. The money was much better in Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates, and for the past several years Pakistanis in general —two million at any time—and Pathans in particular had been going to the oil countries to fill three-year and five-year labor contracts at wage levels many times what they could earn at home. Estimates of how much money they were sending back ranged from as low as two and a half to as high as seven and a half billion dollars a year, perhaps as much as twenty-five per cent of their country's gross national product. Under any circumstances, someone would have been needed to repair the roads and carry the loads of Pakistan, and it turned out to be the hundreds of thousands of Afghans coming over the mountains.

For the United States, the refugees offered the irresistible chance to embarrass the Soviet Union on a continuing basis. All that the Afghans had to do was stand there—preferably in front of cameras—looking displaced and poor. Their plight and the pictures provided legitimate commentary on the values and the reality of the Soviet system. Even better, the Afghans weren't satisfied to shame the Russians—an endeavor of dubious prospect—but wanted to kill them. And they were doing it, although at a terrible cost. A reasonable estimate of the fatalities on each side during more than four years of Mujahideen rebellion might have been several hundred thousand Afghans dead, almost all civilians, and perhaps eight thousand Soviet citizens killed, almost all soldiers. The Afghans fought on, brave men; many did indeed intend to fight to the last blood of a small child. "Why are you, who have everything, afraid of the Russians? We have nothing and we are not afraid of them," said Dr. Mohmand at his hospital for the wounded. "Why won't you give us weapons? Answer that to me."

"The answer is we do," a high American official in the country at the time said when I told him of the doctor's question. "But they want heavier weapons, stuff they probably couldn't handle. They have enough to keep this going. That's what we want—to keep this going as long as possible to make the Soviets look as bad as possible to the rest of the world."

THE
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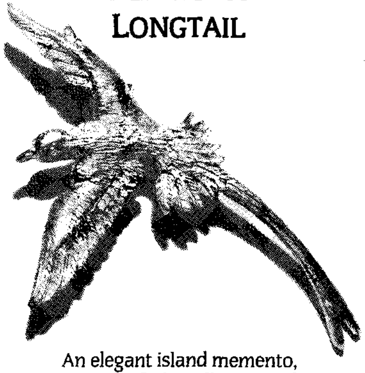
LONGTAIL



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The Russians, for their part, seemed to think that the price was worth paying. They were getting what they wanted: control over the land of Afghanistan. I couldn't be sure of all their considerations, but the reasons certainly included obtaining control over Afghanistan's natural resources, setting up a military buffer zone, avoiding the embarrassment of the overthrow of a client Communist government, checking the flow of Islamic fervor into their own Asian republics, and providing themselves with an eventual path (through Baluchistan) to the warm-water ports of the Arabian Sea and the water routes of the world's oil supplies.

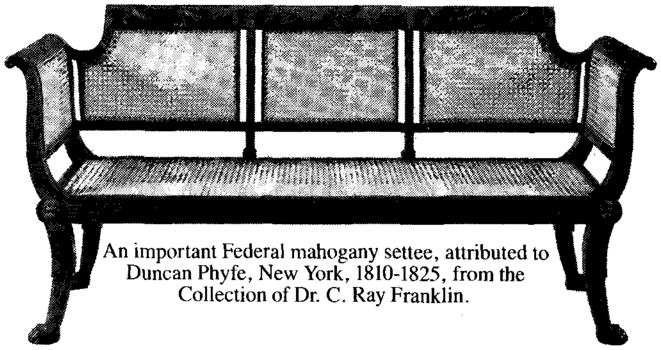
The Russians were patiently gaining control over one of the most uncontrollable countries on earth by depopulating it. No one had ever really conquered the fierce tribal people of Afghanistan—the British and the Russians tried for all of the nineteenth century, but the mountain snipers always drove them out—and the Soviet strategy this time seemed to be to conquer the country if not the nation. The nation—or, at least, the most difficult elements of its population—was being eliminated in one way or another. There were fifteen million Afghans when the Russians invaded. By the summer of 1983, hundreds of thousands were dead, almost three million were in Pakistan, and more than a million were in Iran.

Among those missing were the most troublesome—the tribal warriors in the camps of Pakistan, and the small educated élite of Kabul, who were scattering to richer places. There were, when the Soviets came, about twelve hundred physicians in Afghanistan, said Dr. Mohmand, who had studied for five years at Texas A. & M. and had been jailed for ten months by the Communists in Kabul. He told me that there were only two hundred left, almost all of them recent medical-school graduates. He said it proudly, as proof of the unpopularity of the Soviet rule. But I drew a different meaning from his figures.

"How many Afghan doctors are there in Peshawar?" I asked.

"Between fifty and a hundred," he said.

So nine hundred physicians, three-quarters of his country's doctors, were gone. They were in Europe or the United States—aching, perhaps, for their land and people but making new lives for themselves in places where their skills made them welcome. The



An important Federal mahogany settee, attributed to Duncan Phyfe, New York, 1810-1825, from the Collection of Dr. C. Ray Franklin.

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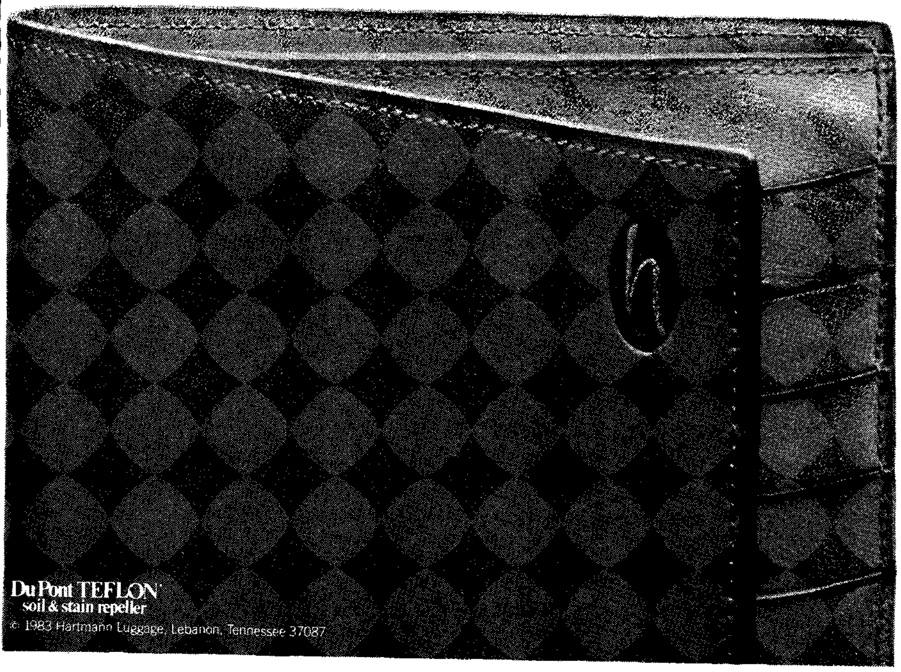

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same was true of Afghans in other professions and among Afghan merchants. The upper classes and upper middle classes had been driven out or had fled. Those pitifully small élites were gradually being replaced by cadres of Afghan physicians, teachers, engineers, and administrators being trained by the thousand in Moscow. There was going to be a new Afghanistan.

And for the refugees, the Afghans driven from their lands, life was better. I was told this many times—by Pakistani and Afghan doctors, by foreign and United Nations relief officials, even by refugees—before I began considering that it might be true. They were being given something, for the first time in their lives, for the first time in their history: food, medicine, education, wages.

Each day, each refugee was supposed to be provided, by the World Food Program and the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, with this food: five hundred grams of wheat (a little over a pound); thirty grams of edible oil; thirty grams of powdered milk; twenty grams of sugar; and three grams of tea. That would add up to about two thousand two hundred calories a day, which is also the average Pakistani intake and is just below the twenty-five hundred calories a day considered the minimum daily requirement by most Western health agencies. Each refugee was also, on paper, receiving twenty-five litres of "potable" water each day. That, however, was impossible in a country whose water supply, by its own government's most optimistic estimates, was less than twenty-five per cent potable.

That, it seemed, was enough. The Pathans are hard people, still living by old codes, which include *melmesta* (hospitality to strangers), *nan awati* (asylum to fugitives or refugees), and *badal* (an eye for an eye). They have always done whatever they wanted to do, and if anyone didn't like it the Pathan response—particularly in the tribal areas—began with harsh, threatening screaming and quickly escalated to killing and blood feuds for generations.

The world relief agencies supplied the refugees with soybean oil (from the United States government) for cooking. The Afghans threw it out or sold it. They would use only ghee—butter made from buffalo milk. The U.N.H.C.R. gave them kerosene for their fires. They used only wood until they had stripped the barren land of every bit of loose firewood, and then began uprooting bushes and killing trees by hacking upward from the lower branches until not enough tree was left to survive. And if their Pakistani cousins needed that wood—well, the Afghans had guns.

"They are wild men, who will end up destroying our country," said a Pakistani sociologist, a woman with a passionate hatred of the refugees. I encountered that hatred many times in educated men and women. "The government wants these people in order to maintain the state of emergency and to get money and sympathy from the international community. But they are terrorizing our people. After all the years it took us to persuade the Pathans in the northwest to give up their guns—in exchange for roads and the things a modern government could provide—now they are invaded by these barbarians. The Afghans are living better than the masses. Are Pakistanis being treated by American doctors? Afghans are going to destroy us, because one day they will revive the Pukhtunistan issue."

"Pukhtunistan!" is the cry for an independent Pathan nation ("Pathan," "Pushtun," and "Pukhtun" are all Westernized versions of the same sounds in the language of the frontier), which has been heard in this land over the years, and particularly in the nineteen-fifties. "Baluchistan!" is another cry expressing another separatist dream, and until the early nineteen-seventies there was civil war in the hills of that even poorer province south of the North-West Frontier Province.

"Pakistan!" was only a separatist cry less than forty years ago. The Land of the Pure didn't exist before the nineteen-thirties, when Muslim intellectuals, led politically by Muhammad Ali Jinnah, the Quaid-i-Azam, or Great Leader, began agitating for a separate state for the Muslims of Hindu-dominated India. It was an artificial country created along a set of lines drawn in London and Delhi by the departing British rulers. Half of it, East Pakistan, disappeared in 1971, and there was always a real chance (and a real fear) that all of it could disappear—perhaps with the Punjab and the Sind becoming aligned in some way with India, and autonomous states of Pukhtunistan and Baluchistan coming into being and then, sooner or later, coming under some kind of Soviet control exercised through the new Soviet-trained cadres in Kabul.

The centrifugal forces acting on Pakistan have been many and great for a long time: four provinces in uneasy alliance; twenty-two regional languages; powerful neighbors, suspicious or hostile, in India and the Soviet Union; and, perhaps, a fierce new population, the refugees, owing allegiance to nothing modern, including the flag of the country. The one thing that united Pakistan was its religion—its original raison d'être. The bonds of Islam, which were not strong enough to hold East Pakistan and West Pakistan together, were still the only bonds. It was inevitable that the rulers of the nation, whether civilian or military, would always resort to appeals to "Islamic socialism," as Zulfikar Ali Bhutto did, or to "Islamization," as Muhammad Zia-ul-Haq was doing while I was there. There would be an Islamic Republic of Pakistan, or there would be no republic.

THE holiest month in the Islamic Republic is Ramazan, Islam's holy month of fasting, and in 1983 Ramazan ended with the sighting of the beginning of a new moon on the evening of July 11, 1983. There were cheers in the streets of Islamabad, and the lighting of dazzling displays of colored bulbs draped on public buildings, including the embassies of other Muslim countries. Great necklaces of red and green lights hung in strand upon strand, drawing crowds all through the night. Eid-ul-Fitr, a joyous thanksgiving holiday of feasting, gifts, and family visiting, had begun.

In Rawalpindi, President Zia-ul-Haq issued an Eid proclamation in the way an American President would offer a little inspiration as he lit the White House Christmas tree:

> Let us beseech him in our Eid prayers to grant to Muslims throughout the world the will and the wisdom to promote and strengthen bonds of brotherhood and respond to hostile challenges as a single, united people. . . . It is fitting that a period of self-denial be followed by the reward of rejoicing. But it is no less binding that the sense of enjoyment be tempered with the feeling of solicitude for the indigent . . . enable the less fortunate members of the community to make arrangements to celebrate this auspicious day. . . .
>
> We bow our heads in gratitude to the Almighty Allah that we have been able to take important steps toward the establishment of a truly Islamic order in our coun-

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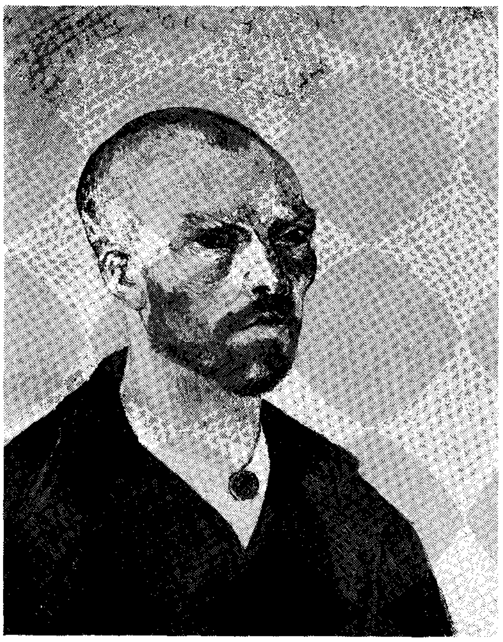
van Gogh in Arles
October 18-December 30, 1984



An exhibition of more than 140 paintings and drawings executed at the height of van Gogh's career. It was in Arles, from February 1888 to May 1889, that van Gogh painted his famous series of orchards in bloom, wheat fields, and sowers under the Midi sun; and moving portraits of the Postman Roulin, L'Arlesienne, and La Berceuse.

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Museum hours: Tuesdays, 9:30a.m.-8:45 p.m.; Wednesday-Sunday, 9:30a.m.-5:15 p.m. For further information, please call (212) 570-3711.

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The Metropolitan Museum of Art
Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street, New York City

try . . . and banish from our midst regional, parochial, sectarian, and similar other divisive tendencies.

I had never heard of Eid, but I had certainly heard all that before. It was what any politician says, except that the symbols were a little different from the ones I was used to.

"This shouldn't be all that exotic to an American," said Hamid Alvi, a Pakistani who worked in the offices of the United States Information Service in Islamabad. "Pakistan is working out all the problems of national identity and rapid modernization that the United States worked out a hundred and fifty or a hundred and seventy-five years ago. But you were lucky enough to be able to do it in absentia from the world. There was no one around then. Pakistan is being pressured on every side, on every border. Our real problem, creating the real gaps in our society, is that you can't tell where each man stands on the scale of modernity. The trick is always how to embrace and advocate modernism without making it a rejection of the old values."

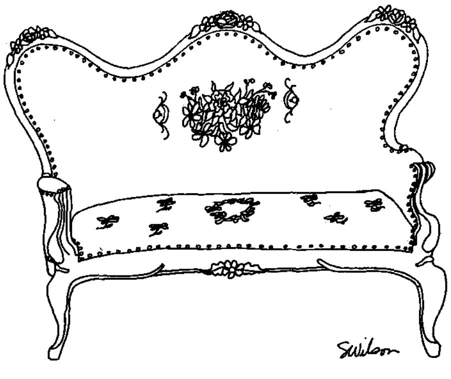
"What are the old values?" I asked.

Alvi needed only one word: "Islam."

I thought then, not for the first or the last time, that what Pakistanis, sincerely or cynically, were calling Islamization—and were arguing over—was really, in the end, going to be a cover for the modernization of a very backward society. Pakistan was going through the stress of becoming new by talking about the old. Pakistanis had to talk in the context of the only thing they all knew: Islam. Newspapers were packed with rambling and redundant essays on "Islam and Science" and "Islam and Democracy"—all of them quoting the Koran, and almost all of them arguing for more and more technology and scientific education and for elections. A truck I saw near Peshawar could have been the symbol of the process. Pakistani trucks were rolling, smoking galleries of folk art, brightly decorated, like circus wagons, with paintings of landscapes, animals, and religious symbols. This one listed a litany of Islamic saints and heroes—Ali, Fatimah, Hasan, Husayn—symbolically flying on a painting of an F-16.

The American jet, the material confirmation of Pakistan's status as a "frontline state," quickly became the ultimate symbol of modernism in the country. But it had to coexist with old symbols and ritual. The pull between the new and the old has been a part of the national identity crisis that has been Pakistan's curse since its hasty founding, on August 14, 1947. On that day, the British, well aware that the Indian subcontinent could explode with religious violence between its dominant Hindus and its minority of Muslims, carelessly divided their Indian empire into India and Pakistan. The creation of the Islamic Republic—or, to be precise, of a stubborn Muslim intransigence that made a united India seem even more impossible than the divided one—was principally the doing of Jinnah, whose impeccably tailored three-piece suits and cool, secular Anglophilia were as much a symbol of his intention to create a nation of modernism as Gandhi's simple dress was a symbol of his devotion to the old ways.

But Pakistan was created so quickly and sloppily that even Jinnah, its founder, had to migrate there. He was born in Karachi but had lived most of his life in Bombay. Decades later, Pakistanis still identified one another by whether or not they were *mohajirs*, or "migrants," of 1947 or descendants of the migrants. (Zia-ul-Haq, for instance, came as a twenty-three-year-old Army lieutenant fleeing the Hindu-Muslim violence of the Indian Punjab.) It was one of too many nonreligious divisions for the good of the country. Next, they identified each other by region, with Punjabis set against Sindhis and Baluchis and Pathans, and by the two dozen languages spoken across the thousand miles, including Urdu, the official national language, which came from Central India with the migrants, and English, the language of Pakistani élites. Then they looked at each other on Alvi's scale of modernity, which was often a test of whether a man or a woman identified with Western or Eastern traditions. Beyond that, those drawn to the Eastern world were often divided over whether Pakistanis should identify with India or, as Muslims, with the Arabic countries across the Arabian Sea. (Some, usually Shia Muslims, wanted to identify with Iran and Ayatollah Khomeini.)



Islam was a conqueror's religion, brought to India by Arab invaders in the eighth century, and even after Partition there were almost as many Muslims in India as in Pakistan. Its message of equality before God was naturally attractive to lower castes within the rigidly hierarchical world of Hinduism. Untouchables became Muslims—a fact that has more than a little to do with Indian attitudes toward Islam. (Many of the Hindus who stayed in Pakistan were Untouchables, and they and their children continued to do the dirtiest work of the society, cleaning streets and toilets. But many of them changed their religion, becoming Christians.)

Pakistani attitudes toward Indians seemed complicated—tortured, really—mixtures of fascination and fear. After losing the three wars over Kashmir and East Pakistan, the Pakistanis appeared to have finally accepted the fact that India rules the subcontinent. There were fewer illusions of political, economic, or military parity. Pakistan must play Canada—an antagonistic Canada—to its more powerful neighbor. Pakistan had many problems, and one of them was maintaining the myth that its people were fundamentally different from Indians, for the similarities between Indians and Pakistanis often overwhelmed the differences—in the eyes of foreigners, at least—and the confusions of that unwanted similarity made the quest for national identity even more difficult and deepened the pervasive inferiority complex of Pakistan.

Pakistanis had not yet defined themselves. That was one of many similarities I thought I found between them and us—between Pakistanis and Americans. There were, after all, more than a few of the untouchables of the Old World among the people who made the United States of America. People didn't come to the New World because they were successful and honored in their own countries. With fewer natural resources—"meagre resources"—and older and more complicated problems and handicaps, and in a more dangerous and difficult time, Pakistanis were trying to do in decades what took Americans more than a century.

When Anwar Kamal, the lawyer in Lahore, talked about the heavens on earth he had seen in Europe and America and how he wanted to be part of building a modern country with hi

Mercy!

9,642 perfectly splendid ideas for an advertisement on New Zealand!

Now we've got ourselves in a doozie of a spot: we've promised to pick just one as the winner of the "We Can't Wait For Harry's Ad Any Longer" Sweepstakes.

But unlike Harry Bright, our gallivanting-around New Zealand Advertising Manager down in Wellington, we won't shirk our duties.

So here goes folks.

- One man gave us the use of his private detective business to locate Harry (and his ad).
- A few gave us their resumés and applications for Harry's job.
- A gentleman actually named Harry Bright gave us an advertisement, but it was too late to make the Sweepstakes deadline. (Sounds like our Harry Bright alright, but it turned out to be Aptos, California's Harry Bright!)
- One lady just couldn't give us her New Zealand photos ("They're all that's keeping me going!"), but added: "Does begging help?"
- Somebody even gave us money.
- But Patricia Paraman of Garden Grove, California gave us a bit of a scolding.

And won the whole kit and kaboodle!

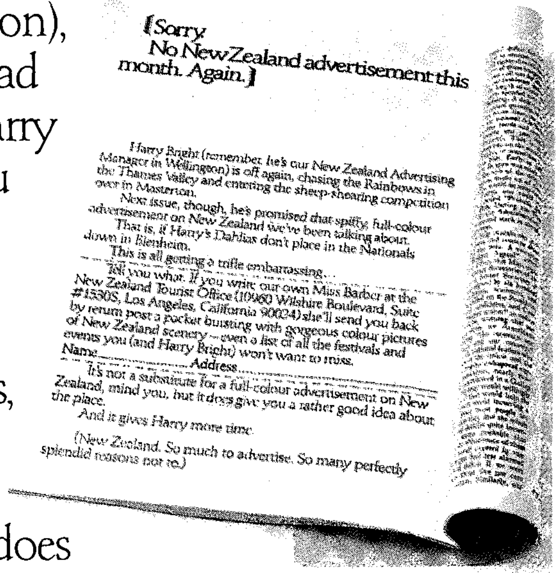
(Do be a good sport and turn overleaf for the winning effort.)

"Leave poor

"Now the bunch of you listen to me and listen good!!!

As a single parent who, a few years ago, took her twin 14-year-old daughters and 11-year-old son on a 3 week tour of your beautiful North and South Islands (and we hope to do it again soon), I want you to know that I have just about had enough of the way you are badgering poor Harry Bright about returning to work just to give you some silly old advertising slogans or pictures of New Zealand.

You want Harry, God bless him, to describe the indescribable... your majestic glaciers, your seemingly endless valleys of green, oh! so many, many shades of green, dotted with... how many fluffy white grazing sheep? How does one describe peace and tranquility?



[Sorry
No New Zealand advertisement this month. Again.]

Harry Bright (remember, he's our New Zealand Advertising Manager in Wellington) is off again, chasing the Rainbows in the Thames Valley and entering the sheep-shearing competition over in Masterton.

Next issue, though, he's promised that spiffy, full-colour advertisement on New Zealand we've been talking about.

That is, if Harry's Dahlias don't place in the Nationals down in Blenheim.

This is all getting a trifle embarrassing...

Tell you what. If you write our own Miss Barber at the New Zealand Tourist Office (10960 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite #1530S, Los Angeles, California 90024) she'll send you back by return post a packet bursting with gorgeous colour pictures of New Zealand scenery—even a list of all the festivals and events you (and Harry Bright) won't want to miss.

Name________ Address________

It's not a substitute for a full-colour advertisement on New Zealand, mind you, but it does give you a rather good idea about the place.

And it gives Harry more time.

(New Zealand. So much to advertise. So many perfectly splendid reasons not to.)

(This sort of badgering of Harry has to stop!)

You want Harry to capture in photographs the feel of salt spray in his face as he stands at the rails of the ferry while crossing from Wellington to Picton or the fragrance of the most sensuous dew-covered giant roses in the morning sunlight...not our Harry. No sir!

Was it Harry who said "When in the presence of greatness, silence is the highest form of respect"?

(New Zealand. It's even harder to capture on film than my kids!)

Harry knows New Zealand's unique beauty isn't just that found in fertile land or blue water. It's found in the heart

Harry alone.”

of each New Zealander. Love, warmth, trust, caring, sincerity, wholesomeness, respect and more.

When we had engine problems there suddenly appeared a New Zealand gentleman to help. When we lost our way a farm family put us back on track. Oh, I could go on but this will have to suffice. New Zealand is the only country to which we have travelled where my children and I have felt completely at home and completely safe.

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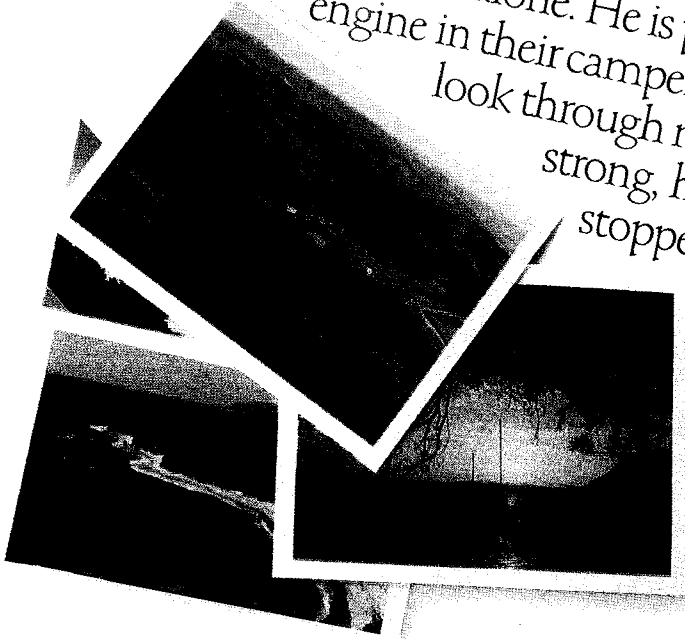
AUCKLAND

Kindly gentleman ("Harry" I think was his name) stopped by, changed flat tire on our van, then took this photo of Karen, me and Deborah and drove off with a tip of the hat before I could get a snapshot of him!

Meanwhile, Chris was exploring down the road. (BIG HELP!!)

(Harry wasn't putting out your ad, because he was probably putting on our tire!)

So to the bunch of you at the New Zealand tourist office I say leave poor Harry Bright alone. He is probably helping women such as myself fix the engine in their campers or giving directions or... wait a second... as I look through my tattered travel notes I see the name of the strong, handsome New Zealand gentleman who stopped on the road to Christchurch to help me change my right front tire was Harry... it looks like BRIGH? I can't seem to make out that last letter... naw, it couldn't have been?????”



(P.S. If you really need some pictures, and if it would save Harry's job, you can have some of the color New Zealand photos we took (not all of them are blurred!)

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Seattle, $645
Los Angeles $695
Prices based on double occupancy. Available Nov 1—Dec. 13, 1984. Jan. 3—Feb. 28, 1985 ($510 from New York during this later period). Prices higher during other periods and subject to change.

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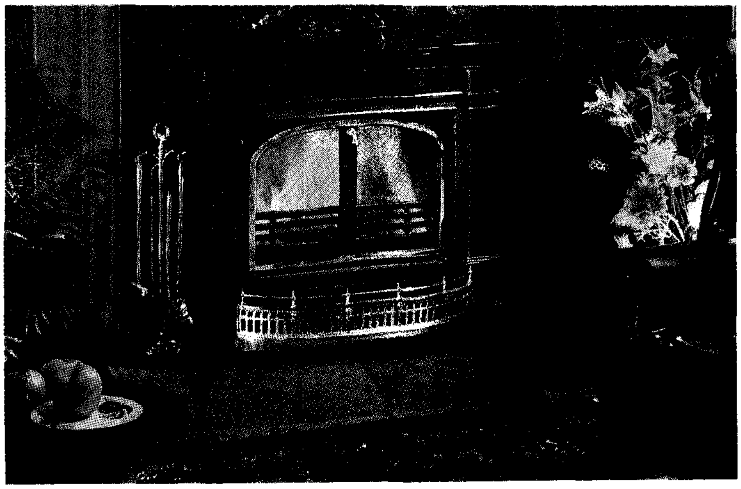

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Manufacturers of the Defiant,® the Vigilant,® the Resolute, and the Intrepid® woodstoves.

own people, I envied him. Most of that had been done for me; it was something I had read about. I heard Kamal's kind of dedication again and again from Pakistanis. "Progress" was talked about as a god. But not as God.

Modernization and Islam were often spoken of together, comfortably sometimes, uncomfortably sometimes, but not as mutually exclusive. How could they be, in the Islamic Republic? Islam was the environment. The ideas of Islam were the only way to reach all the people joined together now as Pakistan; they were the shared values, assumptions, and knowledge of the nation. There was nothing else to begin with.

But what is Islam? Who defines the faith? First, the believers did not see it as "a religion"—as somehow separate from the secular—in the way that most Western Christians and Jews see their religions. "We can't separate God from Caesar," Abdullah, the zealous Commissioner of Refugees, had said. "You do that."

"Islam is not merely a set of beliefs and a way of worship," stated a position paper prepared by the government of Zia-ul-Haq to explain its Islamization program to outsiders. "It is a complete way of life. It provides guidance in all walks of life—individual, social, material, moral, economic, legal, and cultural. It is this-worldly and other-worldly."

Almost everyone I talked to in Pakistan, even the most Westernized (and personally secularized) of the country's élite, the men and women who went to embassy and consulate parties for the French wine, agreed with that and restated it in their own words. But that was where agreement ended. There were many Islams—sometimes, it seemed, as many as there were Muslims. When the Zia government, with the help of Zia's Saudi Arabian advisers, interpreted the Koran to mean that *zakat*, the alms tax, applied to bank deposits, hundreds of thousands of people took angrily to the streets; they were largely Shia Muslims, the minority in Pakistan, who read the Holy Book differently.

The great division in Islam—though still one division among many—is between Sunnis and Shias. Pakistan is a Sunni nation—eighty-five per cent of the population—and Iran, for instance, is a Shia nation. To a Muslim, that explains almost everything about the differences between the countries, and explains why Pakistan could never become a theocratic state on the model constructed by Ayatollah Khomeini in Iran.

There are no ayatollahs in Pakistan—only local *maulanas*. There is no hierarchy among Sunnis. In that respect, the two sects could be loosely compared with Roman Catholicism (Shia) and Protestantism (Sunni) in the days when Western nations were more inclined to fight religious wars. The Sunnis and the Shias divided over the succession to the Prophet Muhammad after 632 A.D. The stories that were revealed to Muhammad over twenty years and recorded by scribes as the Koran were of the Flood and Moses and Abraham—fiercer in tone but similar to Bible tales—but Muslims believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the next-to-last in the line of prophets that ended with Muhammad.

After the Prophet's death, Islam (the word is Arabic and means "submission" or "surrender") was ruled by a series of caliphs ("successors") selected by the family of Muhammad and the men around him. At the death of the fourth caliph—Ali, the Prophet's son-in-law—there was a dispute among factions, and two lines of succession were established. The Sunni line—to oversimplify—eventually petered out, ending ambivalently in the twentieth century with the end of the Ottoman Empire in Turkey. The Shia line ended, after a fashion, most Shias believe, in 873 A.D., when the Twelfth Imam ("leader") died or disappeared mysteriously. "The Hidden Imam" became an omnipresent factor in Shiism: "We are waiting for you, Twelfth Imam" was a revolutionary slogan in Iran, and Ayatollah Khomeini (or Imam Khomeini; the title applies to all Shia leaders) wore, for many, the mantle of the Hidden Imam. That connection gave Khomeini a temporal power over many people that it would be virtually impossible for any Sunni leader to accumulate.

In talking about Pakistan's Shias, the hundreds of thousands of them who demonstrated against Zia's *zakat* proposals, I asked someone what it would take to trigger such a demonstration by the majority Sunni population.

"I don't know," he answered. "You couldn't get a hundred Sunnis, much less a hundred thousand, to agree on anything."

I have obviously simplified all this enough to outrage any thinking Muslim. But it would be impossible for me to do justice to such disputes. Millions

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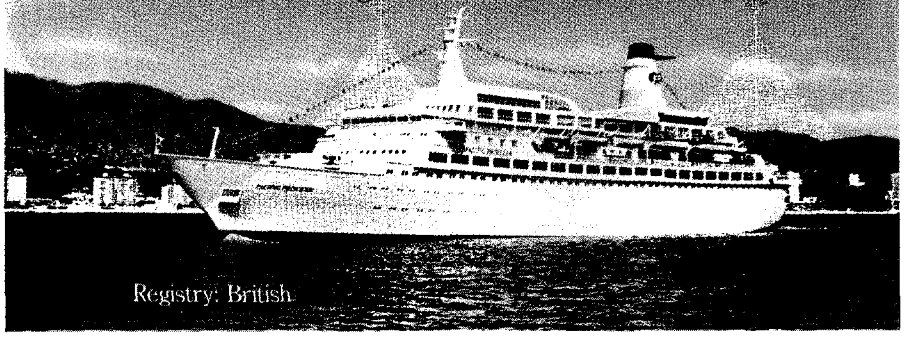

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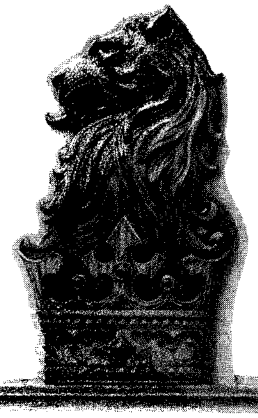

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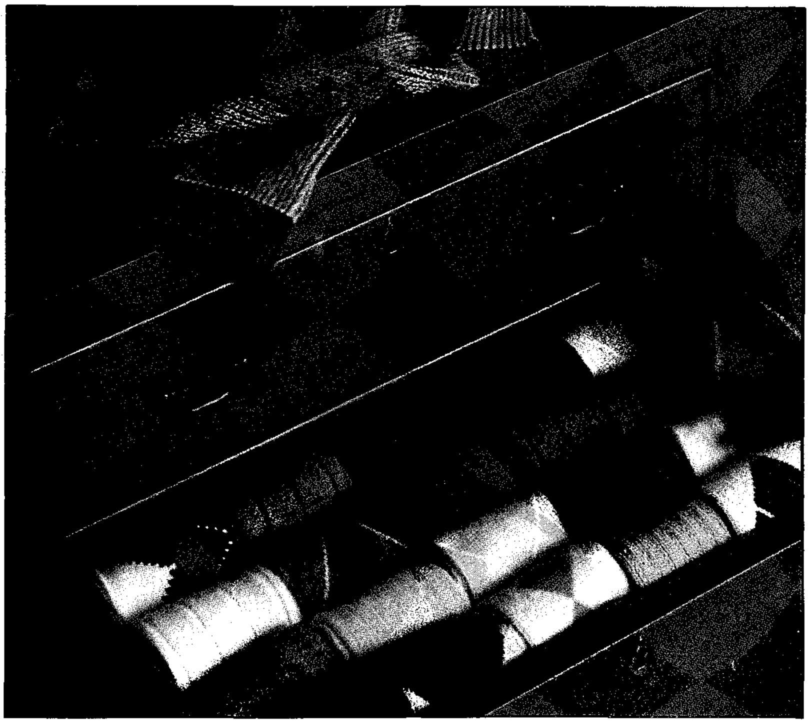
of men have been arguing—and going to war—over these differences for centuries. I have also ignored hundreds of smaller sects that have broken off from the two main sects over those centuries —the Ahmadis, for instance, a sect that followed a nineteenth-century prophet and was declared *kafir* by Prime Minister Bhutto, and the Nizari Ismailis, of the northwest, the followers of the Aga Khan. The closest I can come to describing the passion and the angels-on-the-head-of-a-pin nature of the debates—and, too, the intellectual vitality of Islam—is to compare them with the arguments of American constitutional lawyers working for very high hourly fees.

Apart from sects, the Islam of India and, in time, Pakistan developed in ways unique to the subcontinent. After Arab and then Turkish Muslim armies invaded the territories that would become Pakistan, new invasions, by Genghis Khan and Timur, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, reached Delhi, weakening Hindu rule in all of India. Muslim princes gradually took control of more and more of the subcontinent, and in the sixteenth century the great reign of the Moguls was established. In the next two hundred years, those Muslim rulers built the spare and disciplined monuments that came to symbolize India to the world: the Taj Mahal, at Agra; the Red Fort, at Delhi; the Badshahi Mosque, at Lahore. Larger and larger numbers of Hindus were converted to Islam during those years; what drew them from their musical religion of many gods to the faith of the one God was their own ambition—Islam was the religion of opportunity while the Moguls ruled—and the oppression of the Hindu caste system. It was, by and large, Untouchables, beneath the four major castes, who embraced Islam.

In India, higher-caste Hindus—particularly the highest, Brahmans—would not touch food in the presence of Muslims; they were still treated as Untouchables even as they ruled. When the British came, gradually expanding their rule as the Muslim princes divided and were conquered, the Hindus began not only to reassert their numerical superiority—there were two hundred and fifty million Hindus and a hundred million Muslims in India at Partition—but also to seize the opportunities of British education and modernization. The Hindus became the businessmen and bureaucrats of British India; the Muslims, uncertain about confronting new



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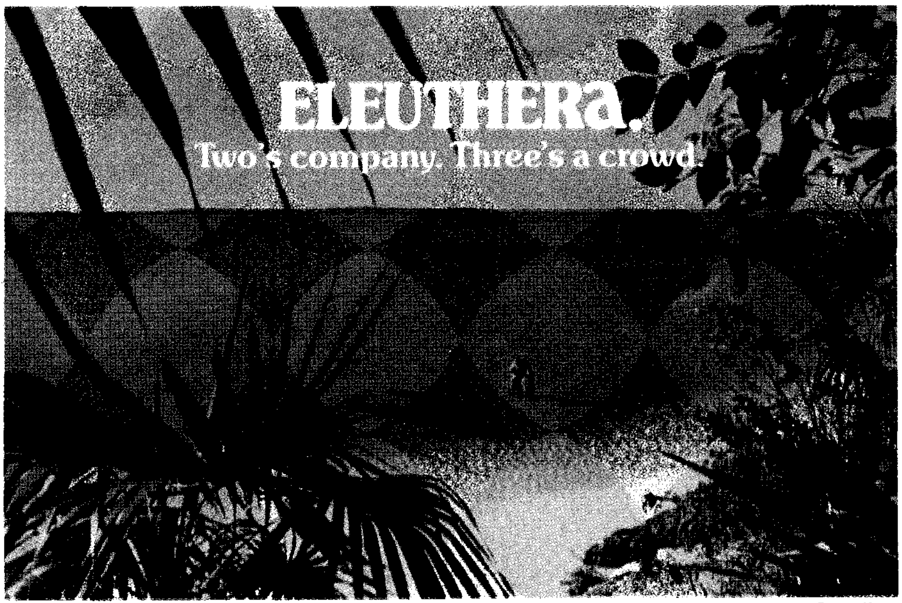

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knowledge, remained landlords, soldiers, and peasants. But, whatever the tensions between the religions—village slaughters periodically followed provocations like Hindus' playing music while Muslims prayed, or Muslims' killing a sacred cow—the new religion of one God never totally abandoned the culture and ritual of Hinduism. The Muslims of India and, in time, of Pakistan worshipped at the tombs and shrines of *pirs*—local saints and demigods—in most un-Koranic ways, and sang and danced and threw flowers at weddings in most Hindu ways. One of the enduring traditions of Lahore, which Muslim purists had been trying to stamp out almost forever, was the giving of garlands of rupee notes as wedding gifts—a Hindu custom. Perish the thought in the Islamic Republic, but Pakistani Muslims sometimes seemed more Indian than Muslim.

Then there came a day when the military government ruling the country of those Muslims decided they were not Islamic enough. General Muhammad Zia-ul-Haq decreed Islamization. The official definition of that process was this: "Islamization in Pakistan is a positive effort to build up a system of human relations—on individual and collective level—on the principles of justice and morality as enunciated by Islam. It is an attempt by the people for whom religion is a living faith to remodel their private and public lives."

"Who the hell is Zia-ul-Haq to Islamize us?" said a prominent writer. "I was Islamized a long time ago."

I heard that question a couple of times a day. The short answer was that he was the man in charge of the Army—and the Army ran the government. He gave a longer answer, of sorts, in a press conference that he held on August 14, 1983—the thirty-sixth anniversary of the country's independence. It was, I thought, one of the most extraordinary performances I had ever seen by a political leader. Humble in personal manner, intelligent, articulate, committed, the self-appointed President of Pakistan suddenly seemed a bit mad to me, drunk on his own power and destiny. I did realize, however, that not all his sense of power was delusionary. "My only ambition in life is to complete the process of Islamization, so that there will be no turning back," he said that day. "The Islamization process is a lifetime job. It is not only the changing of certain laws from the Anglo-Saxon

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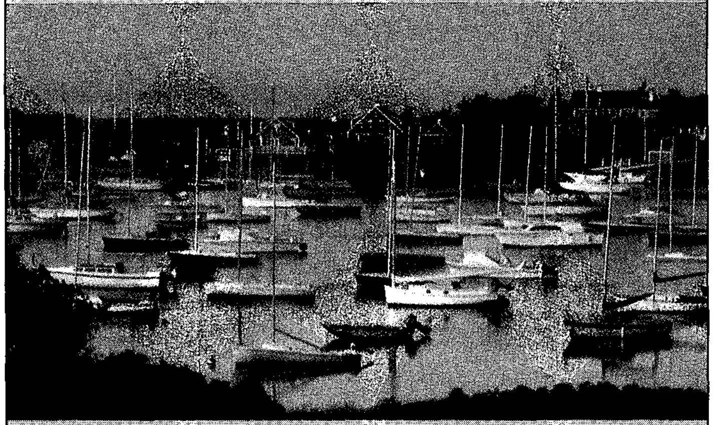

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character to Islamic character. Islamization is complete whenever we can have the social environment turned into an Islamic character. You have to bring some of the fundamental elements of the educational system into line with Islamic values. Also, the general society itself. You have to put their aims and objectives straight on the path of righteousness. And that's what I call Islamization." It might also have been called "hubris." The Army Chief of Staff who took over the country—for ninety days, he said at first—thought he could also take over the mission of the gods. Whatever tragedy lay ahead for him and for his nation, Zia-ul-Haq did not seem totally in touch with either the general society or righteousness that day.

"The man in the street—the illiterate masses—knows Islamization is a hoax," said a young writer who takes his own Islamization seriously. "It's just a way to keep the military in power. The people know the difference between the way the Prophet lived—the clothes he wore, the house he lived in—and the way our leaders are living."

The word "hoax," which was widely used, in safe privacy, by Zia's opponents, was too strong, even if many generals and colonels were obviously feasting on the spoils of power—including the money that the United States was delivering in the name of its own governmental religion, anti-Communism. There were, I was sure, some admirable aspirations behind the quest for a modern Islamic identity. But Islamization fashioned on the austere and repressive monarchical religion of Saudi Arabia was choking Pakistanis, who were coming to despise the Saudis anyway, as stories of life under the Islamic masters of the desert were brought back home by oil-field laborers.

Truly changing the social environment and the behavior of millions of people would require more than arresting young couples for publicly embracing, or putting eighty lashes on the back of some poor soul caught drinking a can of beer or the home brew made in villages. But more substantial attempts at Islamic reform quickly ran into the realities of modern life—the way Pakistanis lived was being changed by modernization more than it could ever be by Islamization—and ran into as much resistance as could be prudently mounted in a police state. Better and presumably more righteous

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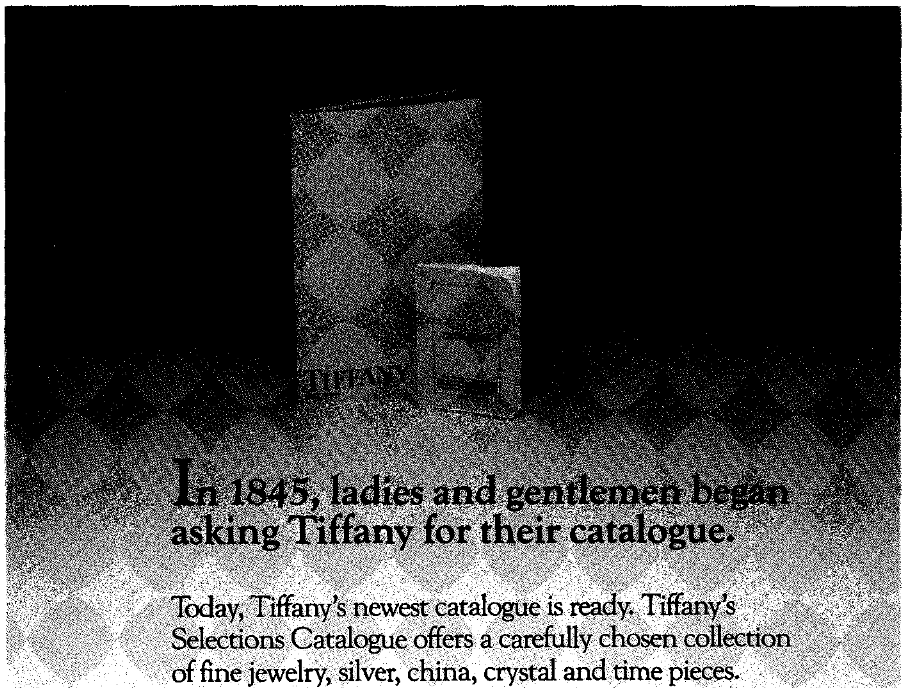

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minds in Islamabad had not been able to figure out a way to construct a banking system faithful to their interpretation of the Koranic ban on what Zia often referred to as “the curse of interest.” The women of the country were in open and (to the Zia regime) dangerous revolt over attempts to institutionalize new laws of evidence, based on the thoughts of some conservative Islamic scholars who were determined to maintain legal male supremacy. So the Islamization of Zia was often reduced to silliness, like his announcement to the nation that he would ask the Shariat Courts—courts created to review all civil and criminal verdicts and sentences to determine whether they were “Islamic”—to decide whether book piracy was Islamic. Pakistan had never been a signatory to any international copyright agreement. Local publishers just stole any foreign books of local interest—if they were passed by the military censors—and reprinted them without paying royalties or fees to authors or foreign publishers. So a court of *maulanas* was delegated to determine whether the Prophet would approve of that.

But there was more to Islam than things like that, and there could be more to Islamization than the hastily conceived and self-serving games being played with the lives of the faithful of Pakistan. It seemed obvious to me that Islam was rich and complex enough intellectually and idealistic enough not only to provide the material for political speeches and clichés but also to create the environment for technological modernization and for modern political systems providing the rule of law, majority rule, social justice, and economic opportunity for most of the people most of the time.

Despite the angry and vengeful message of many Koranic verses, Islam was, after all, the faith of the tonga wallahs—men as good in the eyes of Allah as Zia-ul-Haq. A determined egalitarianism was projected in the pages of the Koran, and the religion had grown on the subcontinent as an alternative to the caste system. Though there were V.I.P. entrances to mosques, the faithful were taught that all men—women were a different matter, as they had been at the beginnings of the United States—were equal if they performed, with belief, the five duties of a Muslim: to say with full acceptance, “*La ilaha illah‘llah, wa-Muhammadun rasul-Allah*,” the Arabic for “There is no god but God, and Muhammad is His messenger;” to pray five times daily, facing toward Mecca, and to say Friday-noon prayers in a mosque; to give alms generously; to keep the fast of Ramazan; and once in a lifetime, if it is financially possible, to make the Hajj, the pilgrimage to Mecca.

“Wherein the principles of democracy, freedom, equality, tolerance, and social justice as enunciated by Islam shall be fully observed” is how an initial passage of the Constitution of the Islamic Republic of Pakistan, adopted in 1973, reads. And it says, “Now, therefore, we the people of Pakistan . . . faithful to the declaration made by the founder of Pakistan, Quaid-i-Azam, Muhammad Ali Jinnah, that Pakistan would be a democratic state based on Islamic principles of social justice . . .” That Constitution was suspended by Zia-ul-Haq, but, as I found out—and, more important, as he did, too—it was still a document of great weight to the people of the country, including the illiterate masses. “There seems to be a consensus emerging in the Majlis-i-Shura during the debate on the future system of government that the 1973 Constitution was a sacred document that should not be touched under any circumstances,” the *Muslim* reported on page 1 of its July 26, 1983, edition, during the period leading up to the Chief Martial Law Administrator’s promised announcement before Independence Day, August 14th, of a framework for Nizam-i-Mustafa, a “System of the Prophet.”

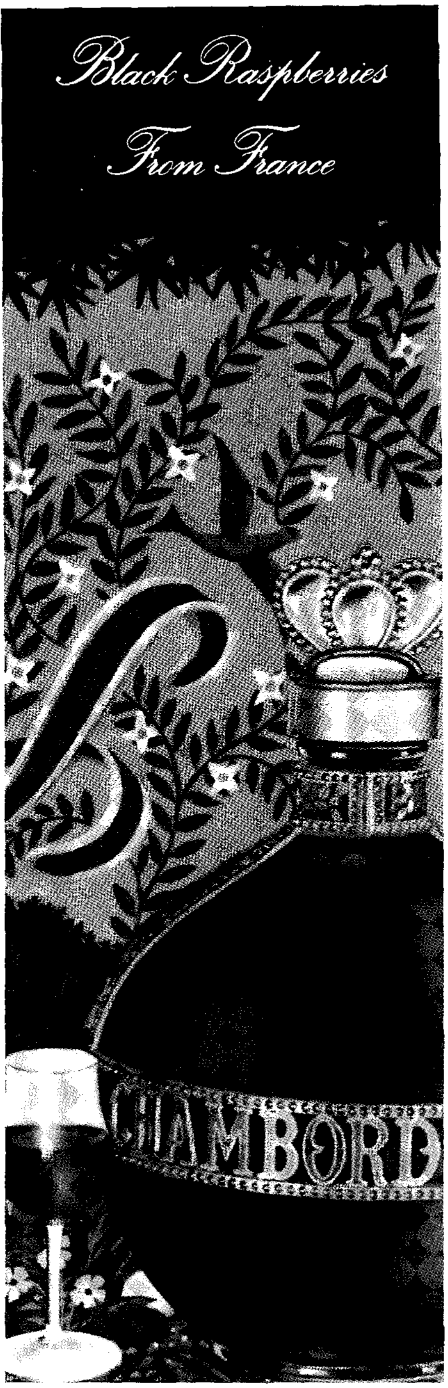
The system, Zia had promised, would include elections of some sort—“Islamic democracy.” I asked a Pakistani publisher of an Urdu-language daily newspaper whether there could really be such a thing as Islamic democracy.

“If it’s really democracy,” he answered, “who cares what they call it?”

“Can you preserve the old ways as modernization comes?” I asked a Pakistani intellectual, who had just been telling me how important it was for his people to find their own way instead of simply imitating the West.

“Preserve the way people live here?” he said, with a look I took to be perplexed. “Why would anyone want to do that?”

Islam tried to resist modernization



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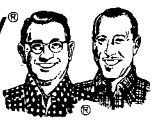

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once—for centuries. The price was enormous, and Pakistan is one of the Muslim countries still paying it. In the Middle Ages—the Dark Ages of Western civilization—science, mathematics, and medicine all flourished in the Arab world and Persia. It was our ancestors, not Muslims, who were painting themselves blue and dancing around rock piles to combat drought and plague. But over time the efforts of xenophobic Muslim leaders who were determined to resist the sinful advances of Western philosophy and science—earlier and greater versions of the Gujranwala *maulana* who cast out anyone who believed that men had walked on the moon—drove entire nations back to their origins, back in time to the sullen bliss of the ignorant. But what they didn't know was hurting them. In India, the descendants of the Muslim rulers of the seventeenth century gradually lost their feudal domination of the subcontinent's Hindu population. As the nineteenth century was ending, with the British in control of the subcontinent, earlier roles were reversed as the Hindus grabbed at the opportunities offered by education and the English language while the *maulanas* cursed white men and the darkness. Between 1858 and 1878, of thirty-one hundred graduates of Calcutta University only fifty-seven were Muslims. During the eighteen-eighties, fewer than one in twenty-five of the Indian students in British colleges were Muslims. Some of that was a product of British discrimination against Muslims because of their role in the Mutiny of 1857—an Indian Army uprising against British rule—but much of it was by choice. Muslims buried their heads in the sands of time.

A hundred years later, in 1983, Pakistan, the home of the ninety million descendants of the men who built the Taj Mahal and discovered much of early modern medicine, had twenty universities and thirteen physics professors. There were, according to one study, forty-five thousand one hundred and thirty-six scientists and engineers working on research and development in all the Islamic countries combined, compared with thirty-four thousand eight hundred in Israel alone—or four hundred thousand in Japan, or a million and a half in the Soviet Union.

But there was no debate, not anymore, about whether the Islamic Republic should accept and learn the technological ways of the West. "We

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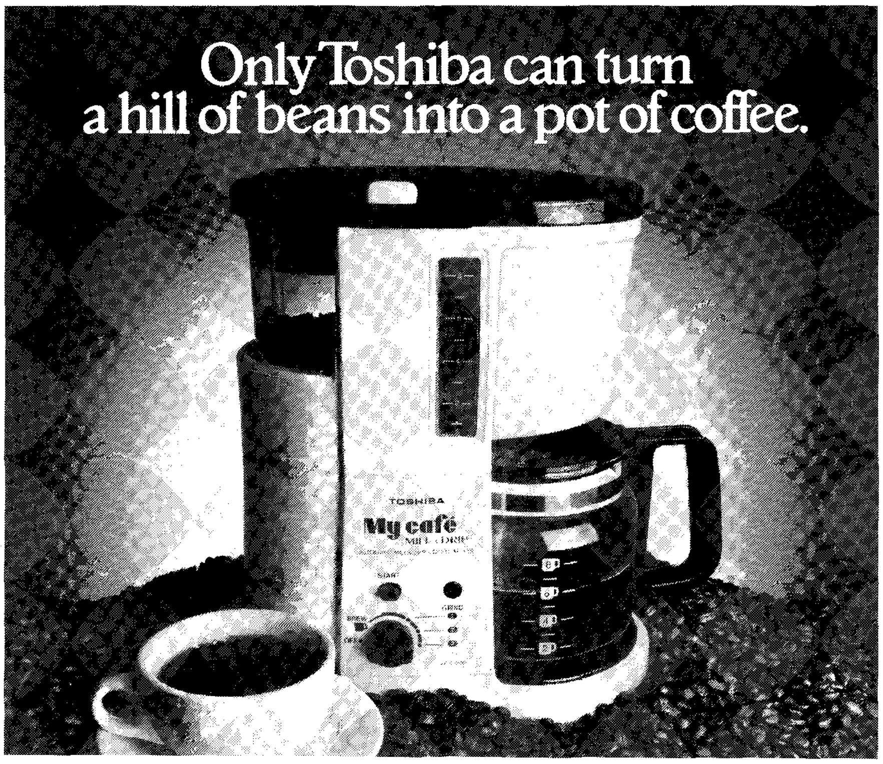
must be like the Mormons I have seen in your country,” said Fazl-ur-Rehman, the *maulana* from Lahore. “They are a religious people, like us, who have known persecution, as we have. They push their people into technology and the advanced fields. Television and universities are part of their church. They are not only up-to-date. They are ahead.”

The debate now was only over how to become part of that world of “advanced fields;” and Islam, the vessel of the old ways, was also being used, finally, as the agent of change. The science-and-technology section of the government’s Sixth Plan began by quoting the Koran: “In the change of the winds . . . are signs for a people that are wise.” It then got down to the business at hand: “Quantum jump in Science and Technology allocations—from Rs. 1,838 million in the Fifth Plan to Rs. 5,855 million—to accelerate progress towards early attainment of self-reliance in Science and Technology.” “Islam and Science” was practically a standing headline in newspapers.

The Islam I found in Pakistan was a more positive force, or field of force, than I had expected; but it was also less important than I had expected. It was not Islam that oppressed Pakistanis and enslaved the illiterate masses of the country. They were victims not of their faith but of things that have always oppressed men and women—force and greed. The worst thing I could say about Islam was that it made the oppression more bearable. Dreams of the next world, a paradise of gardens for the pure, made men—and women—more tolerant of the injustices of this one.

Islam was used for many things. As Zia-ul-Haq tried to restructure Pakistan to fit his own images by using the phrase “Islamization,” Zulfikar Ali Bhutto made the same effort before him with the phrase “Islamic socialism.” That is the way of the words and the worlds spiritual and political. But materialism and self-interest—wanting first what is necessary to survive and then wanting what other people have—are ways of the world, too. Pakistanis did not vote for Bhutto because he was a Muslim. Everyone was a Muslim in the Land of the Pure. In the villages and the slums of the cities, they voted for “*Roti, Kapra, aur Makan.*”

Abdul Hafia Kardar, a Lahore businessman who was once captain of the national cricket team, told me about



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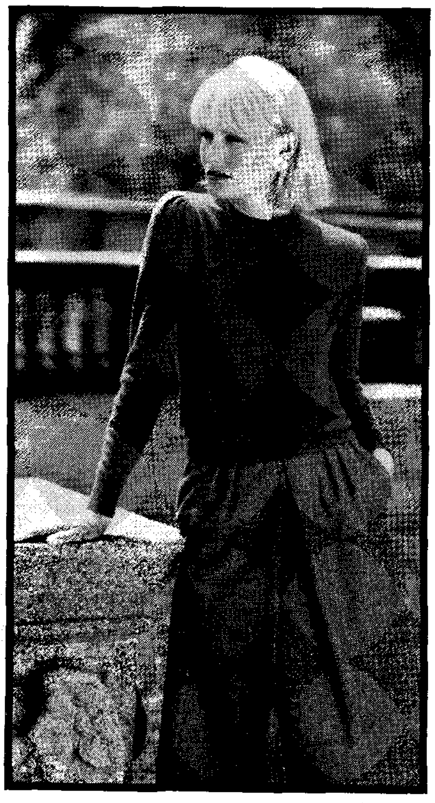

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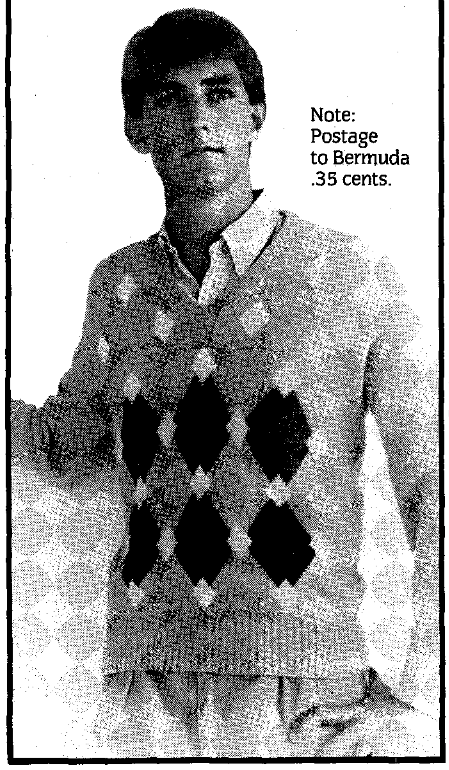

the first day he campaigned, in 1971, as a candidate for the Punjab State Assembly on the Pakistan People's Party ticket, headed by Bhutto.

"I went outside the city, where the farms began then," he said. "I saw a lady sitting—her husband was farming—and I asked her whether I could talk to her. She just stared at me, coldly, and finally said, 'Why?'

" 'Who owns the land where your husband is farming?' I said. She told me a name and pointed to a mosque far away and said this man owned everything up to the mosque. 'I'm running with Mr. Bhutto,' I said, 'and if Mr. Bhutto wins, *you're* going to own the land where you're sitting.'

" 'Sit down, brother,' she said. 'Tell me about that.' "

"MY sole aim is to organize free and fair elections . . . Soon after, power will be transferred to the elected representatives of the people," General Muhammad Zia-ul-Haq announced on July 5, 1977. The Chief of Staff of the Army was the spokesman for the group of generals that had planned the coup d'ētat that ended the public life of Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. General Zia pledged that the elections would be held within ninety days. Very little was known about Zia-ul-Haq when he took power. He had been a Bhutto appointee and loyalist, and it was widely assumed, in the country and outside, that he was not much more than a front man acting, perhaps reluctantly, for other military leaders. Even after seven years in power, not much is known about him—at least, not much by the standards of Western democracies with free, inquiring presses and with leaders driven to be liked and so fascinated with themselves that they assume that their people are just as interested in daily details of their lives and thoughts.

The best public information on the man who ran the ninth-largest country in the world was his four-page official biography. I also had some access to classified reports prepared by the United States Department of State and American intelligence agencies. "God, these things are short on information," said an American official reading the classified documents for me in Washington, and in terms of usable facts the official Pakistani version was little better. "Fortified by deep religious conviction, animated by the spirit of Islam, and sustained by an ideological 'ēlan vital,' General Mu-

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hammad Zia-ul-Haq, President and Chief Martial Law Administrator of Pakistan, is an enlightened and progressive soldier-statesman. . . .” That was the beginning of the Pakistani biography, and it did not lose its enthusiasm for the subject as it went on. He was born in Jullundur, now part of India’s East Punjab, on August 12, 1924, the son of an Army chaplain—a lower-middle-class *maulana* in uniform. He graduated from St. Stephen’s College, in Delhi, one of the better English colleges in India, and was commissioned as a cavalry officer in 1945, serving in Burma, Malaya, and Java at the end of the Second World War.

After Partition, according to his biography, Lieutenant Zia, who was already married, attended the Pakistan Army Staff College, at Quetta, and later served as an instructor at the college. In 1963, he attended the United States Command and General Staff College, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. In the 1965 war between India and Pakistan, he was a lieutenant colonel, but it was unclear from official biographies whether or not he served in combat. The question of whether or not he led troops in combat five years later, in 1970, when he was in Jordan, had long been debated—in whispers—in Pakistan. Whatever he was doing, he was in Jordan as an adviser to the Royal Army of King Hussein from 1969 to 1971—the period that included the Black September of 1970, when Jordanian troops attacked the Palestine Liberation Organization, driving Yasir Arafat and his troops into Lebanon. Zia, who was by then a brigadier general, returned to Pakistan—after the 1971 war with India over East Pakistan—and worked his way up the command ladder until 1976, when he was plucked from its second rung and elevated to Chief of Staff by Bhutto. It was generally believed that Bhutto selected Zia because he found him dull, dedicated, loyal, and controllable.

Bhutto was wrong, and so was the promise of “free and fair” elections. The deposed Prime Minister was executed—after a trial on charges that he was an accessory to the murder of a political opponent—and General Zia gradually destroyed the rule of law in Pakistan. By 1983, Pakistanis had no enforceable rights. Each and every person was subject to the judgments of military courts—courts of junior officers; courts without laws or lawyers, judgments without judges or ap-

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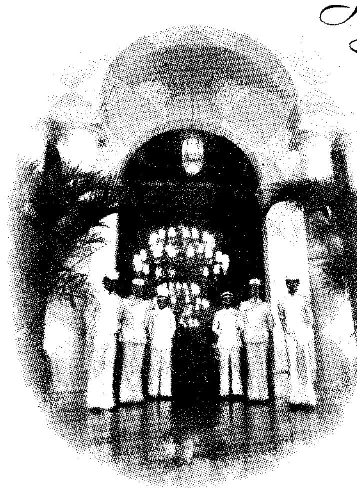

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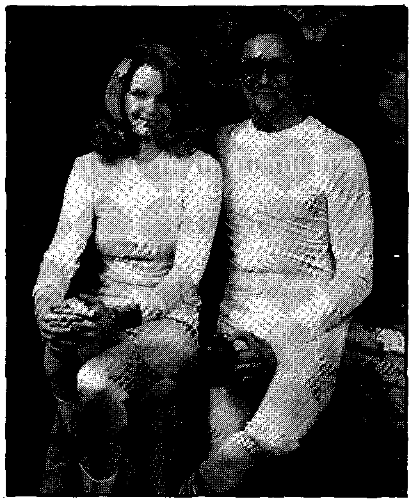

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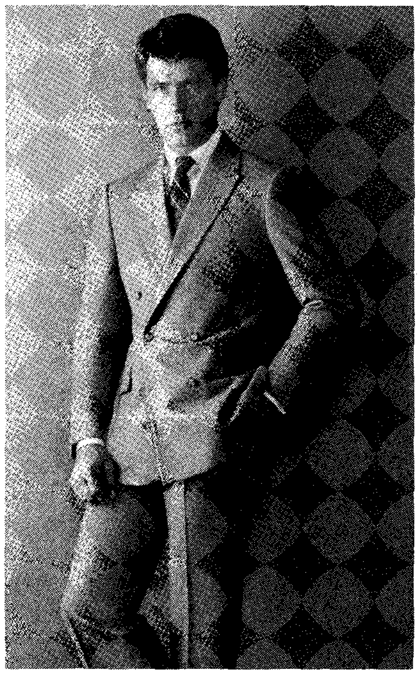

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peals. That done, the dilemma of the commander of the junior officers, General Zia, was to find the right time and the right way to legitimize his rule. He managed through his years of power to maintain the acrimonious divisions between the political parties —keeping the minority parties more against the P.P.P. than for elections —while attempting to create new political leaders and political structures through nonpartisan local elections and the appointed Majlis-i-Shura. He won the backing, or, at least, the tolerance, of most of the Western world—most important, of the United States—by welcoming the millions of Afghan refugees. And he even tried his luck with the general masses; in April of 1983, for instance, he spoke at an announced rally at Gujranwala, which has a population of four hundred thousand, and drew a crowd of about a hundred thousand. That was not considered good enough, however; in that part of the world the carnival spectacle of political rallies is often enough to attract many hundreds of thousands of people.

But, as skillful as Zia was, his time seemed to be running out. Because there is usually little behind the front line of guns, dictators like Zia have to be extremely careful about any domestic confrontations in which the line might be breached or confronted for very long—once it is, soldiers tend to change sides or throw away their uniforms. Zia had been quick to back down at the first marches of any mass movement; when Shia Muslims began demonstrating against the *zakat*, their demands were met within days. Further, because unelected governments can rarely trade on either the demonstrated support or the constituent pressures of their nations, they are notoriously weak in negotiations with outsiders. Dictators generally have no voting numbers and few cheers to demonstrate that great numbers of people back their decisions. All they have is the power to impose their will on great numbers, but in that power there is inherent weakness.

"The military regimes look strong, but they are weak, because of the constant uncertainty about the future," said an executive in Lahore. "We have an interim, imposed stability, and that may have been necessary. But after a while there came to be uncertainty about the future. No one knew what would happen next. That has great impact on commerce and industry. Pakistan's capital went overseas

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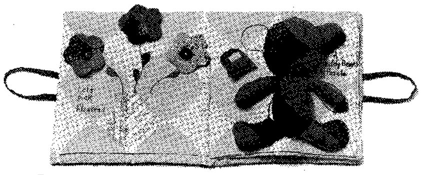

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when Bhutto began nationalizing everything, and it's still there—the money Pakistan needs to build a modern state. The time has come for a change, for a government with prospects for the future. The changeover should have happened about two years ago. But you, the United States, won't allow that. The Americans are what's sustaining Zia now."

And the Americans had been quietly pressuring Zia for years to reëstablish at least the forms of Pakistani democracy. As part of that process, the general began arresting politicians (not for the first time) on August 3, 1983. Newspapers, in small headlines and stories over the next eight days, reported: "20 Political Workers Detained," "12 Political Leaders Held in Quetta," "6 MRD Workers Held in NWFP," "MRD Student Body Chief's Father Arrested." The idea was to make sure that no one would make trouble on August 12th. President Muhammad Zia-ul-Haq was about to speak to the nation on democracy.

"It will be our endeavor, *Insha'allah*, to present a positive framework for a Muslim state and a truly Islamic system before the nation by next Independence Day," the President and Chief Martial Law Administrator had said as he raised the flag of Pakistan at the country's Independence Day celebration on August 14, 1982. On August 12, 1983, he kept that promise in an address to the Majlis-i-Shura. The flags and bunting went up around the old National Assembly Hall in the center of Islamabad the day before. Attendance at the speech was by engraved invitation only, and the small crowd of diplomats, journalists, and V.I.P.s—about a hundred of us—was settled in place in the balcony ten minutes before the President was scheduled to appear.

The President was dressed in a long gray tunic. The two hundred and fifty Majlis members, in some of the many costumes of the country or in Western-style business suits, sat in eleven rows in front of him—ten rows of men and a row of women. ("Majlis," meaning "assembly," was the name used officially for the pseudo-legislature, but people generally called it the Shura, because that word has a double meaning in Punjabi—"adviser" and "pimp.") After an opening prayer, Zia said that he had been following the debates of the Majlis and the discussions of democracy in the newspapers. He said that he had also

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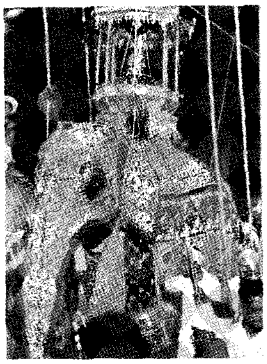

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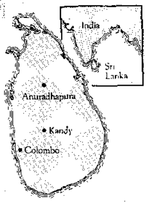

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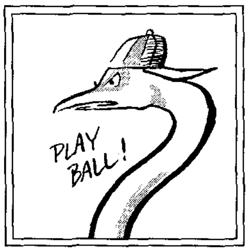

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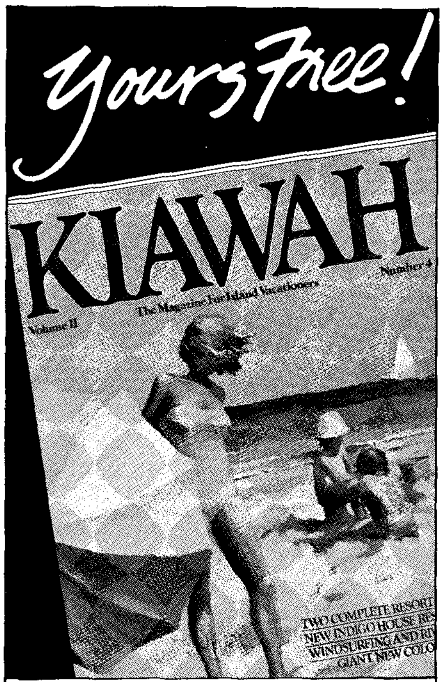

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studied and consulted with scholars, but that he had been most impressed by the opinions and ideas of the public. "The men who matter perhaps do not give them any importance because they are illiterate or semiliterate," he said. But he intended to—and he had determined that they wanted one thing above all others: Islamic government. He had determined that, he said, by reading letters to the editor in the newspapers. "After contemplation and exchanges of views with my colleagues on this subject, I have come to the conclusion that at this time there are three options open to us: First, that the 1973 Constitution be restored . . ." Applause stopped Zia, but it was premature. When he was able to continue, he said, ". . . be restored as it is. Second, that after the abrogation of this Constitution, a new Constitution be framed and approval of the people be sought on it. And, third, that the 1973 Constitution be enforced after necessary amendments."

Zia picked the third option. Then he sketchily outlined the "necessary amendments"—destroying the parliamentary form of the Constitution in favor of an indirectly elected President with almost dictatorial powers and a National Security Council of military chiefs with the power to declare a state of "emergency." The President would be chosen by elected members of the National Assembly and would then have the power to select and dismiss prime ministers and to accept or reject legislation voted by the Assembly.

"Zia," the man next to me said. "He wants to be the civilian President."

The speech had been going on for an hour and fifteen minutes. Zia was listing what he called the new "rules and regulations" of the "elections." Some members of the Assembly would be appointed rather than elected, to insure that religious leaders and certain professional groups would be represented. "You should know that personal canvassing is not permissible according to Islam," he said. And he said, "One person, one vote"—but a quota of women members would be maintained, apparently one in ten.

When? When would elections be held?

Finally: "Election for local bodies . . . will be completed in the current year" (these elections had, in fact, already been scheduled). "The elections for provincial and national assemblies and the senate will be held and this phase will, *Insha'allah*, be completed by March 23, 1985."

Elections within nineteen months. A Pakistani reporter took out a pocket calculator. When Zia-ul-Haq took power, he had promised elections in ninety days. That was six years one month and seven days ago. So on that basis Zia intended to stay in power for thirty-six years eight months and twelve days longer.

"Martial law will be lifted when the democratic process is restored after this phased election program," Zia said. "Oh, the believers, obey God, His Prophets, and those who are in power amongst you," Zia quoted from the Koran. Then he quoted the words of the Prophet: "He who obeyed me, verily obeyed the Lord, and he who disobeyed me verily disobeyed the Lord. And he who obeys his Amir [ruler] verily obeys me and he who disobeys his Amir verily disobeys me."

Zia's listeners were getting a bit weary as he passed the hour-and-a-half mark. But they seemed pleased. The diplomats across the aisle seemed content. The Americans were smiling and nodding to one another. This was "democratization"—a plan for return to civilian rule. Better than many people expected. Diplomatic service in a far place made one a gradualist; the diplomats took what they thought they could get. So American diplomats were applauding, with a certain enthusiasm.

I was making a list as Zia spoke. What did he represent to the United States? Order. Order was most important to us. Stability—same thing. Efficiency—relative efficiency. Sovereignty. Economic growth—some of that. Another list. What was he against? Change. The rule of law. Political freedoms. Majority rule. Freedom of choice. Democracy. Hope. Add bread, and a couple of other material things, and the second list could be the agenda of the illiterate masses—the ones who didn't write letters to the editor.

At the top of that second list I put "Them." At the top of the first list I put "Us." Zia was our man. The Chief Martial Law Administrator was pursuing the American agenda as well as he could in that part of the world. And the Americans there I found to be

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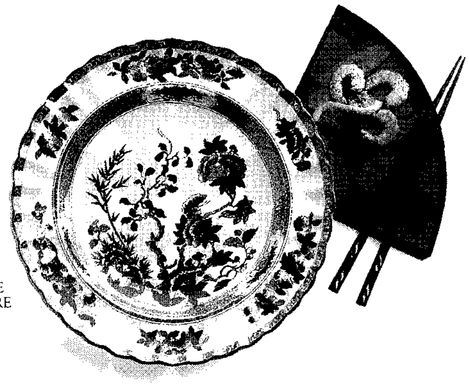

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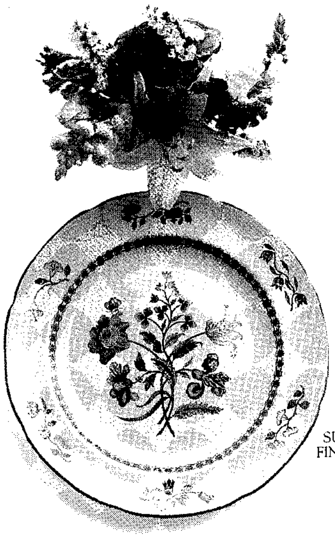

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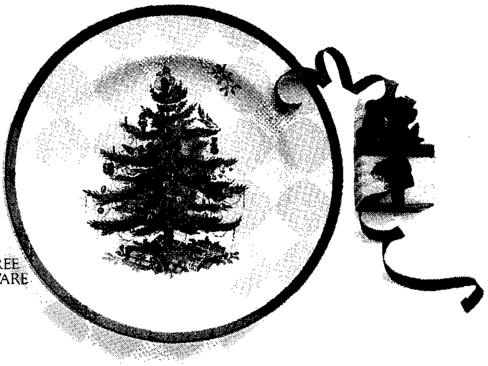

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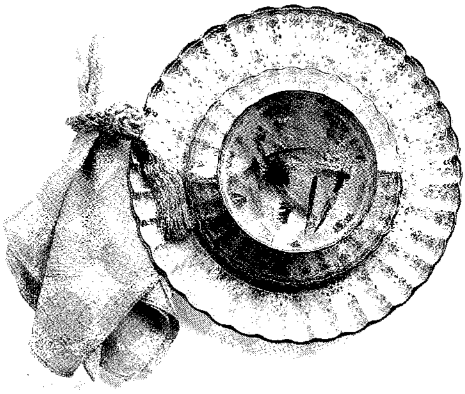

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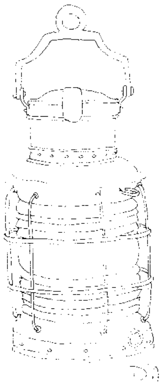
"I tried to make it clear every day that our support was not for a man or a system but for a country and a people," the former American Ambassador, Ronald Spiers, told me in the summer of 1983, after he left Pakistan. "We made every effort to maintain contact with the opposition to Zia, although I must say I found him to be a more estimable man than most of the politicians. What could we do? I asked politicians and intellectuals the same question each time; I asked it a hundred times: 'Should we refuse to give economic aid to the military government—particularly the aid that goes to rural areas? Should we stop that aid? Should we stop the military aid to your country?' Only one man of the hundred answered yes. Then they would ask me why the Americans did not support elections. Why didn't we force Zia to hold elections? Leaving aside the question of whether we actually had the power to do that, my answer was: 'That would be gross interference in the internal affairs of your country. Elections are your problem.' "



Spiers was a very good Ambassador. I was not the only person who thought that, because in August of 1983 he was appointed Under-Secretary of State for Management. He had, I was told, been quietly effective in persuading President Zia to slow down his country's nuclear-weapons research and to speed up efforts toward conciliation with India. He had also organized, without public embarrassment, functioning support and weapons-supply systems for the Mujahideen fighting the Russians inside Afghanistan. Zia, he thought, was honest and sincere and the best that America could do out there. "Consultative dictator" was a phrase that I was told the Ambassador used privately to describe the ruler of Pakistan.

That ruler closed his "democratization" speech with these words: "Now let us attend to the rights of man, and save humanity, as in it lie the blessings of God and if we are able to gain the blessings of God then we will succeed in this world and hereafter. *Pakistan Paindabad*." Or "Long live Pakistan."

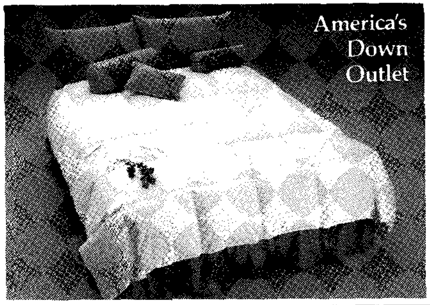
"OUR great ideal, the United States of America and its human rights," an important Pakistani reporter said the next morning with a mixture of sarcasm and bitterness in his voice. A cynical man. We were whispering, because we were in the President's house, in Rawalpindi, waiting for him to appear for his press conference after the speech to the nation. "Then, when the Americans come, they talk just like the people who are killing us. You don't have to take us too seriously, do you? We're a frightened people. I'm frightened. Someone talks here, someone gets picked up, and he's beaten up. The better classes here aren't used to that. We get the message, and each of us knows he can't take it. We're too soft. If we get together to do something, they've always got new and better tear gas from the Americans. From you."

Zia-ul-Haq came in, relieving my discomfort. There were fifty reporters in the room, almost half of them from other countries, and the questions from foreigners, in English, concentrated on two subjects: Was Zia planning to be the new President? Would political parties be allowed to take part in elections?

The questions were repeated again and again, in different forms, but Zia, smiling easily, stuck to his two answers: "I've never anticipated anything for myself, although I've anticipated many things for Pakistan. So, I'll leave that part out" and "We'll wait and see about the parties."

The session went on and on, for more than an hour, with fewer and fewer questions and longer and longer answers.

The President was enjoying himself. "My only ambition in life is to complete the process of Islamization so that there will be no turning back. . . . The Islamization process is a lifetime job. . . . The general society itself—you have to put their aims and objec-



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tives straight on the path of righteousness. And that's what I call Islamization."

"He used to be sensitive to world opinion, particularly American opinion," said my friend the Pakistani journalist. "Bhutto was, too. That was always one of our protections—'The Americans want elections. The Americans don't like torture.' But Zia doesn't have to worry about the world anymore. He thinks the Americans will support whatever he does."

"U.S. Interests and Objectives Regarding Pakistan" was the title of the briefing that the State Department and the Defense Department provided for the House Foreign Affairs Committee on March 9, 1983, and the briefers were direct and clear: "South and Southwest Asia is a region of critical strategic importance to the United States, presently threatened by Soviet expansionism. We are committed to the search for peace and stability within the region and to the safeguarding of the supply of oil critical to U.S. and Western security."

That was the interest: the oil tankers that went through the Arabian Sea from the Persian Gulf to the West. They steamed out there somewhere beyond the ship breakers working at Gadani Beach. Behind the beaches, the deserts of Baluchistan stretched into Iran and Afghanistan and, finally, almost a thousand miles away, to the borders of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

It was in our interest to control that territory—"safeguarding the sealanes" was the term of superpower art—and, therefore, to control the people in it, even the nomads I saw through the mists of dust and time behind Gadani. But that was close to impossible. Pakistan was difficult to define, much less to control; there was too much of it—too many places, too many eras. Perhaps, somehow, it could be conquered, but the United States did not have the national will to undertake conquest. We are materialists—it is our way to buy what we want. Yet, as rich as the United States is, we can't buy nations of almost a hundred million people.

But we could buy the Army and the Air Force and the Navy of Pakistan, and we did that. It was not difficult to make them financially and technologically dependent on us—for everything from F-16 planes and M-48 tanks to the tuition for the children of generals in universities at Palo Alto, California, and Boston, Massachusetts. We

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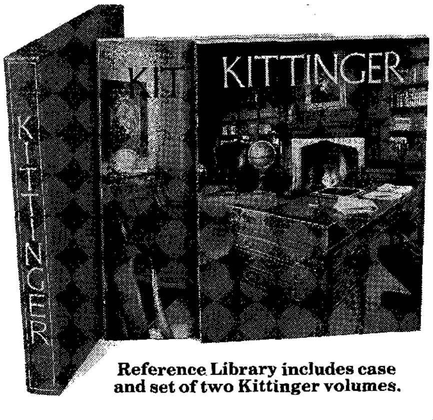

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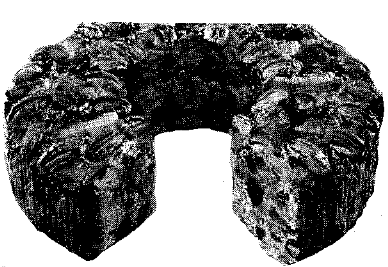

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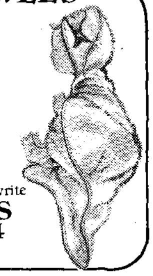

bought control of the people who controlled the military. Therefore, it was in the American interest for the military to rule Pakistan.

It was a bargain. The official figure for six years was three billion two hundred million dollars in military and economic aid, and the real figure might be twenty-five per cent higher, but most of that money would be recycled. Some of it was loans. Most of it had to be used to buy American equipment.

Travelling in Pakistan, going back and forth in time, from Gadani Beach to Karachi, from Islamabad to Bumburet, I often found myself thinking that the United States would do better to use its great wealth, which was partly my wealth, just to offer some aid that was not glorious, complicated, or obviously geopolitical, such as figuring out how Pakistanis could teach each other basic sanitation—just the connection between filth and disease—and basic literacy, in any language. The shame of the United States of America was that in countries under American patronage, among them Pakistan, the illiterate masses stayed illiterate, while in countries under Soviet patronage, among them Cuba and Nicaragua, people learned to read and write within one generation.

Why were we the ones afraid of literacy, the great carrier of modernization? I was astounded to realize that my country, the one place and the one people with the most to gain materially and spiritually from the modernization of other people, was out there resisting the most fundamental linkage between the old and the new—literacy. If we believed in the way we lived and in what we said, in our own history and our own spirit, then it was in our interest for people to hear it and understand it—to know more of the ways of the modern world and the ideas that created and moved people like us, living on another level of time. Instead, we picked friends in Pakistan whose stated commitment to modernization emphasized technology over ideas—as if they could somehow use one and reject the other. Zia-ul-Haq, with a perception influenced more by Machiavelli than by Muhammad, understood that the more things Pakistanis knew, the worse things were going to be for the military. Mass illiteracy served the purpose of our friends in Pakistan—prêservation of the status quo of the masses—and the United States seemed quite comfortable

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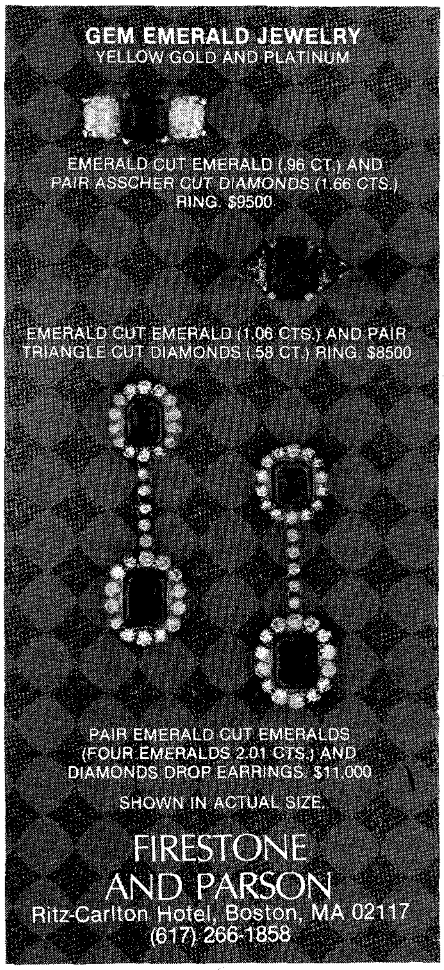

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in going along with that. The government of Pakistan at least announced rural literacy programs, even if a proposed study of the accomplishments of three hundred and fifty new schools in the rural Punjab revealed that they existed only on paper. But *the government of the United States* specifically excluded such programs from its aid package to Pakistan. "We were just spread too thin to bother with things like literacy," an official of the Agency for International Development told me after I returned to the United States. "Why don't you try someone over at the World Bank or the United Nations? That's more their style."

Usually, the American style was dollars for defense. But those dollars, too—at least half of the total of three billion two hundred million dollars—preserved the status quo. And it was not only that the military aid helped keep the military in power. There was also the suspicion among many American officials—angry and dismayed in private—that after Zia and the other generals had painted crescent moons on all their new American planes and tanks their guns would be pointed east—not north toward America's enemy, Russia, but toward Pakistan's old enemy, India. "The most discouraging thing out here has been trying to nudge the Pakistanis a little closer to the Indians," one of those Americans said. "And vice versa for our people in Delhi. It's not only a question of preventing future wars between them and preventing a nuclear-arms race between them—which, God knows, is important enough. It's the realization that real security against Soviet expansionism in this part of the world finally depends on some sort of alliance between Pakistan and India. Pakistan alone could be vulnerable, unless you assume we are going into combat with it—which is ridiculous. Together, though, Pakistan and India would be too much for even a superpower to confront. But we can't crack the old attitudes."

Preserving the status quo for as long as possible, holding off the future, it seemed, was the most likely historic role and purpose of the rule of Zia-ul-Haq. Talking of elections and of the transfer of power to civilians was generally seen as a trick of the trade of military dictatorship. There was a pervasive and debilitating sense while I was there that General Zia had no intention of giving up power voluntarily. Few people, Pakistani or foreign,

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believed that the men in uniform intended to hold national elections they did not control, or would allow the installation of a government they did not control. So pressure was building as modern power-sharing was forcibly retarded. "Time bomb" was a cliché, but clichés come into being because they describe people, places, and situations so well—and Pakistan was a time bomb, a nation that might be shattered by explosions if its internal pressures were not vented into the creation of a truly modern state.

From the day it was founded, there has been danger that Pakistan could shatter into modern feudalism. That could happen in much of the Third World as post-colonial Western maps and models prove inadequate to govern the life of the illiterate masses—with changing military or military-based regimes proclaiming central government while violence is the real arbiter of political power in the countryside. If it did happen in Pakistan, then, for a long time, no matter what was written in constitutions and on maps, great areas of its rural regions and urban slums would be little more than fiefdoms—going their own traditional ways under an ignored national flag and faraway superpower patronage. That disintegration, beginning, perhaps, with separatist movements in Baluchistan and Khyber, would be encouraged and helped along as it happened by the Soviet Union—but it would have already been encouraged by America's backing of the historic domination of the nation by the military élite of the Punjab. The United States seemed blindly committed to working on Pakistan from the top down while change in the society was almost certainly coming from the bottom up.

The masses of Pakistan, reacting to a confused identification of military government and semifeudal economics with modern democratic capitalism, might effect change by moving toward socialism. That could begin with some of the excitement of overthrowing the military—celebrations in the name of bread and democracy ending, perhaps, with most of the bindings of authoritarianism, if not totalitarianism. Although it may be heresy for an American to say it, socialism might offer the most stable and most modern and modernizing future for Pakistan—over the next couple of decades, at least. I could not conceive of a lot of short-term benefits in an American-model economic system for most of the

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people of Pakistan most of the time. American ideas of competition and free enterprise superimposed on an almost feudal economy—on the shipbreaking of Gadani Beach and the agricultural fiefdoms of the Sind and the Punjab—would be an irrational choice for the people of Pakistan at this stage of the country's development, if they actually were ever to have a voice in their own destiny. While Pakistan struggled through the difficulties of modernization, some sort of socialism would probably have much more to offer the country's awakening materialists. They could get some education, maybe some land, if feudal power bases were cracked by a central government that could survive without holding back the power-sharing, materialist forces of the future. But if there were to be a progression to socialism in Pakistan I did not think that it would follow any pattern familiar to Karl Marx, nor would it lead eventually to Communism—neither the pure form he envisioned in Western industrial nations nor the totalitarian perversion practiced and propagated by the Soviet Union.

Men and events in India—and the part of it that became Pakistan—have never managed to accommodate Western analysis and prognosis. The place and the people have never been kind to observers and visitors seeking truth or the power that comes from seeing the future. Another earnest representative of that discouraging heritage, I ended my first visit believing that Pakistan would not become a Communist country—certainly the Muslims would resist Communism mightily—and that Pakistani national history would probably stand Marxist theory on its head. Pakistan, with intelligent help from its friends—which I hoped would include the United States and India—could progress fairly quickly from feudalism, through the jumbled ancient and modern systems that I found, to a few generations of socialism before joining the modern world one day with a mixed economy of centralized planning and free enterprise and a democratic political system compatible with the arguments of Islam.

The next period of Pakistan's history, after almost forty years of attempts, both successful and unsuccessful, to impose Western political and economic systems on the nation, will decide whether or not there will be an Islamic Republic, whether Pakistan can survive as an independent country. Three choices—or projections, since

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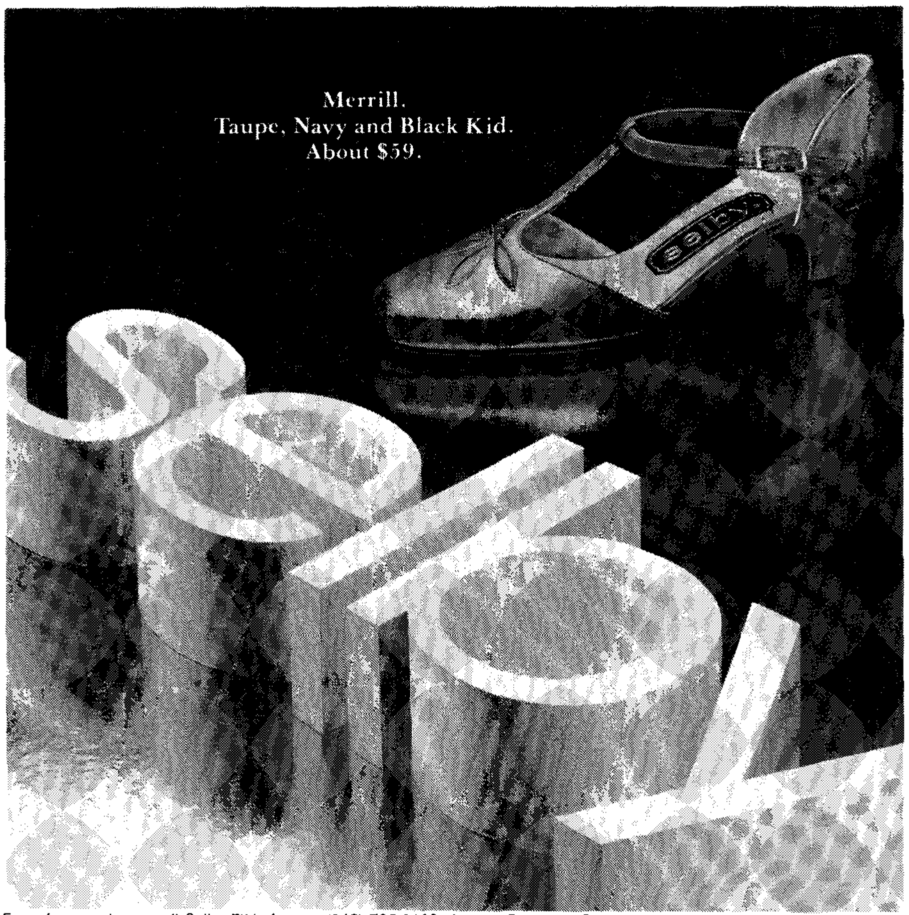
choice might not be much of a factor in what happens next—seemed obvious to me after I was there: one, more military dictatorship, increasingly repressive; two, the violent chaos of the shattering of the country put on maps by British arrogance and Muslim determination; three, a fumbling, frustrating attempt to create a Pakistan that would be more modern and more democratic—economically as well as politically—and more socialist than the countries usually favored by American patronage.

The third option could be the American option. Pakistan has to find its own way to the future. Generations of modernization breaking up the patterns of the past into some sort of centralized socialist (not Communist) state seemed to me to be necessary to create and shape the forces—literacy and rampant materialism among them—that could bring Pakistan into the modern world with a productive economic system that was more free than slave and a democracy that existed off the pages of abrogated constitutions. Pakistanis whose materialist cravings for bread and books were satisfied would be a pretty good bet to begin moving toward abstractions like the rule of law, political freedom, majority rule, social justice, and economic opportunity. Those abstractions are what America is supposed to be about, and if we are wrong in thinking that people anywhere in the world with some security and some education will choose and fight for those things for themselves and their children, then we are wrong about everything. If that is not what being an American means, then we should not worry about trying to make the world think and act like Americans, because we are doomed to fail in our missions in Pakistan and many other places.

I came back thinking that if the United States does fail this time in Pakistan—if we "lose" Pakistan—it will not be because American ideas and ideals were not worthy but because we didn't seem to think that illiterate masses were worthy of sharing them. Without those ideas, what were we out there? Just more people with guns. It seemed possible that we would not be there much longer. On the day after my wife and I went to the Presidency for Independence Day in 1983 and sipped tea with President Zia-ul-Haq, we went to Lahore for, among other things, dinner with a young lawyer and his wife. She came alone. He had been arrested that day. The



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police had come at two-thirty in the morning, but he had already gone into hiding. In the afternoon, with other attorneys, he had appeared at the Lahori Gate, volunteering to be arrested for violating orders against public assembly. "Courting arrest" was the local term. He was taken to a jail in a smaller city, a day's drive away. There would be no trial; probably he would be released in quieter times—perhaps in a few months.

"Police started mild caning to disperse the crowd at the gate," the Karachi daily *Dawn* reported. Still, the dinner was pleasant. The woman spoke of her impressions, generally favorable, of a recent trip to the United States. When we were leaving, she said, "You realize, don't you, that when Zia goes, you go?"

The young lawyer was one of more than seven thousand Pakistanis arrested during demonstrations and riots in cities across the country after Zia announced there would be no national elections for as much as a year and a half. More than six hundred people were also believed to have been killed in the riots of August and September of 1983. But the lawyer and most of the others arrested were out of jail when I returned almost a year later, in June of 1984.

New restrictions had been placed on the press during the year, and President Zia explained them—from his viewpoint—when we met again in his den at home in Rawalpindi, a manly room of guns and swords and autographed photographs of the leaders of the world. "The press in Pakistan is as free as it can be under the present circumstances," he said. "Except for a little check I've introduced—of not reporting political news. I don't want people to waste their time on politics at the present time. The parties are practically dormant anyway. This is a military regime."

It was Eid-ul-Fitr again, the holiday of celebration and thanksgiving after the fasting of Ramazan, and the leader of the regime had cast himself in the role of Mogul ruler, receiving all who came to the gate of one of the Victorian government guesthouses in Rawalpindi. For seven hours, Muhammad Zia-ul-Haq stood in a simple white *shalwar kameez*, accepting the good wishes and hearing the complaints of thousands who had waited in line to shake his hand or kiss it, embrace him, receive an envelope with a few hundred rupees.

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"What do you think?" a deputy minister asked me as the line moved toward the last man.

"I think it's very impressive," I said.

"What do you think of the President?"

"I think he's impressive, too," I said, pausing to choose my words with care. "Intelligent. Determined. Resourceful. Courageous. Very skillful."

"It would be very dangerous for people like you to write such things," he said.

"Dangerous? Why?"

"Because Americans must not believe this is what the people of Pakistan want."

"What do the people want?" I asked.

"We are speaking unofficially?"

"Yes, of course."

"People here are the same as people in America. The people want democracy. The people want justice. The people want freedom."

—RICHARD REEVES

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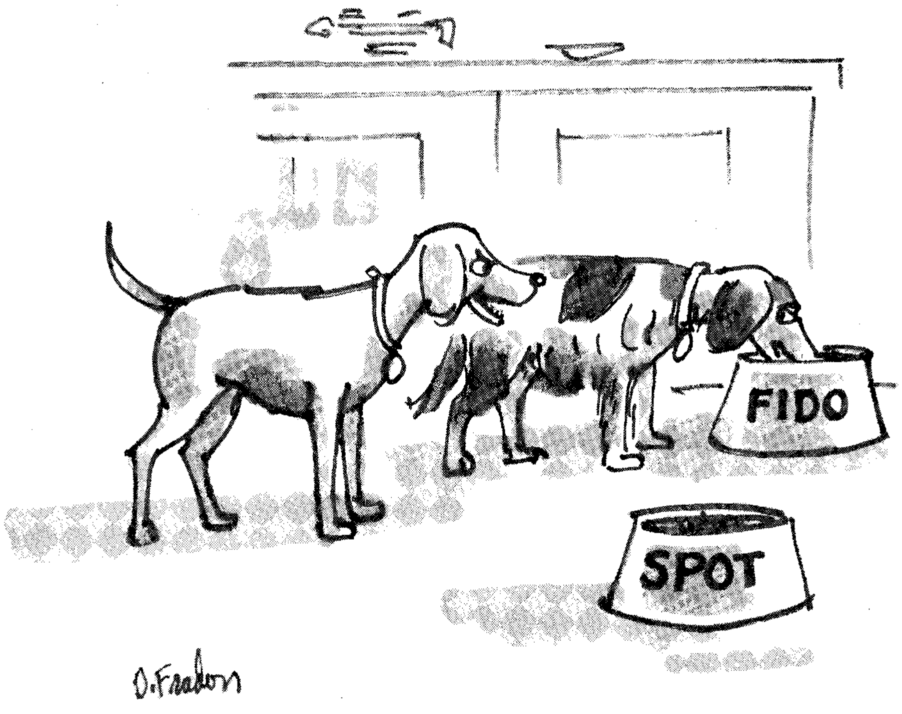
"Dreamscape" starts with Eddie Albert as the President of the United States, who is tan and fit-looking in his bed in the Western White House but is racked by nightmares of nuclear war; seeking peace for himself as well as for the world, he decides to make a disarmament deal with the Russians, and arranges for a conference in Geneva. Max von Sydow is a research scientist who, with Kate Capshaw as his assistant, has a small experimental project in one wing of a Los Angeles college hospital; there especially gifted psychics attempt to enter the dream world of the tortured patients whose disorders have been resistant to other treatment, locate their unconscious fears, and help the patients conquer them. Dennis Quaid is Alex, a young psychic who has been having a fine time hanging out at the race track picking winners and making out with girls; when von Sydow sends for him, Alex discovers that he doesn't have any choice in the matter—government agents come for him. Von Sydow is a decent enough fellow, but his project has been financed by the government, and it's under the aegis of Christopher Plummer, the head of covert intelligence, who will do anything to prevent what he regards as the weakening of our defense system. He is so sleekly entrenched in power that even the President dare not touch him, and he is a man known for his patriotism and his rectitude. When he suggests that the President spend a night at the hospital to see if he can be helped, the President assents. Plummer doesn't believe in taking chances: in addition to controlling the project, he has a special relation to one of the resident psychics—David Patrick Kelly—who knows exactly what Plummer wants him to do and has no compunction about doing it. Meanwhile, Alex is honing his skills, working with von Sydow and Capshaw's psychiatric patients by entering the funniest, most audacious dream sequences I've seen on the screen since the 1962 "The Manchurian Candidate"—which was also a fantasy thriller about a political assassination (and was also, as I recall, dismissed by most of the press).

The young director Joseph Ruben made his first feature, "The Sister-in-Law," in 1973, not long after finishing his film courses at the University of Michigan. (He was twenty-three.) That was followed by "The Pom Pom Girls" and two more pictures about teen-agers—"Joyride," and "Our Winning Season," which also starred Dennis Quaid. In "Dreamscape," Ruben takes you out on little flights of parody and imagination, and then snaps you back—everything fits into place. He's an entertainer-director; he starts off with a cocky swagger, and he can sustain it, because he has the bedrock of a script, by David Loughery, Chuck Russell, and himself, that has real development and structure. This sharp-witted script (with its echo of an early passage in "Gravity's Rainbow") makes it possible for him to use the dream sequences as separate extravaganzas, suspense stories, and jokes. Though we enter these dreams with Alex, each of them belongs to a different dreamer—with whom Alex then interacts—and each dream is in a different, easily identifiable style. A boy patient who's terrified of going to sleep because "the snakeman" is out to get him dreams in the Joe Dante manner of "The Howling" and the Dante cartoon episode of "Twilight Zone." When Alex, who hasn't been able to break through Kate Capshaw's professional aplomb, catches her napping in her office and sneaks into her dream, it's in the languorous soft-core-porn style of "Emmanuelle"—Alex joins her in her train compartment, she tears off his shirt, and they make gauzy, passionate love. (When she awakes, she glowers at him.) The President's dream is in the manner of John Carpenter's "Escape from New York" and George Romero's "Night of the Living Dead." And it seems perfectly natural for the dreams to be in these movie styles, because, of course, people's dreams do take off from the movies. (Would the President be likely to have seen Carpenter and Romero pictures? It's hard to tell, but President Reagan sometimes whiles away his mornings at Camp David watching movies.) The dream sequences are designed slyly, artfully—the snakeman dream has a great, twisty staircase (a stark-mad staircase that might have come out of Dr. Caligari's fertile mind). Each dream advances the plot while having an enjoyable sophomoric bounce of its own. As the movie proceeds, we may notice that its atmosphere has become more nocturnal. By the time Alex is being chased by Plummer's men, who are shooting at him, his reality has become as crazily dark as the horror dreams.

"Dreamscape" really moves, and its movie jokes (such as a quick display of martial arts out of "Enter the Dragon" and a visual allusion to "The Pom-Pom Girls") don't slow it down. They're part of the texture—part of the characters' consciousness. The actors seem to be eager and on their toes; they seem to enjoy thinking



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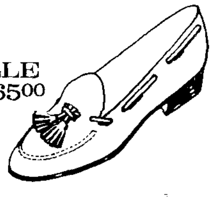

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well of themselves, and the director must be in on it. The whole movie has a playful cockiness working along with the suspense. (This extends even to the dream décor: the tilt of that staircase to no paradise makes you gasp and laugh.) The main characters are all smart and, in varying degrees, highly intuitive—in the case of Quaid's Alex and David Patrick Kelly's Tommy Ray Glatman, preternaturally so. Quaid plays smart here as convincingly as he played dumb in "All Night Long," and he does it without the element of moral ambivalence that he used as Gordo Cooper in "The Right Stuff." Quaid combines braininess with a physical ease; he's completely unapologetic about playing a smart character, and he manages to suggest that Alex is capable of putting his brains to use. Quaid plays intelligence and intuition as a sexy advantage, and his slightly mocking free-and-easy manner makes it possible for him to hold his own against Kelly, whose cunningly evil Tommy Ray might otherwise have walked away with the picture. As Kelly demonstrated in a smaller part in "The Warriors," he has a gift for giggly psychopathology of the kind that movies thrive on; his performance here is in the tradition of Richard Widmark's tittering Tommy Udo in "Kiss of Death." Kelly never lays it on that flamboyantly, yet his thin-lipped, calculating sadism gives the assassination plot the primal terror it needs. Small and compact—as if the better to slither in and out of the walls—Tommy Ray enters a woman's dream and shocks her into a massive coronary, just for practice. He's pleased at his prowess; he gives himself an A. When von Sydow first tells Alex about the research he wants him to engage in, the two actors seem to enjoy their interplay—they appear to be charming each other. When Christopher Plummer, the arch-patriot, talks to Tommy Ray, the killer, there's another kind of interplay: Plummer is such a past master at suggesting that there's something tainted about his characters that when he addresses Tommy Ray as "son," the little psycho psychic does seem to be his offspring—a devil child.

Plummer's trying to use psychics for secret political purposes may suggest the John Cassavetes role in De Palma's "The Fury," but it's only a superficial resemblance. This movie doesn't have obsessive, hallucinatory moments of greatness, like "The Fury"—it's an efficient, clever thriller in happy control. I suppose some people might call it a B picture, because it doesn't aspire to be anything more than a clever thriller. But it's awfully good for what it is. Joseph Ruben lays things out simply and clearly; the narrative is easy to respond to, yet none of the actors wear labels and you never get the feeling that they're trying to act up to some big conception. Everybody in the movie seems distinctive and perfectly comprehensible, and that goes even for the sharpers at the track who are furious at Alex for not letting them in on which horses are going to win, and the thugs who do Plummer's bidding. Kate Capshaw plays in a comedy style that's completely different from the shrillness she affected in "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom." She's funny in a much softer way; she has reddish light-brown hair and an intimate, small voice that's full of comic modulations, and, sitting in that train compartment, she somehow sexualizes every inch of herself. Ruben's light touch brings out a form of acting magic: the actors here respond to each other so intuitively that their leaping into each other's heads seems just one more step. It seems to be just what intuitive people ought to be able to do.

WITH some movie stars, the more successful they become the less interesting they are. In "Country," the opening-night presentation of the New York Film Festival, Jessica Lange doesn't have a single scene in which she shows anything like the giddy sensuousness she brought to "King Kong," or the heat she brought to "The Postman Always Rings Twice," or the tension in her "Frances," or even the cuddle-me dreaminess she had in "Tootsie." She's doing a performance that's all interior, and she isn't playing a character—she's playing a set of virtues that she associates with her idea of an "ordinary" luminous Midwestern woman, a contemporary Ma Joad. When the tornado hits and Ma's teen-age son is buried head down in a truckload of grain, she's the first one to realize what has happened and to dig for him. And when the Farmers Home Administration moves to foreclose on the

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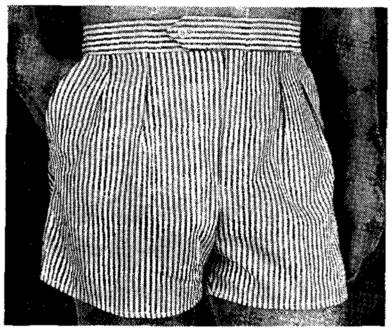

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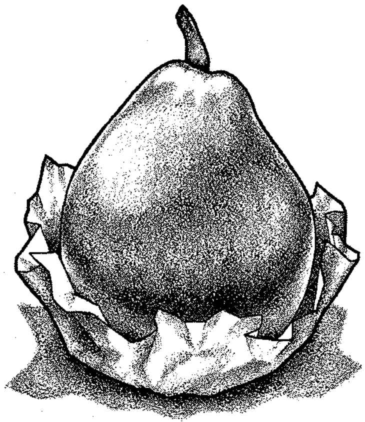

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hundred-and-eighty-acre farm that has been in her family for over a hundred years, and the men fall apart, she's firm in her resolve and she holds on to that land. "Country," which Lange conceived and had a hand in producing, is, like some of Jane Fonda's productions, an attempt to raise the audience's consciousness. With Richard Pearce as director and with a script by William D. Witliff, it's trying to be a feminist "The Grapes of Wrath," and doesn't succeed at it—awful as that would be. The picture is reverential about showing you the outside of the house where Ma and the family live; the camera moves toward the building over hallowed ground. The people here are good 'cause they work the land. (Watching them, you may find yourself muttering "granola, granola.")

"Country" is set in the eighties, but when Dad (Sam Shepard) goes into the bank to borrow money on the farm he's crushed by the discovery that loans are now made on the basis of an economic evaluation of the farm's prospects rather than on a judgment of "the man"—of his moral fibre. (What mythical era did this fellow grow up in?) Early on, there's a tenderly observed scene of the little girl in the family—she's about nine—amusing herself while taking care of her baby sister by putting Ma's lipstick on the baby's soft mouth. Later, that scene has a nagging irony, because Ma Jessica never wears any lipstick. With her wide, noble brow, strong jaw, clear eyes, tousled honey-blond hair, and the light from within, she doesn't need artificial aids—makeup would soil her image. This is the kind of eighties-farm-life movie in which the characters show you that they're into deep, eternal values by wearing plain print dresses as faded and shapeless as if they'd been in and out of the washtub since the thirties. Jessica Lange looks great in them, of course, and is quite chic in her few well-worn plaids—roughing-it classics. This family has a TV—on Sunday, after church, Dad watches football with Ma's father (Wilford Brimley)—and the boy has a Walkman, but they're not culturally polluted. At a local shindig, Ma and Dad dance together in the courtly way country folk in the movies have been doing for decades, and you don't see any kids trying out break-dance moves. There's some sweet, nostalgic stuff about Ma's getting all worked up over the discovery that her son has a condom hidden in his room; nobody has ever heard of drugs or dope.

These people are made virtuous by being turned into old *Saturday Evening Post* covers. When the threats of foreclosure start, with a long list of families to be evicted, it never seems to occur to anybody to talk to a lawyer; the people in this movie have been made too dumb and too passive to go to court and fight for their rights. You wonder how they've survived as long as they have. When a neighboring family with a beloved brain-damaged son is under the pressure of having its livestock confiscated, the boy, seeing the animals being prodded, becomes upset, grabs one of the prods, hits a deputy sheriff with it, and is arrested. (In movies, only bad guys prod animals.) There are no visible efforts to get the poor kid out of jail; the father in his hopelessness and grief shoots himself.

There was considerable television coverage of the farm liquidations and foreclosures that took place in 1982, and the farmers weren't taking it lying down. They were lively and angry; they had personalities, and they were using all their resources to fight back. In the movie, Sam Shepard looks whipped at the first hint of trouble and takes to the bottle, and Gramps, or Pops, or whatever Wilford Brimley is called this time, complains bitterly, mumbles about how things used to be, and shrivels into decrepitude. (It's never explained why the land, which was in Lange's family, isn't still in her father's name—Pops is treated as if he were a family retainer.) The other farmers are caving in, too. Everybody is pooped but our Ma. Hauling the plump baby on her shoulder, she goes from farm to farm asking the people to come to the auction at her place, and when they do she starts a chant of "No sale! No sale!" that spreads and drives the auctioneers off. And since the entire foreclosure policy is attributed to the push of one inhumane bureaucrat who's trying to clean up his books, there's an easy happy ending.

Richard Pearce's background is primarily in documentary (his only other theatrical features are "Heartland" and "Threshold"), and the lack of dramatic impetus in his work is probably at least partly responsible for his reputation—he seems to be doing something higher. After the opening scenes, in which Dad is revealed as the family humorist, and there's some cozy old barnyard humor, Pearce gives us standard hokey melodrama (brain damage as moral force), but he doles it out as if it were full of integrity. (Although "Country" doesn't contain nearly enough factual observation, it's staged like an acted-out documentary.) The movie's sensitive observations, such as Dad's feeling emasculated when he faces the loss of the farm, are usually stale. And since the trained actors are reaching for the common—the universal—and coming up with a kind of non-acting acting, the only members of the cast who have anything fresh to give us are the children. They aren't trying to be types; they're responding to the situations they've been placed in, and Levi L. Knebel, who plays the teen-ager, gives an affecting performance. The stars in this movie have nothing to give us but their self-celebratory look: in his narrow-cut jeans, Sam Shepard is the man with the Gary Cooper legs; Jessica Lange could be posing for a new Statue of Liberty.

I know there are people who will applaud "Country" for the worthiness of its subject and the seriousness of its tone. But "Country" isn't a serious treatment of its subject. It's a morally uplifting treatment of its subject: every frame is planned to be a work of American art, and we're meant to be proud of these farmers and their heritage. This is a movie about Jessica Lange's spirit-of-the-prairie face. This ordinary woman brushes mere mortal men aside and does what needs to be done. Lange the star presents herself as totally self-sufficient, which is a big mistake—it means that as an actress she doesn't relate to anyone. (Lange doesn't seem to have a clue to why people enjoy watching her.) Here, she's the people, she's the land, and she will endure. The director has too much taste to end with a closeup of his star superimposed on the American flag, but that's the general idea.

The teen-age boy raises the only practical issue in the movie. When Dad is going in to town, the kid reminds him that they're low on feed for the sheep. Since Dad is ashamed to ask for more credit, he doesn't do anything about it. Days pass, and the boy informs him that there's no feed left; the father ignores him. It gets to the point where the boy is announcing that the sheep are starving. By then, the father is boozed up and in a funk. At the end of the picture, the family faces a

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bright, heroic future, but the sheep still haven't been fed.

Volker Schlöndorff's "Swann in Love" doesn't even have the force of real desecration; it's easy to forget you've seen these stiff arrangements of people in ornate, cheerlessly lighted rooms that every instinct tells you they never lived in. As Swann, Jeremy Irons doesn't suggest intelligence or feeling; he's a stick, a dried-out Wasp, with dead eyes. (He couldn't be more miscast; he's out of Poe, not Proust.) You expect something from him and he gives you nothing—not even his voice, which has been expressive in other roles. Here, speaking French, he has to use it *très* carefully. Ornella Muti is a wily, plausible Odette. She's made up to look appropriately sallow and Botticellian, and she does manage to suggest that she could torment a man without half trying. (She squirms beautifully, and her luscious, smiling underlip turns sullen very quickly.) As Swann's friend the eminent pederast the Baron de Charlus, Alain Delon (with a little thumbprint of hair under his mouth) looks game enough to handle at least the lighter side of the role, but he only gets to come on for a few turns—he's like a painted vaudevillian who ogles the boys or twinkles knowingly. Of all the imaginable material for the screen, Proust's writing requires the most subtle feeling for rhythms—the meaning is in his rhythms—and neither the director nor the scriptwriters (Peter Brook, Jean-Claude Carrière, Marie-Hélène Estienne) seem to do anything to draw us in. It's an empty shell of a movie. Schlöndorff doesn't achieve an emotional tone even in what is (arguably) the most emotionally devastating passage in all of "Remembrance of Things Past": the Duc and Duchesse de Guermantes's rushing off to a dinner party and not wanting to be bothered when their old friend Swann tells them he's dying.

"Tightrope" has been the No. 1 box-office attraction in the country for several weeks. Why? Clearly, people don't go to see Clint Eastwood films for a demonstration of congeniality or charm. (The movies in which he has tried to be a likable guy—such as the quaint "Bronco Billy" and the lachrymose "Honkytonk Man"—have been relative commercial failures.) People do go to the conventionally structured movies in which he's a man of action; when he's a big-

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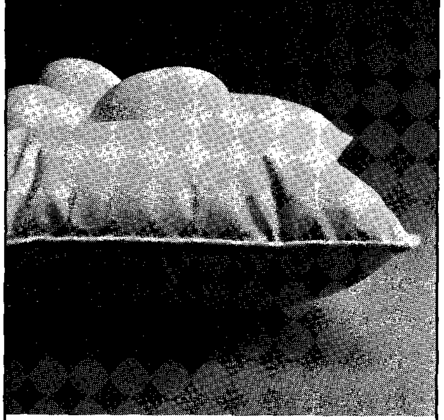

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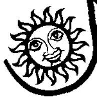

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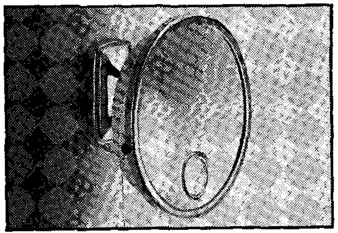

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city cop he doesn't talk—he punches and shoots. Charles Bronson only draws crowds overseas; John Wayne is gone; Burt Reynolds is a joke. Eastwood is the only one left who makes these movies about how tough it is to be a man. They are worked out in such primitive terms that there aren't even any crosscurrents or subplots—you just watch Eastwood as he marches from scene to scene blasting his enemies with an auto-mag or, as in "Tightrope," handcuffing women to bedposts.

Written and directed by Richard Tuggle, "Tightrope" is a seamy, gaudy melodrama, in which Eastwood is Homicide Inspector Wes Block, of the New Orleans Police Department, and the devoted father of two young girls—his wife left them behind when she took off. Wes is investigating a series of murders: young prostitutes are being tortured, raped, and strangled. The gimmick is that the killer is Wes Block's doppelgänger. Wes is good and the killer is evil, but Wes's anger at his ex-wife has knotted his insides and he has developed a taste for bondage; he likes to handcuff the prostitutes he has sex with, and the killer knows it. He dogs Wes's steps through the French Quarter, and if Wes talks to a girl in the course of his investigation and has sadistic fantasies about her, the killer—sometimes masked, sometimes just hidden in the shadows—carries them through. Once a few of the girls have been murdered immediately after Wes has been with them, you'd think it might occur to him that he's the real target, but he just goes along providing the man in running shoes, who is right behind him, with more candidates for extinction.

Tuggle keeps whomping us on the skull with the good-evil symbolism, and the laudatory reviews suggest that there is real daring and soul-searching in Eastwood's playing a man struggling with dark, sexist impulses. But the movie has no more depth than the usual exploitation film in which pretty girls are knocked off. The victims aren't given the kind of introduction that would make us have some rapport with them; the affectless way they're presented, you get the feeling that they're tough cookies selling sex and they deserve to be tortured and killed—they're asking for it. Their naked corpses are photographed more tenderly than their live bodies. And the movie has a queasy (unexplored) aspect: Eastwood's own twelve-year-old daughter, Alison, who looks like

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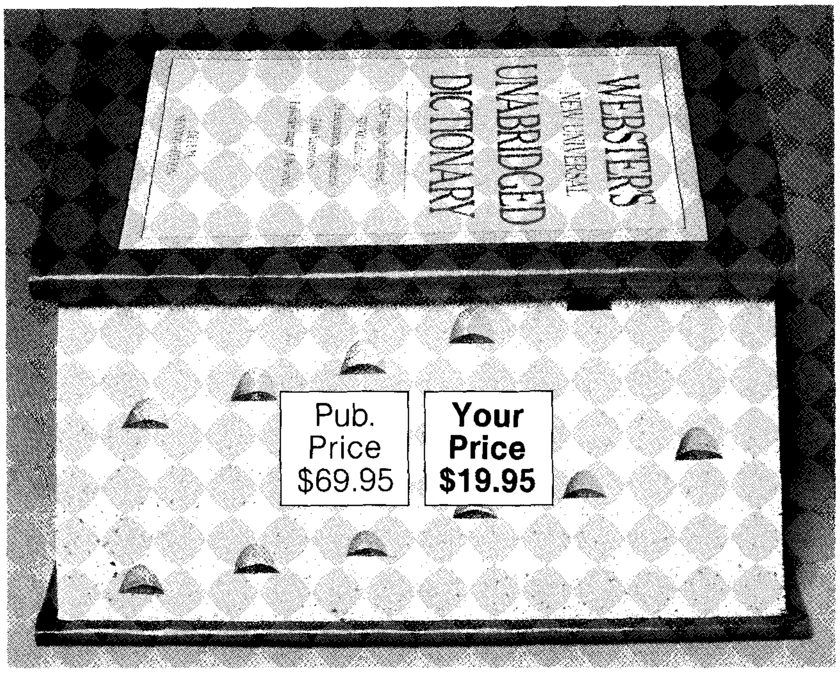

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him and acts like him, plays Wes's daughter Amanda, whom the doppelgänger means to rape.

In order to keep the symbolic apparatus going until Eastwood finally rips off the killer's mask (and it's a long, long movie), Tuggle makes Wes Block the most inept police investigator of all time. He has to be paralyzed by his own sense of complicity, so that the corpses can keep piling up; there's a scene in which the doppelgänger literally presents him with a male prostitute, and Wes innocently sends the fellow off to be murdered, as if it had never occurred to him that that might happen. Tuggle never uses the possibilities in the doppelgänger idea: Wes ought to be able to outwit and trap the killer by reading his own mind. Instead, he keeps chasing the man who's following him, and Tuggle keeps them both running through colorful New Orleans locations, with plenty of masked figures (it's Mardi Gras, of course) and a warehouse with grotesque big papier-mâché celebrities, including Reagan—a touch that can mean anything you want it to. This is a crudely commercial movie that offers a tour of flesh-peddling establishments and a psychobabble seriousness. A black woman psychologist (Janet MacLachlan) explains to Wes how we're all on this tightrope between good and evil, and he is given a girlfriend (Geneviève Bujold) who runs a rape crisis center; she's handily qualified to help him exorcise his sexism.

"Tightrope" is the opposite of sophisticated moviemaking. There's no progression in the plot—it's just one body after another. And there's no point in ripping off the killer's mask—we don't know him anyway; the mask is just there to serve the movie's schematism. (At one point, this killer, shrouded in a ski mask with tiny eye holes, is being chased around a railroad yard, and you do wonder why he doesn't take it off so he can see better. The symbolism makes no narrative sense.) The scenes that show Wes as a gentle father are dismally bland, and there are traditional gags, such as Wes's always having one dog or another in bed with him (his daughters take in strays); like John Wayne, Eastwood keeps the audience comfortable. A sadistic fantasy may sneak in—he's human, and the audience likes that. But there won't be any art or style, or even much emotion. Audiences appear to like him undemonstrative, or, to put it bluntly, wooden.

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Wes, like Eastwood's San Francisco cop, Dirty Harry Callahan, is a gritty realist, with no ideals. That's probably what makes Eastwood's cops accessible to a huge audience. Eastwood takes account of disgust in a way that few other trash filmmakers do. He has a real New York *Post* side to him: in his cop movies, the world is set up as a jungle, and you're one of the beasts in it, and so is he. Beatty and Redford play idealists, but Eastwood found what disgusts him in hippies ("Dirty Harry"), in homos ("The Enforcer"), in lesbos ("Sudden Impact"), and now, as Wes Block, he sees that the source of what disgusts him is partly in himself. That *could* make "Tightrope" effective—he's wrestling with self-disgust. And that may be what the New York *Post* junkies among the movie reviewers are responding to. When they find something deep and austere in the good-evil gimmickry, that may be their way of feeling low-down and honest.

If there's anything new going on in Eastwood's performance, it's that he seems almost to be punishing himself for wanting to act. At times, he seems to be trying to blast through his own lack of courage as an actor. But the picture just grinds along, and it's like an emanation of Eastwood's dullness. He seems to want to be fiery, but he doesn't have it in him—there's no charge in his self-disgust. "Tightrope" isn't exciting, because there's no vigor or puritan grandeur in Wes Block's character and there's nothing in the psycho doppelgänger—he's just a bogeyman. Without flamboyance of his own, Eastwood needs a director who can set some flamboyance swirling around him—Sergio Leone did it in the spaghetti Westerns, and Don Siegel did it in "Dirty Harry." But "Tightrope" is no more than a sombre, pedestrian "Halloween." It's "Halloween" taking itself seriously.

—PAULINE KAEL

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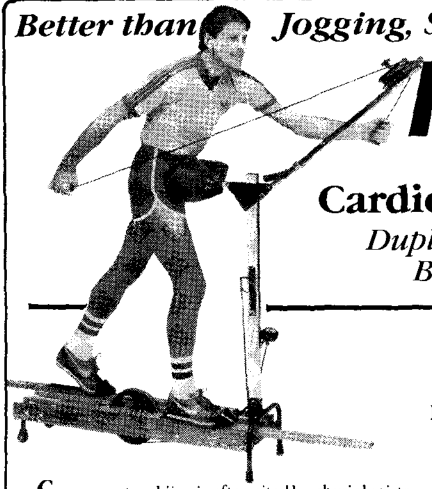

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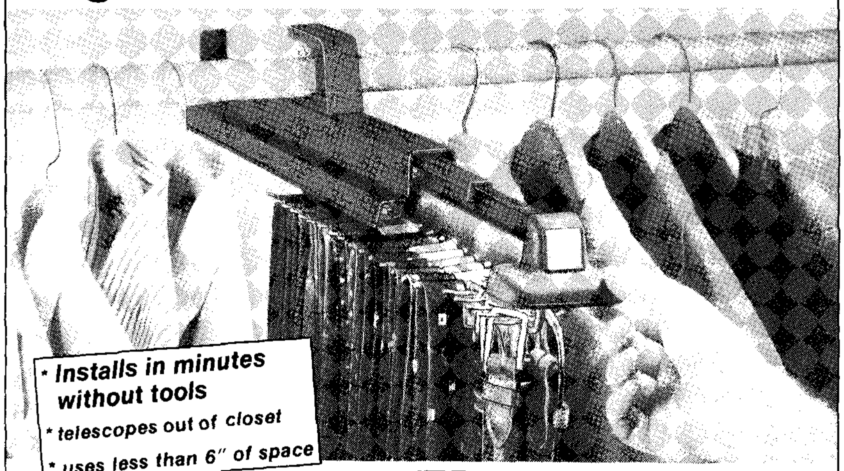
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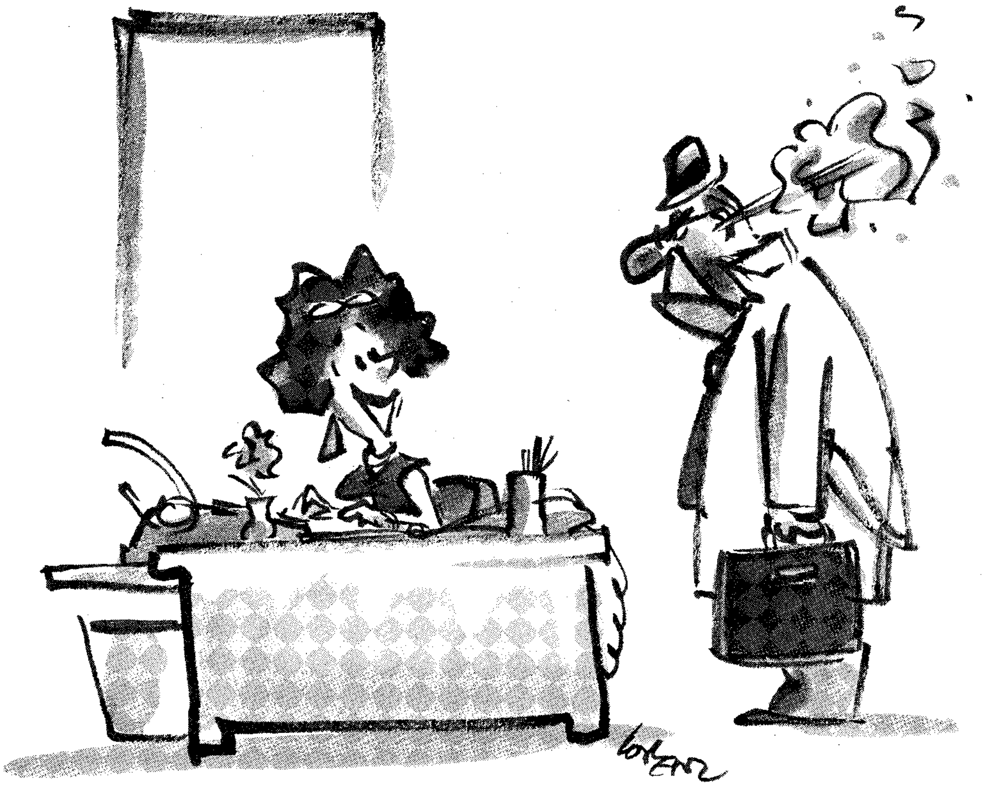
AROUND CITY HALL

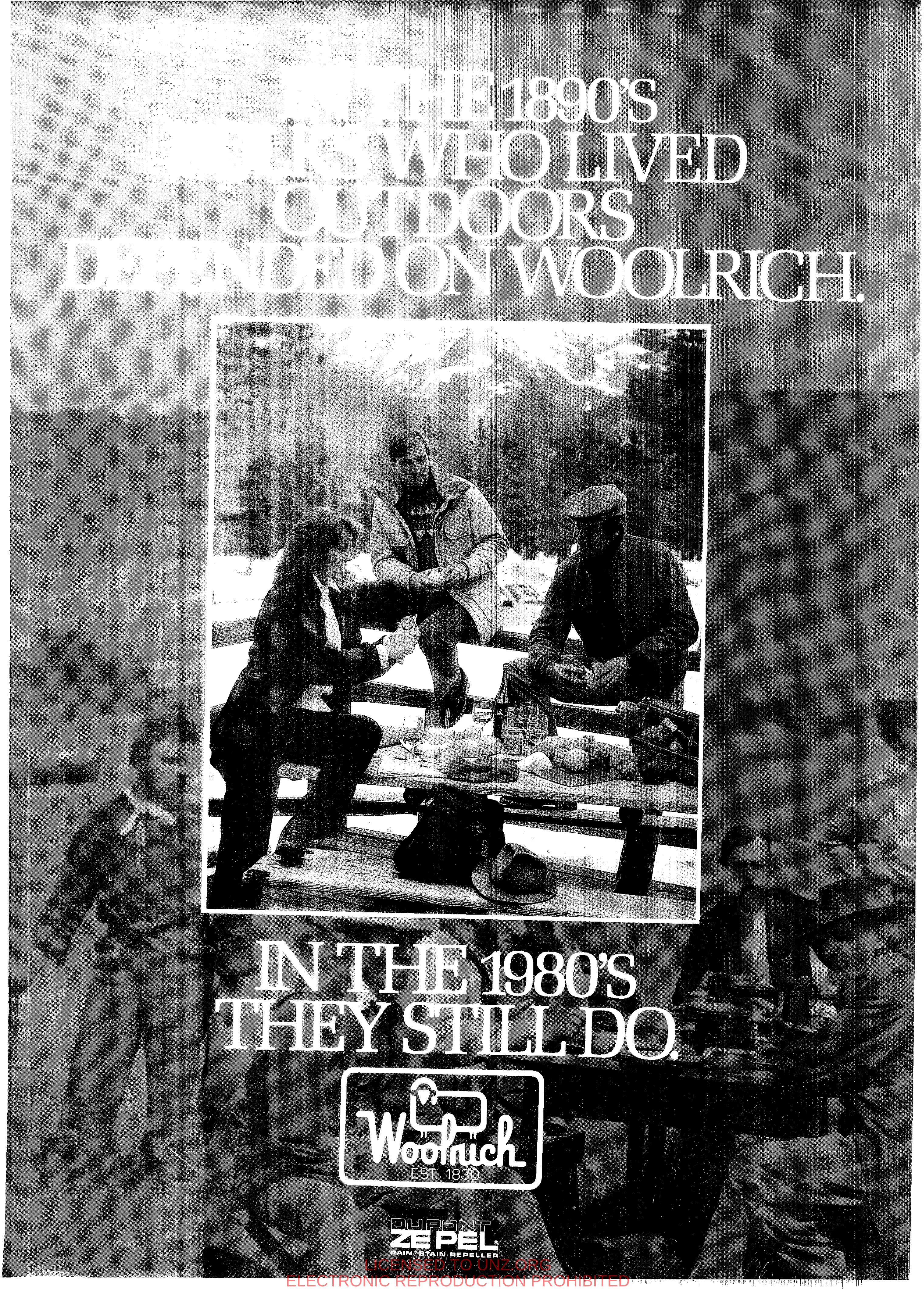
CRASH! BAM! WHUMP!

As Democrats here look back on things, the happiest day of this political year so far surely came at the end of July, when their Presidential nominee, Walter Mondale, and his choice for the Vice-Presidency, New York Representative Geraldine Ferraro, joined other local political leaders at a rally in her home borough of Queens marking the unofficial kickoff of their national campaign. The New York Mets, who play in Queens' Shea Stadium, and who in recent years have commonly been referred to as "the hapless Mets," were then in first place in the National League East, and the chants of the crowd on the frequent occasions when the team's name was mentioned ("We're Number One! We're Number One!") seemed also to have exhilarating political implications for many of those on hand. It is true that from the fringes of the crowd other messages were heard—"Shame! Shame! Shame!" for one—and signs were waved saying "Ferraro to the Unborn: Drop Dead." These chants came from several dozen demonstrators protesting Mrs. Ferraro's stand on abortion, which is that while as a Roman Catholic she accepts the Church's interdiction for herself, as a public official she would not impose her view on others. The demonstrators told the press that they would be following Mrs. Ferraro around the country, trying to disrupt her campaign wherever she went. They said nothing about following Mondale, who also supports the legal right to abortion, or the man she hopes to replace, Vice-President George Bush, who has said that he supports abortion in some circumstances. Nor did they plan to disturb the campaign appearances of President Reagan, who, as Murray Kempton recently pointed out in *Newsday*, is "the only national candidate who ever signed a law that licensed abortion for the residents of the state whose governor he used to be"—a reference to Reagan's having put his signature on such a bill when he was governor of California. Within a few days of the sunny gathering in Queens, the Mets had fallen out of first place, reasserting some of their claim to haplessness, though it seemed that they might hold on to second. Narrowly securing second place would not be a respectable showing for a national Presidential ticket. In the case of the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate—whom New York Governor Mario Cuomo, who had urged Mondale to choose her for the nomination, had called the Queen of Queens—the festival air that surrounded her at the start of the campaign has since been so damped down that the other day a Republican observer in Washington described her as a candidate who was being "devoured by accountants and bishops." The attacks by the accountants will doubtless be resolved, one way or the other, by the investigative agencies that are now on the case. The attacks by the bishops are beyond resolution by depositions and certified numbers.

The progress of the church-vs.-state issue on the national scene this year has had a somewhat varied chronology, but in this city it began on June 24th, with a television interview on Channel 11, a local independent station, given by Archbishop John O'Connor, who, after a long career as a naval chaplain and nine months as the bishop of Scranton, Pennsylvania, was installed last March as the head of the New York archdiocese, succeeding the late Terence Cardinal Cooke. In the interview, O'Connor answered questions put to him by a dozen reporters, most of them from small Catholic newspapers. It was on this occasion that he made the statement, frequently cited since, that he did not see how a Catholic in good conscience could vote for a candidate who, even though he might oppose abortion in private life, did not do so in carrying out his public duties. Earlier in the interview, the questioners had brought up the example of Cuomo, who, believing it his responsibility to govern according to the civil laws although they may conflict with those of his church, supports Medicaid funding for abortions for poor women. One reporter asked whether, considering that the Governor was, as he put it, insisting that tax money be used for "the slaughter of the innocents," the Archbishop had thought of excommunicating him. O'Connor's answer, after a pause, was that he would move carefully on such a question. The Governor later commented that by his proscription O'Connor was insisting that no good Catholic could vote for Mayor



"Oh, wow! I always thought that was just a figure of speech."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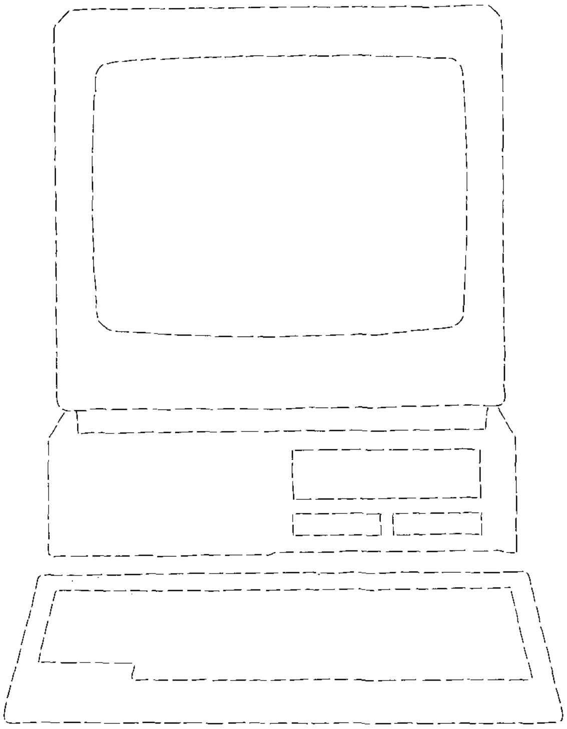
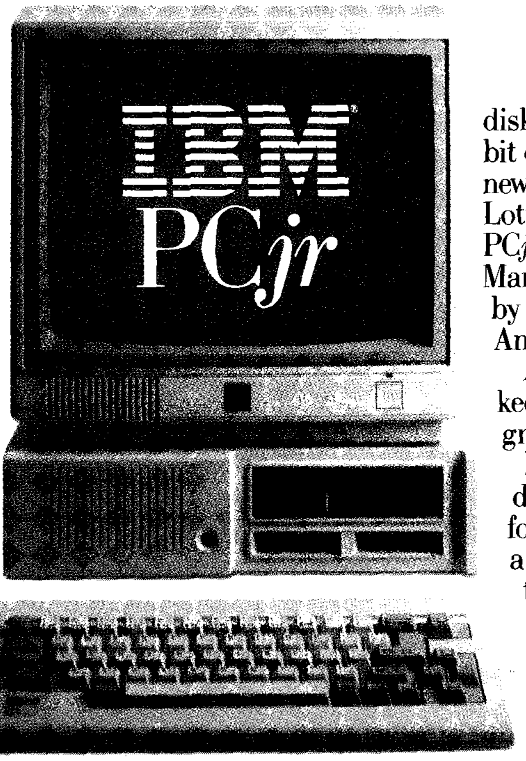


Now picture this.



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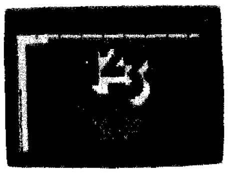

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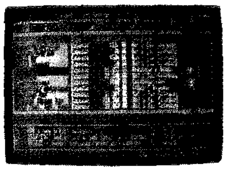

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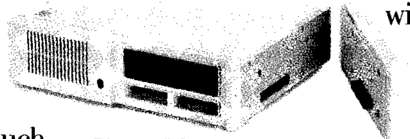

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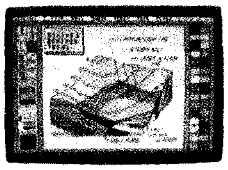

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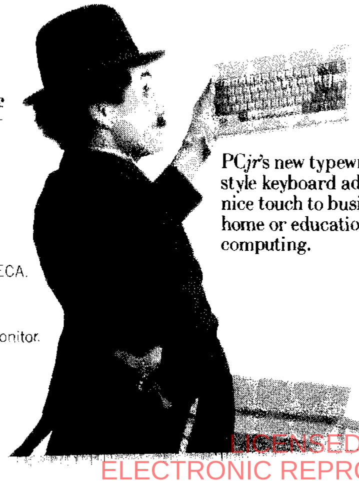
Expandability	Open architecture Optional 128KB Memory Expansion Attachment(s) 13 ports for add-ons, including built-in serial interface



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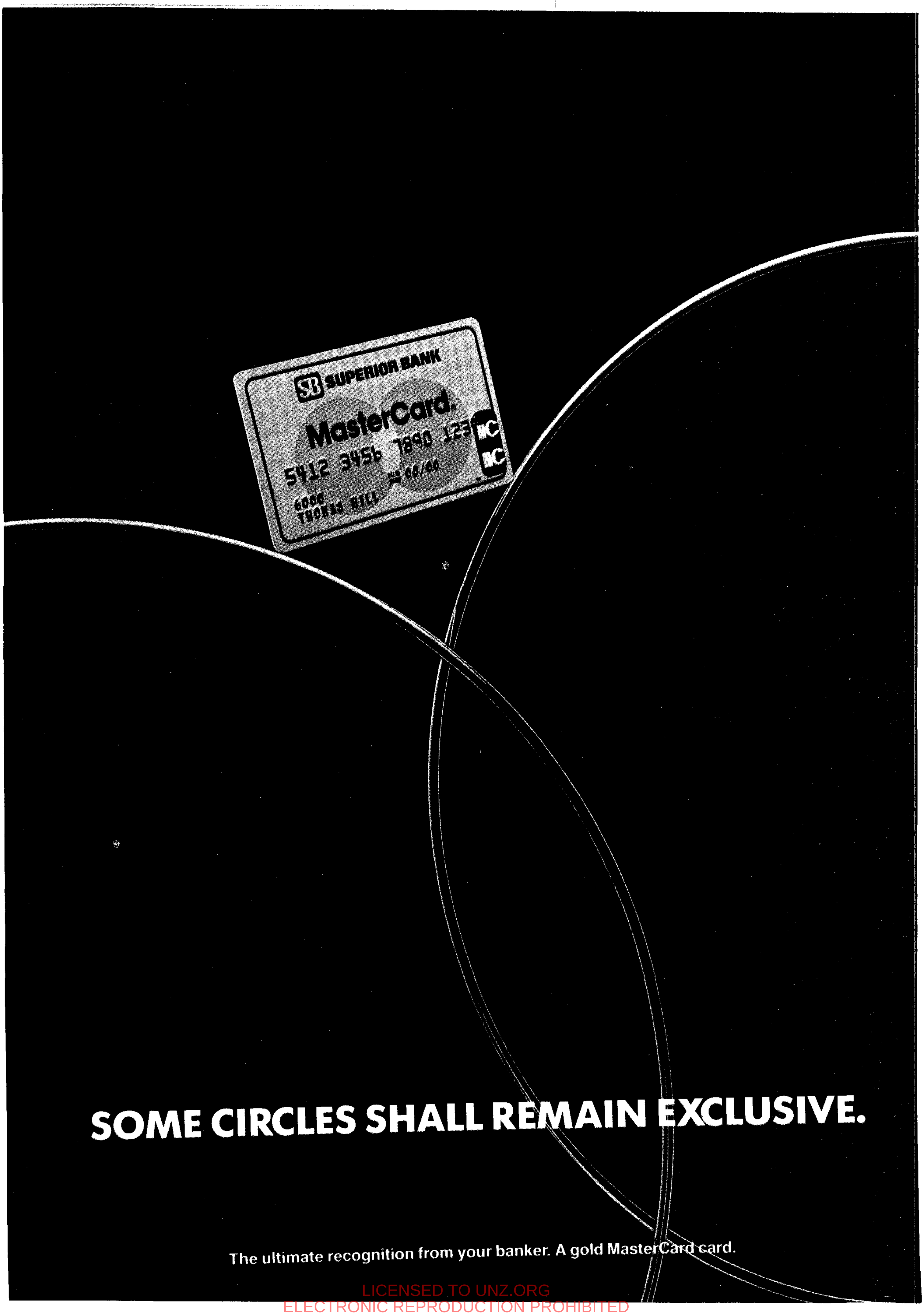
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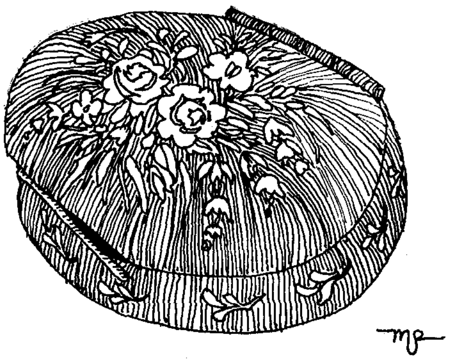
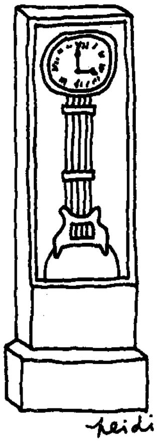
Edward Koch, City Council President Carol Bellamy, New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, or any of a host of other New York officeholders—or, of course, the governor of the state. Backing down somewhat—or so it was widely interpreted—the Archbishop said he had never intended to tell any Catholic how to vote, and Cuomo said he was happy to have that matter clarified. When the two men encountered each other at a public ceremony early in August, the Governor made a point of kissing the Archbishop's ring and those of four other bishops on the scene, explaining, "I'm old-fashioned." He also accepted an invitation from the Theology Department of Notre Dame to make a speech there on September 13th concerning the special moral dilemmas facing Catholic public officials. By early September, O'Connor had turned his critical attention to Geraldine Ferraro, accusing her of having misrepresented the position of the Church on abortion. As she campaigned around the country, other bishops joined the attack. In Scranton, when O'Connor's successor there, Bishop James C. Timlin, was asked why he didn't criticize George Bush, he said, "It's a little bit different, because Geraldine is a Catholic." Throughout the discussion, he referred to the two Vice-Presidential contenders as "Mr. Bush" and "Geraldine." Finding that, between the ever-present anti-abortion demonstrators and the attacking bishops, it was almost impossible to talk to crowds on any other issue, Ferraro telephoned O'Connor from the campaign trail in Indiana. The result, she reported, was that they had "agreed to disagree."

Governor Cuomo had at one point met with the Archbishop at St. Patrick's for an hour and a half to discuss the issues that divided them. Afterward, neither man discussed the meeting in any detail. Cuomo pointed out that it was he who had waited on the Archbishop. ("He is my archbishop. I will go to him.") However, not many people who had been following events confused the journey with one to Canossa. The few who did surely changed their minds after the Governor's Notre Dame speech, in which he declared that making abortions illegal would not stop them among Catholics any more than among other Americans and that, for Catholics, abortion was but one of several life-and-death issues, including hunger and nuclear war. As a reminder to Catholics, so long a persecuted minority, of the importance of laws guaranteeing freedom to all forms of religious belief, he said, "We know that the price of seeking to force our belief on others is that they might someday force their belief on us." And he mentioned that the American people "know that God should not be made into a celestial party chairman." ("MARIO: KEEP GOD OUT OF POLITICS" was the big headline in the next morning's *Daily News.*)

THE current confrontation here between Catholic politicians and the leaders of their church has been conducted, for the most part, with civility. Yet some of the issues that have them only metaphorically at each other's throats are of the sort that—in more ancient and bloodier times, in places where the laws of church and state were essentially one—would have caused some of the principals to lose their heads or be burned at the stake. It is this city's good fortune that although even today there are violent religious confrontations in which some New Yorkers are involved, the battles are being waged in distant places. On August 12th, Martin Galvin, a curly-haired thirty-four-year-old Bronx resident employed as an administrative judge by the New York City Sanitation Department, made an appearance in Belfast at a rally in support of the outlawed Irish Republican Army. His presence set off an attack by the Royal Ulster Constabulary which left one man dead and twenty people wounded and caused the government of the Irish Republic to issue a statement in Dublin denouncing Galvin as "a person responsible for death and destruction in Northern Ireland." And on August 29th Rabbi Meir Kahane, a stocky, bearded fifty-two-year-old native of Brooklyn and longtime resident of that borough who, on July 23rd, had been elected to the Israeli Knesset, tried to invade the Arab town of Umm el-Fahm, in the north of Israel—a town he has described as a terrorists' center and "a nest of vipers and Jew-haters," which has "no right to exist." In the vanguard of his planned invasion were several busloads of men wearing yellow shirts that bore the insignia of the Kach Party, which was founded by Kahane after he moved to Israel, in 1971, and is dedicated to the expulsion of the seven hundred thousand Arabs living in Israel and the million or more living on the West Bank and in Gaza. Two nights after Kahane's election, he and his followers had marched through the Arab section of Old Jerusalem shoving passersby and shouting, "Death to the Arabs!" Asked how he would feel if a Christian party in the United States demanded that all Jews leave that country, he said, "I wish the goyim would throw them out—not kill them but drive all the Jews to Israel." At the edge of Umm el-Fahm, which had been chosen as the first battleground in Kahane's eviction campaign in Israel, the Kach members were met by several thousand Arab residents, and by hundreds of Israeli Jews as well, including twelve of Kahane's fellow-members of the Knesset. "After all, Kahane is more our problem than the Arabs'," one of the Knesset members said. "He's our shame." One of the protesters waved a sign that said "Go Back to N.Y." Also on hand were squadrons of Israeli riot policemen, eight of whom were injured before the Rabbi was successfully turned back at a roadblock. Kahane assured his followers that his campaign would continue. But first, as the sign proposed, he would be returning to New York, to raise funds from American Jews for the Arab-expulsion program and to attend to another of his responsibilities—the Jewish Defense League, an alliance of militant conservative young Jews, based in Manhattan, which he founded in 1968.



Martin Galvin—he conducts hearings on grievances and disciplinary charges involving Sanitation Department members—was in Belfast on what British publications that disapprove of the Irish Republican Army jeeringly described as an "outing." Every August, a trip to Northern Ireland is sponsored by the Irish Northern Aid Committee—Noraid for short—whose headquarters are in the Inwood section of Manhattan. The governments of the United States, Great Britain, and the Irish Republic contend that the quarter of a million dollars that Noraid raises among Irish-Americans each year goes to buy guns, explosives, and other deadly armaments that are then used in the campaign by the members of the Catholic I.R.A. to liberate Ulster from its Protestant British rulers. Noraid officials, except in unguarded moments, maintain that the funds are used only for charitable contributions to widows and other relatives of deceased I.R.A. members. The purpose of Noraid's annual Ulster excursion, touted in New York publications like the *Irish Echo*, is to mark the August anniversary of the British government's 1971 imposition of a policy, abandoned in 1975, of internment without trial for suspected terrorists—that is, in most cases, I.R.A. members. Galvin was on hand, as publicity director of Noraid, at the commemorative rally a year ago, which ended in a minor riot that was broken up by the Royal Ulster Constabulary. In April of this year, on another trip to Ulster, he was quoted in the British press as having said that he was "encouraged" by the I.R.A.'s recent killing of a British policeman. In July, a representative of the British government delivered to Galvin's Bronx home a document banning his presence in Britain as not "conducive to the public good"—an action taken on the recommendation of James Prior, then Britain's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland. The 1984 Noraid excursion drew a hundred and thirty Irish-Americans, most of them New Yorkers. Galvin, thumbing his nose at the British government's exclusion order, simply flew into Ireland and slipped over the northern border into Ulster. On the day of the rally, before a large array of television cameras, Gerry Adams, who is the head of Sinn Fein, the political arm of the I.R.A., and a recently elected member of the British Parliament who survived being shot by a Protestant extremist last spring, introduced him from the platform to wild cheers from the audience. Members of the Royal Ulster Constabulary in full riot gear moved through the crowd toward him, firing four-inch-long plastic bullets. Galvin escaped, but Sean Downes, an I.R.A. member, was killed. Secretary Prior said later that the banning of Galvin had been "a bad mistake." In Dublin, the *Irish Times* said that Galvin had returned to New York "with one death to his name."



An inquiry into whether Galvin had acted "in violation of his professional duties" was conducted by the city's Department of Investigation at the request of Mayor Koch. The conclusion was that Galvin had broken no regulation or local law; getting shot at in Belfast had been how he spent his summer vacation. When Galvin got back to New York, on August 21st, a crowd met him at Kennedy Airport, shouting "I.R.A. all the way!" The city administrative judge told them that he would adhere to a higher law than the British order banning his presence, and that he would "soon walk the streets of Belfast," to which he planned to return again and again. "I will not bow to British terrorism," he told them. Four days after his return to the city, he spoke at a rally held in front of the British Consulate, at Third Avenue and Fifty-second Street, to protest the Belfast shooting. Similar Noraid demonstrations are held there every week or so, but this one, at which the marchers waved signs reading "MARGARET THATCHER—MURDERER," was said to be the largest in several years.

Galvin and the other members of the August Noraid tour were not the only New Yorkers who recently paid a special visit to Ireland. On the first of last month, twenty-five members of the New York City Police Department's Emerald Pipe Band, whose swinging kilts, colorful headgear, and bagpipes are a familiar sight at particularly festive City Hall events, were a big hit in a parade in Bundoran, in County Donegal, sponsored by Sinn Fein in honor of the ten I.R.A. members who starved themselves to death in 1981 to dramatize the plight of Catholics in Northern Ireland. Marching along, the New York policemen, who were also on vacation, reportedly sang I.R.A. songs. Just in case, their numbers included a bomb-disposal expert. The Prime Minister of the Irish Republic, Garret FitzGerald, was so angered by the spectacle that he called the White House to protest, and Dublin's Lord Mayor, Michael O'Halloran, cancelled a reception in the bagpipers' honor which he had been planning to hold at the mayoral mansion, describing their performance as an insult to the eleven Irish policemen who have been killed by the I.R.A.

The *Economist* had predicted that the widely televised bloodshed set off by Galvin's appearance in Belfast not only would have an unfortunately salutary effect on I.R.A. morale but would insure the raising of even larger amounts of money for the I.R.A. cause from Irish-Americans. In addition, said the *Economist*, "the Democratic Presidential candidate will be under new pressure to say something silly for his Irish-American constituency." In the next weeks, former Vice-President Walter Mondale's public speeches did not touch on the problems of Ulster. However, Rabbi Kahane—who returned to New York two days after the skirmish at Umm el-Fahm—has been mentioned by the Democratic Presidential candidate. A few weeks ago, in speeches given on the same day in Washington before the B'nai B'rith and the predominantly black National Baptist Convention, Mondale said, "All hatred is poison, whether it comes from the mouth of Rabbi Kahane or the radio program of Louis Farrakhan"—referring in the latter case, of course, to the black minister and self-styled head of the Nation of Islam, whose anti-Semitic statements have outraged Jews and those of many other faiths. Mondale's statement received only scattered handclaps from the blacks but loud applause from the Jewish audience. An editorial in one Israeli paper had urged the government to jail Kahane before he was sworn in as a Knesset member—a post that gives him immunity from prosecution. At the swearing-in ceremony, lawyer Kahane (he is a graduate of New York Law School) took his position on synagogue vs. state, saying "I obey the laws of the Knesset as long as they don't disobey a higher law." After his election, the State Department in Washington had said that it was looking into the question of whether he would forfeit his American citizenship by serving in a foreign government. Some New Yorkers still remember Kahane as the man who at one point demanded that the roster of the New York Mets reflect the proportion of Jews in the local population, which he put at twenty-six per cent. Though he moved to Israel thirteen years ago, Kahane has been in and out of the city at frequent intervals, raising money for the Kach Party and attending to the affairs of the Jewish Defense League, which continues to devote most of its attention to harassing—and at times violently attacking—representatives of the Soviet Union in protest against their government's treatment of Soviet Jews. During Kahane's visit here last month, Mayor Koch described him as "a despicable human being" and "scum." Not all residents here have so low an opinion of the Rabbi. At a recent town meeting in the Forest Hills section of Queens, a member of the audience warned the Mayor that she might not vote for him next year because he had denounced Kahane. "You shouldn't vote for me. I don't want your vote. I have no problem denouncing a Jewish bigot" was Koch's answer.

ALTHOUGH the traditional obligatory foreign itinerary of New York politicians consists of the three "I"s—not only Ireland and Israel but Italy—Italian-Americans here generally respond to the internal problems in the third of these countries with nothing resembling the passionate long-distance concern that political developments in the other two "I"s stir in many Jewish and Irish New Yorkers. Possibly this reflects the fact that Italian immigrants to this country were much slower than Irish and Jewish arrivals to involve themselves in the political process. (Cuomo is the first Italian-American to be elected governor of New York. The state's first Irish-Catholic governor, Alfred E. Smith, was elected in 1918 and its first—but so far only—Jewish governor, Herbert Lehman, in 1932.) In any event, their relative detachment leaves Italian-American politicians free to attend to the special concerns of other local ethnic voting groups. Not long after his 1980 election as New York's first Italian-American United States Senator, Alfonse D'Amato was off on a trip to investigate alleged British outrages in Northern Ireland. And, a few months later, a member of a Brooklyn audience who heard him say "I've just come back from the homeland" was startled to learn that the country he had returned from was not Italy but Israel.

On one of the few occasions when a local politician has involved himself in trying to right what he considered to be an Italian miscarriage of justice, the officeholder was not an Italian-American but Mayor Koch. In May of 1982, the actress Sophia Loren was sentenced to thirty days in a jail near Naples after being convicted of not paying income taxes on a hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Despite his

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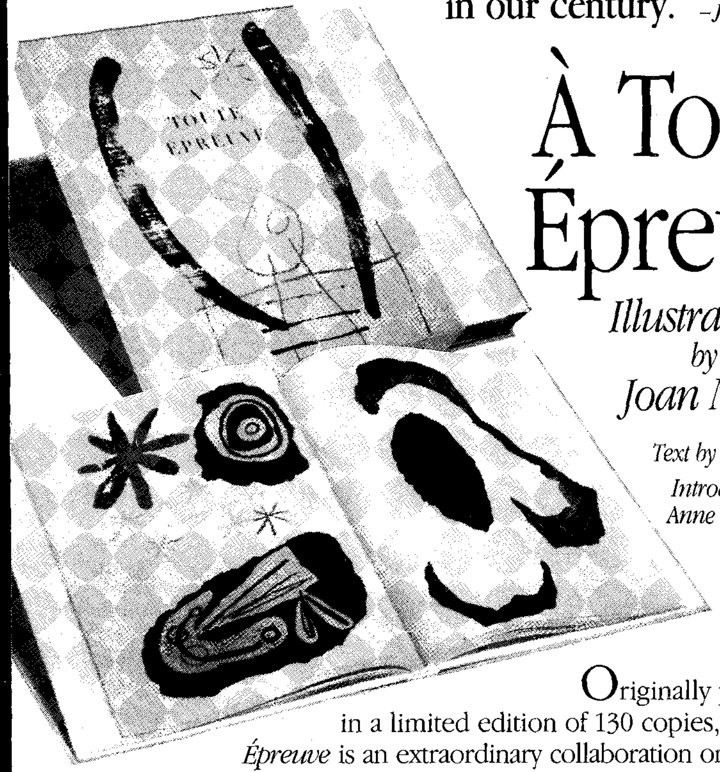

Originally published in a limited edition of 130 copies, *À Toute Épreuve* is an extraordinary collaboration on the part of artist Joan Miró, poet Paul Eluard and publisher Gérald Cramer. The result is a virtuoso performance in wood-block design and printing, as well as Miró's most ambitious book creation.

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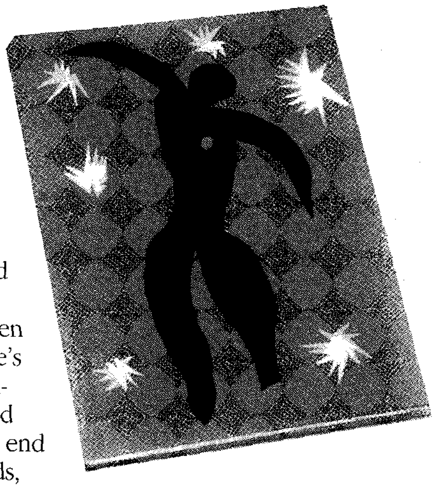

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strong law-and-order stance on the local scene, Koch fired off a cable to Italy's President, Sandro Pertini, saying that "all New Yorkers" joined him in asking that she be released for reasons of "compassion" and "justice." "Nice people don't go to jail—and Sophia Loren is a nice person, so please pardon her and let her out," the cable went on to say. The Mayor had met Pertini on the President's visit to New York the month before. In this international city, heads of state come and go every week or so. Not many of them are honored by the Mayor as Pertini was, with a large party at Gracie Mansion. The gesture—like the petition for the release of Miss Loren—was assumed to have something to do with the fact that Koch was then running against Mario Cuomo for the Democratic nomination for governor. Invited to the mansion were over a hundred of New York's leading Italian-Americans, in and out of politics. They included Senator D'Amato, who, unlike Koch, is a Republican, but not Cuomo—then, as lieutenant governor, the highest-ranking Italian-American in the state government. Obligingly, the *Times* published at the top of its front page a three-column picture of the Mayor coming down the mansion's steps with President Pertini on one arm and, on the other, Bishop Francis Mugavero, of the Brooklyn diocese. Cuomo nonetheless carried the Italian-American vote in the primary. The attempted rescue of Sophia Loren also did not work out as some may have hoped. A "Save Sophia" rally was scheduled for Mulberry Street, in Little Italy, at which a crowd of thirty-five hundred was predicted. The Mayor would be a prominent speaker. It turned out that the concern of local Italian-Americans about alleged injustices committed in their ancestral homeland was not large. Reporters outnumbered participants in the rally. Possibly alerted to the state of things, Koch did not show. The handful of spectators on Mulberry Street discussed news accounts of Miss Loren's cell, which had been painted pink and provided with a television set. Pertini rejected the Mayor's request for clemency. In a statement in Rome, he noted that during the Mussolini period he himself had served eleven years in a very different kind of prison. Had Koch known this, he would surely have handled the matter differently. It is considered prudent here for politicians to have considerable familiarity with past—particularly heroic—events in the lives of Irish and Israeli political figures. There has been no similar compulsion in the case of Italians, though this could change now that, after their slow start, Italian-Americans from New York are way up there in the political firmament.

HOUSE SPEAKER THOMAS P. (TIP) O'NEILL likes to say that all politics is local. There are times when it seems that most politics here is ethnic. Some observers even profess to see ethnic aspects to the squaring-off between Cuomo and Mrs. Ferraro, on one side, and, on the other, the Irish-American churchmen. Many Catholics of Italian descent have long felt that the Catholic hierarchy in this country, by tradition heavily Irish, has held them in relatively low esteem. No Italian-American has ever been chosen as head of the New York archdiocese, for example, and it wasn't until last year that Joseph Bernardin, the Archbishop of Chicago, became the first Italian-American cardinal. By one view, the bishops possibly could be having trouble adjusting to the new prominence of the Italians in politics—a field in which the Irish have played a prominent role for so many generations. After all, Cardinal Cooke saw no need to pick a theological fight with Hugh Carey, Cuomo's predecessor in Albany, or with Senator Moynihan, although the abortion views of both men are similar to Cuomo's. (But then Cooke, more the peacemaker than O'Connor, once said, "Mixing religion and politics is extremely dangerous and can fragment the country.") Discussing the O'Connor-Cuomo controversy last month on the public-television show "Inside Albany," the Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist and Albany native William Kennedy recalled that in his home town there had been no conflict whatever between the Church and the notorious political machine of Daniel O'Connell. "After all, they were on the same side," he said, adding that for one thing, "they were all Irish." And when the Italians in town, after a long struggle, finally got a parish of their own, he said, the diocese put an Irish priest in charge of it.

The political value of ethnicity, and particularly Italian ethnicity, loomed large after the choice of Mrs. Ferraro as Mondale's running mate—and not only for the Democrats. The very day she was nominated, President Reagan suddenly accepted an invitation to a

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festival given by the mostly Italian congregation of St. Ann's Church in Hoboken—to the huge surprise of the festival sponsors. The President invited his friend Frank Sinatra, a Hoboken native, to join him on the trip and was photographed with his arm on the singer's shoulder. Concerning the Hoboken excursion, which Francis X. Clines described in the *Times* as Reagan's day of "politics *al dente*," Cuomo charged that the President had engaged in "the most outrageous kind of pandering" to Catholics and Italian-Americans. Whether or not it was at the suggestion of the President's campaign directors in a week that had been heavy with references to Republican devotion to traditional family values, Sinatra did not bring along his fourth wife for the appearance with the country's first divorced President.

To many Italian-Americans, the most distressing aspect of the recent furor over the Vice-Presidential candidate's finances and those of her husband, John Zaccaro, was what seemed to be a determination on the part of some publications to prove that if an Italian-American businessman was successful he must be in league with the Mafia. But, for a few days, an even louder outcry from some people of Italian heritage was generated by what was taken by them as an ethnic slur—one committed by the candidate herself. This was her remark to reporters after Zaccaro's refusal—subsequently reversed—to release his tax returns. "You people married to Italian men—you know what it's like," she said. (She later explained that she had meant that her husband was "a very independent, private person.") The head of the Sons of Italy's Commission for Social Justice said that he had spent six years waging the good fight against disparaging remarks—and now this. Representative Guy Molinari, of Staten Island, and State Senator John Calandra both made it clear that they thought the remark was a terrible mistake and in *very* poor taste. It was not certain whether they were responding as Italian husbands or as Republicans. In Albany, Governor Cuomo was critical indeed. "I will not applaud her remark," he said, and he added, having presumably never himself referred to a Jewish mother or a black Irishman, "I don't know what Congresswoman Ferraro meant. It is not good to use ethnic stereotypes." However, Mrs. Ferraro got support from an unexpected quarter—James Kilpatrick, the conservative syndicated columnist, who had had few kind words to say about her before that time. After her remark, he wrote, "Crash! Bam! Whump! The roof fell in. . . . Governor Mario Cuomo . . . gave Ms. Ferraro what for. The Sons of Italy adopted resolutions of censure. Let there be no levity! . . . No jokes please; we're Americans. Well, pooh. . . . What's with Mario Cuomo? He's got no sensayooma. If the Sons of Italy are so uptight they cannot tolerate a single sentence of teasing about the macho Italian male, the Sons of Italy had better seek professional help." In the post-mortem discussions, after the November election, of whether Mrs. Ferraro was a help or a hindrance to the Mondale ticket, the conclusion may be that among the votes she attracted were those of Americans, including Republicans, who don't see why anybody should be allowed to paw around in their tax returns; of voters, including non-Italian-Americans, who resent the suspicion that a vowel at the end of a name means a connection with organized crime; and of another not so noisy bloc of voters—Italian wives. During all the *Crash! Bam! Whump!* that followed her remark about Italian husbands, little was heard from the wives of the men who were sounding off. There was not a word, for example, from Matilda Cuomo. You people married to Italian men—you know what it's like.

At a dinner at the Waldorf on September 14th, given by the Coalition of Italo-American Associations, Geraldine Ferraro and New York's archbishop exchanged polite greetings. Cuomo, saying that he was tired after his speech at Notre Dame the night before, did not attend. When Mrs. Ferraro was asked to speak before he was, O'Connor made a joke, saying, "It's not the first time in history that Joan the Baptist preceded the Messiah." After the dinner, the Archbishop received some criticism from New York's Italian-American lieutenant governor, Alfred DelBello, who told reporters that he did not think O'Connor understood the damage done by his insistence that Catholic politicians must "jump when the Church pulls the reins"—that it re-

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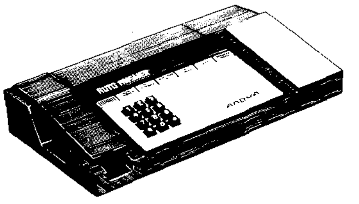

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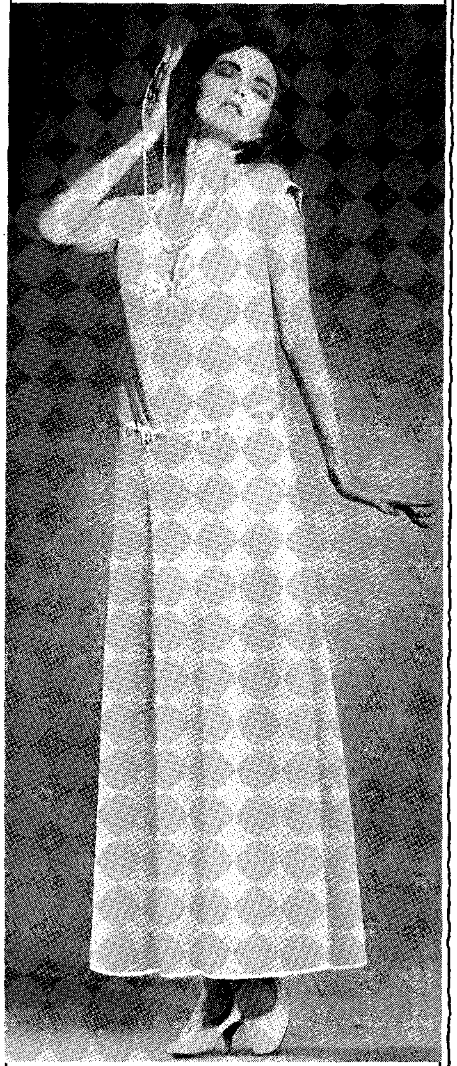

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stored the very image of Catholics' subservience to papal law before all other law which for generations kept them from being elected to high office. At the dinner, other guests speculated in troubled tones that national party leaders in the future, having noted the bishops' treatment of Catholic candidates, might conclude that, in choosing a national ticket, it made more sense to stick with their almost unbroken tradition of settling on members of Protestant sects, whose leaders, for the most part, do not savage their own. One Catholic scholar declared that actions such as the bishops' this year would have guaranteed that, in 1960, the one American Catholic President would have lost to Richard Nixon. The following night, in Washington, there was another big Italian festival, the dinner of the National Italian American Foundation, which was attended by all four of the Democratic and Republican national nominees. Mrs. Ferraro got a good laugh from her fellow Italian-Americans when she thanked the President for his graciousness in agreeing to let his Vice-President "debate me in Italian." George Bush was less successful with a joke about his wife, the punchline of which was "You know how it is being married to a Wasp woman."

Meanwhile, heavy preparations were under way here for the annual Columbus Day Parade, to be held on Monday, October 8th. In a picture that the *Times* ran a few years ago of local politicians marching at the head of the parade, not one was an Italian-American. Things will be different this year. That nice person, Sophia Loren, had been scheduled to be the Grand Marshal of the 1983 parade, but it was cancelled four days before it was to have taken place, because of the death of Cardinal Cooke. Fortunately, she was available again this year. The President of the United States will not march this year, but those in charge of the big Columbus Day banquet the preceding Saturday night still entertain the hope that he may be able to make that event. The general chairman of the weekend, who is also the executive director of the Reagan-Bush campaign in New York, is Charles Gargano, a friend of Senator D'Amato's. Archbishop O'Connor—who the President had happily reported at one point would deliver the opening prayer on the night he himself spoke at the Republican National Convention, but who couldn't make it—will be on hand for the banquet. So will Mayor Koch, who had the Republican line as well as his own Democratic line in the last mayoral election and would be gratified to have it again; though Cuomo carried the Italian-American vote in defeating the Republican candidate for governor in 1982, Gargano points out that Italians traditionally vote Republican. Some might have supposed that the first Italian-American to be nominated on a major party's national ticket would get special treatment that year in a Columbus Day parade in her home town, but, in accordance with what Gargano says is protocol, the first figure in the parade after Sophia Loren will be George Bush. After Bush, the order of march will be: the heads of various local Italian-American organizations, including Gargano; state officials; city officials; and, finally, members of Congress—a band that will include the Vice-Presidential nominee. There are occasional disputes over whether it is fair for the Italians to claim Columbus entirely for themselves. Arguing that he sailed from Spain, whose rulers put up the money for the trip, local Hispanics now honor Columbus each year with a parade of their own, the Sunday after the Italian event. And some scholars continue to pursue the theory that Columbus was also Jewish. However, most Americans would be surprised to learn that Columbus was a Republican.

—ANDY LOGAN

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Times*]

When Eleanor Loew decided to give a party for her friend David Mallon when he returned from a summer in France, "I decided it would be a surprise," she said, "but I didn't know what kind."

Miss Loew's mother, however, made that decision and so when Mr. Mallon was driven from John F. Kennedy International Airport out to the Loew house in suburban West Orange, N.J., he found that he had been invited to a driveway-sealing party. Guests had been invited to wear their oldest clothes and "shoes that would be all right to ruin" and when they arrived for the party they were handed squeegees. Tar-based blacktop sealer was poured onto the driveway and the guests, about 20, began taking turns squeegeeing their way toward the backyard.

"We once did a painting party," said Miss Loew's mother, Helen, "and it was so successful I thought this would work as well. It did, don't you think?"

It seemed to. The sealing took only about two hours and then everybody, black-streaked feet and all, sat on the grass, sipping drinks and eating barbecued chicken and corn on the cob.

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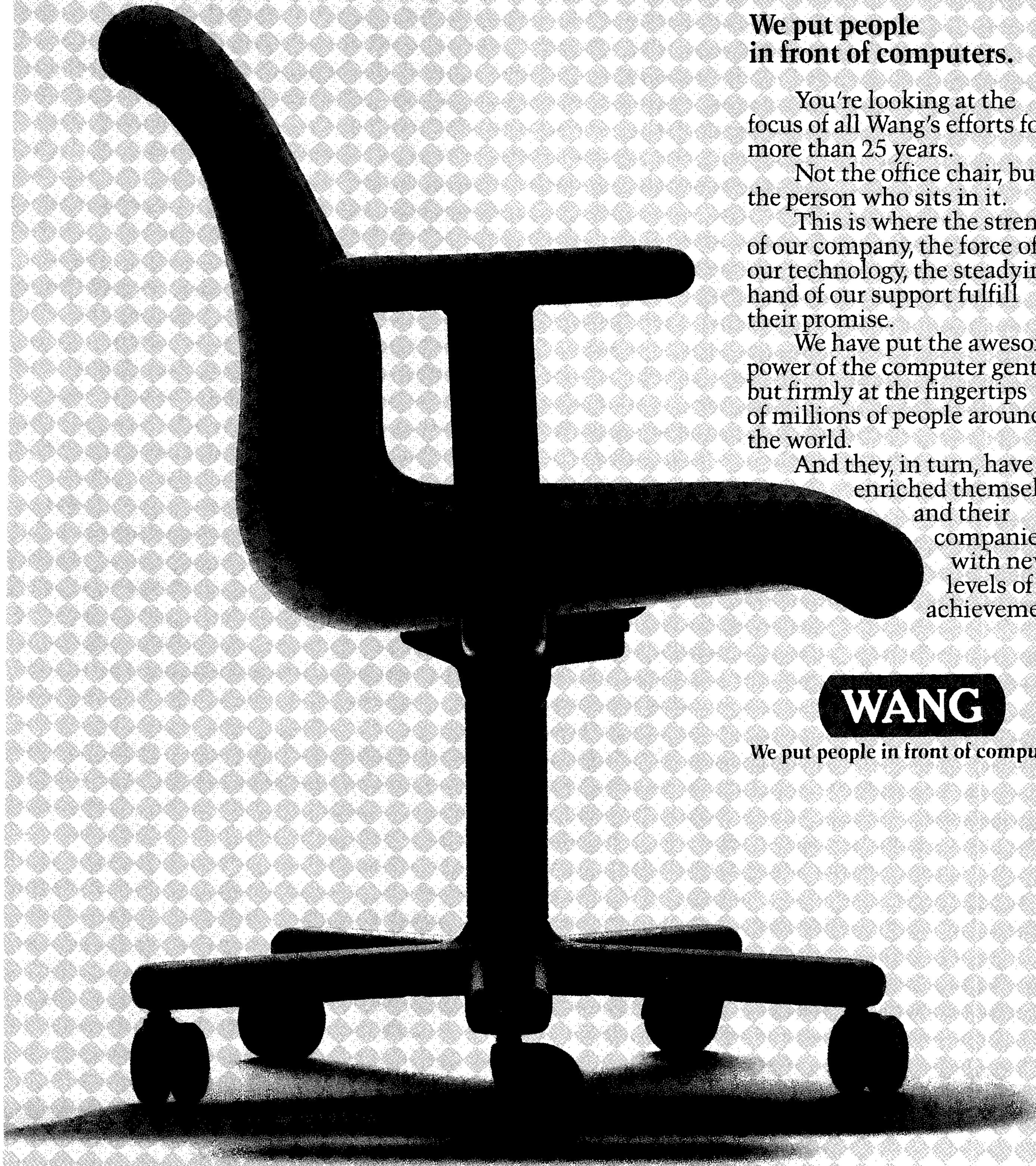

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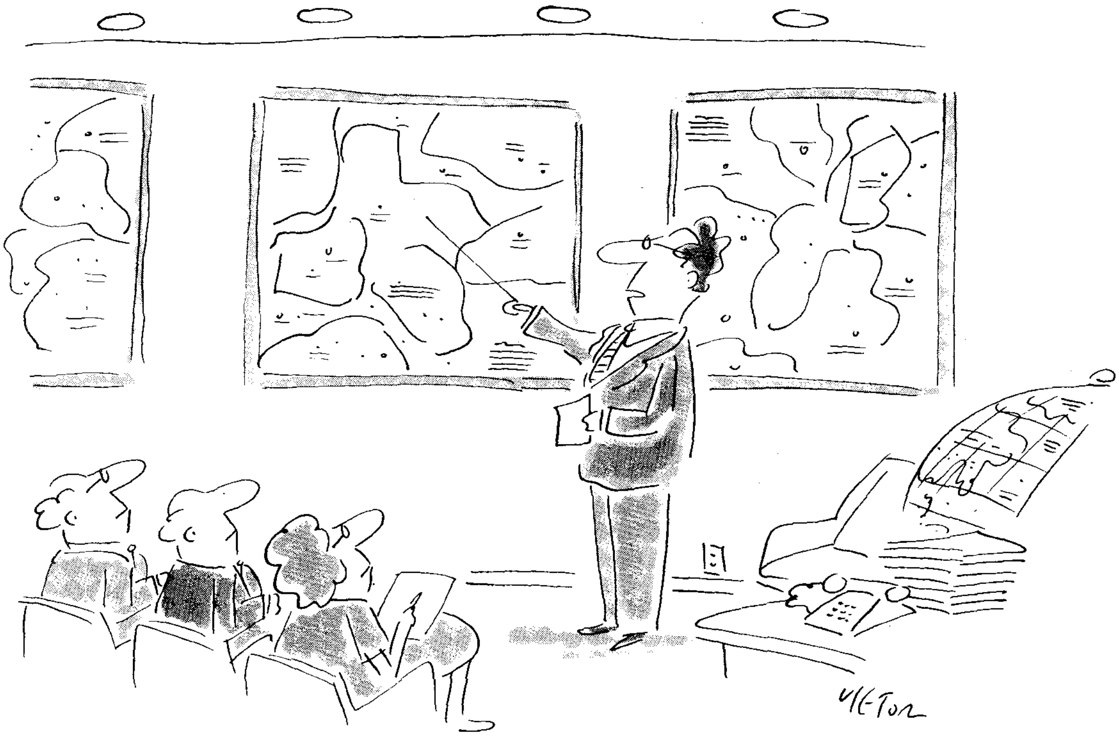
MUSICAL EVENTS

Un Viaggio a Pesaro

THE recovery of a lost opera by a great composer is a rare and exciting event. Monteverdi's "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse," composed in 1641, was found in Vienna in the eighteen-sixties; several of his operas are still missing. Unknown scenes from known operas turn up more often, and the boom in nineteenth-century studies has accelerated the pace. Bizet's "Carmen" gained new episodes in 1949 and 1965, and Verdi's "Don Carlos" new numbers in 1970. Rossini's "Tancredi" acquired an alternative, tragic finale in 1976. Earlier this year, the Donizetti *rifacimento* "Elisabetta" was discovered in Covent Garden's cellar (and there is plenty more unperformed, unpublished Donizetti around). Two works of Rossini's high maturity, the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth of his forty operas, have long been missing. One is "Ugo, Re d'Italia," promised to London in 1824, unperformed (the impresario of the King's Theatre went bankrupt) and therefore probably unfinished, and last glimpsed in the hands of one Jas. Kemp, the messenger who in 1831 signed for the receipt, from a London bank, of "two Packets of Music purporting to be the Opera of Ugo, Rè d'Italia." The other is "Il Viaggio a Reims," Rossini's last Italian opera and his first for Paris. "Il Viaggio," one of a slew of works composed to celebrate the coronation of Charles X, was staged at the Théâtre-Italien in 1825. It was, one learned from reviews of the time, a much admired one-act opera, lasting some three hours, that contained a fourteen-voice ensemble and a medley-finale of national airs. About half the music was later reused in Rossini's bewitching comedy "Le Comte Ory" (1828). The libretto of "Il Viaggio" survived, but the score was scattered. Now the young American scholar Janet Johnson has reconstructed it; and "Il Viaggio a Reims" received its first modern performances in August, at the Rossini Festival in Pesaro, the Adriatic town where Rossini was born. People gathered there from all over the world to hear it.

Miss Johnson retrieved and reassembled the score from several sources. The autograph of four numbers not used in "Ory," presented by Rossini's widow to the family physician, had found its way to the Santa Cecilia library, in Rome. In Paris, some of the 1825 performing material—instrumental and vocal parts—remained. Similar material for two pasticcios employing "Viaggio" music—"Andremo a Parigi?," concocted in Paris to celebrate the 1848 revolution, and "Il Viaggio a Vienna," concocted in Vienna to celebrate the wedding of Franz Joseph I and Elizabeth of Bavaria, in 1854—and the published score of "Le Comte Ory" filled gaps. All that's missing now of "Il Viaggio" is a few phrases of secco recitative (for Pesaro they were composed anew) and a chorus to launch the finale, which will no doubt turn up sooner or later. In Pesaro, a fascinating and delightful opera, different in character from any other that Rossini wrote, was revealed.

A *pièce de circonstance*, it was devised to show off the Théâtre-Italien troupe at strength. The cast—ten famous principals and eight cadet singers—was led by the great Giuditta Pasta, later Bellini's first Amina and first Norma. She played Corinna, the Roman *improvisatrice*—a heroine borrowed from Mme. de Staël's once-famous novel "Corinne"—and was dressed after François Gérard's painting "Corinne au Cap Misène" (for which Mme. de Staël herself sat). Laure Cinti, later the heroine of Rossini's four works for the Opéra, played the Comtesse de Folleville, a lively young widow. Ester Mombelli, who had been the heroine of Rossini's very first opera, "Demetrio e Polibio," thirteen years earlier, was Mme. Cortese, the *patronne* of the Golden Lily, the thermal hostelry where the opera is set. Domenico Donzelli, later the first Pollione (in "Norma"), played the Chevalier Belfiore, a dashing young French officer, also based on a "Corinne" character. And so on: the original cast list is a glittering roll call of prima donnas soprano or contralto, first tenors, and first basses buffo or *cantanti*. The opera is hardly dramatic—except in its musical events. An international group of travellers (Italian, French, British, German, Spanish, Russian, Polish, Greek), bound for Rheims and the coronation, finds itself stranded at the Golden Lily; there are no fresh horses



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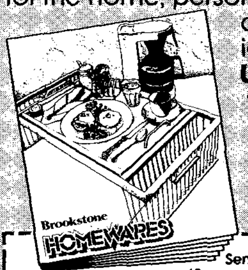

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to be had. Amorous crosscurrents—flirtations, wooings, jealous quarrels, reconciliations—provide such action as there is, and the travellers' decision to hold their own celebration, since they can't get to Rheims, provides the climax, a sequence of national airs echoed by ensemble and chorus. Baron Trombonok, the master of ceremonies, leads off with Haydn's Hymn to the Emperor. Melibea, a Polish marchioness, sings a polonaise. Count Libenskof sings a Russian song, and Don Alvaro a Spanish one. Lord Sidney (based on Lord Nelvil, the hero of "Corinne") offers "the only tune I know"—which is, of course, "God Save the King." Comtesse and Chevalier join in a lilting French song, and Mme. Cortese, supported by Don Profondo (another character with a counterpart in "Corinne"), yodels a tyrolienne. Corinna crowns things by "improvising," to harp accompaniment, five noble stanzas in praise of the new monarch. The libretto, by Luigi Balocchi, the Théâtre-Italien house poet, is deft and lighthearted. The emotions of opera seria are prettily parodied: the loss of the Comtesse's new finery in an overturned coach inspires an aria of high tragedy ("Più fieri amari spasimi/Non ho provato ancor"), and the recovery of one dear little hat inspires a glittering cabaletta ("Grazie vi rendo, o Dei!"). Balocchi's stanza for a thirteen-voice unaccompanied ensemble of consternation when the news about the absence of horses is brought is a witty assemblage of tags from earlier Rossini operas:

> A tal colpo inaspettato,
> Palpitando va il mio core . . .
> Cruda sorte! Il tuo rigore
> Troppo oh Dio! penar mi fa.

The score is cast in the form of nine extended numbers, each of several movements: an introduzione, arias, duets, a quintet enclosing an offstage aria for Corinna, the thirteen-voice ensemble capped by a fourteen-voice stretta. In 1825, the single act was broken by two intermissions, and in Pesaro by one. There was about two and a quarter hours of music—delectable music, for the score is an exuberant, captivating display of science, charm, melodic invention, grace, skill, and formal precision. "Le Comte Ory" has been aptly characterized as a bridge, musically, between "Così Fan Tutte" and Berlioz's "Béatrice et Bénédict." "Il Viaggio a Reims" is a companion piece of similar calibre—a theatrical divertimento, a scenic cantata spun on a thread of plot offering situations that Rossini knew well how to dissolve into music. It is at once refined, beautiful, and entertaining.

Pesaro sought to assemble a worthily all-star cast. Claudio Abbado conducted, Luca Ronconi directed, and the ten principals were Cecilia Gasdia (Corinna), Lucia Valentini Terrani (Melibea), Lella Cuberli (the Comtesse), Katia Ricciarelli (Mme. Cortese), Edoardo Gimenez (the Chevalier), Dalmacio Gonzales (Count Libenskof), Samuel Ramey (Lord Sidney), Ruggero Raimondi (Don Profondo), Enzo Dara (Baron Trombonok), and Leo Nucci (Don Alvaro). But things didn't work out as well as that lineup promised. In different ways, the conductor and the director had missed the point of the piece. Mr. Abbado's reading, neatly executed by the Chamber Orchestra of Europe (a band of players, largely British, aged between eighteen and twenty-four), was tight, tense, airless, and hard-driven. It lacked playfulness, humor, and any touch of the easy, relaxed, aristocratic grace that conductors such as Beecham and Vittorio Gui brought to Rossini. It was often too fast and sometimes crassly, noisily energetic. The soloists—both vocal and instrumental—were not encouraged, or even allowed, to breathe their phrases with individual delicacy and charm. The recitative was accompanied not by an eighteen-twenties piano but by two busy harpsichords. Many necessary appoggiaturas were missing. Pesaro's Rossini Foundation houses expert Rossinians, whose advice the conductor can hardly have taken. It seemed wrong to incorporate in this first modern revival of "Il Viaggio" some second thoughts (however delightful) that Rossini had had only when recasting his music for "Ory," and to add an anachronistic—in the context, even treasonable—"Marseillaise" counterpoint to a finale lauding Charles X.

The opera was staged—though "staged" is hardly the word—not in Pesaro's charming small Teatro Rossini but in the even smaller concert hall of the Rossini Conservatory. Simultaneously, the show was televised and shown on a giant screen to a popular audience in the town piazza. It was, in effect, a concert or studio performance in costume, larded with slapstick. The setting, by Gae Aulenti, a fashionable Milanese designer, was not Rossini's but a row of eight modern bathtubs, as in a school changing room, on a bare stage flanked by two towers of scaffolding. The concert-hall organ formed the background. Singers emerged from the tubs draped in their national flags; Lord Sidney later sported a Union Jack cummerbund. Miss Cuberli sang her grand aria dressed in underclothes. Miss Gasdia, wearing a little lyre as a comic headdress, sang Corinna's exalted improvisation ambling about in affected Greek poses, as if guying its sentiments; during the last verse she and her harpist went up on an elevator in one of the towers. Television crews, onstage and in the house, formed part of the show and dominated the final tableau. Pitched electrical hums disturbed the music. It was a staging that treated the opera with contempt, as matter for an undergraduate romp, and the approach got into the music. Mr. Ramey, for example, sang Lord Sidney's confession of love with no trace of tender, confiding intimacy, and while he sang his Corinna (who shouldn't be present) attitudinized upstage. Miss Ricciarelli was in poor voice. (At the second of the two performances I saw, she broke down in the introduzione and then withdrew.) Miss Valentini Terrani's once-reliable tones sounded worn at both the upper and the lower edges. Pasta's music seemed to lie awkwardly for Miss Gasdia, usually so attractive a soprano. (Pasta at the time of "Il Viaggio" was termed a prima donna contralto.) The grossness of the direction and the strictness of the conducting must temper any harsh criticism of the singers; they weren't given a chance to shine, to be anything but blunt. Only Mr. Gimenez showed any Rossinian sparkle and lightness.

The other festival opera was "Le Comte Ory," performed in the Teatro Rossini. It was no better conducted and no better directed. Donato Renzetti drove his cast and the London Sinfonietta through another trim but graceless, unbreathed, unshaped reading. His handling of the enchanted, Berlioz-like trio "À la faveur de cette nuit obscure" was especially painful. Pier Luigi Pizzi, both director and designer, inflicted a heavy, humorless staging on the elegant comedy. The overture was mimed. The décor was not prettily medieval but a solid pitch-pine affair suggesting a modern hotel lobby. The chorus, uniformly dressed in navy blue, primped and postured and pranced by rote; in Act II the men pretending to be nuns broke into a

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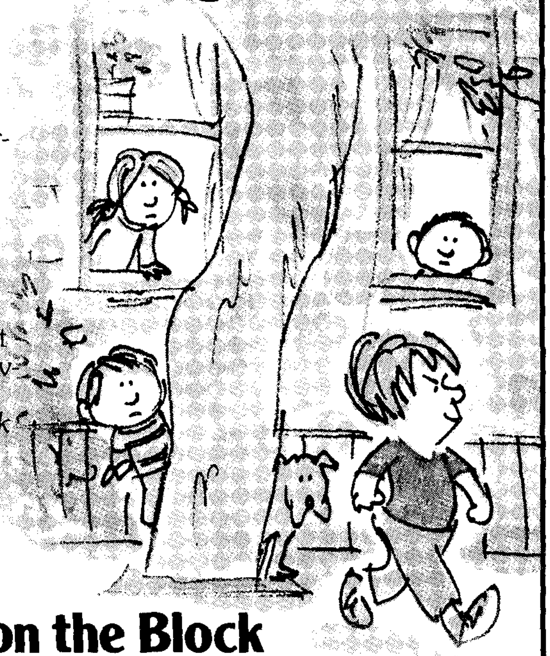

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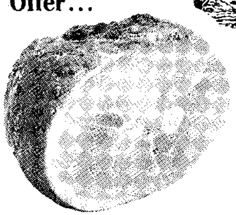

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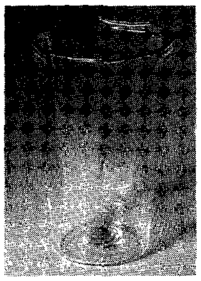

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hearty cancan. "À la faveur" was sung by three singers rolling around on a big bed, until the Countess fell out of it. Such larks! In spite of all this, two artists managed to give delight. As the Countess, Miss Gasdia, *suited now* by a true soprano role, sang with uncommon charm. There is something pleasingly definite about everything she does, and her voice flowers as it rises. And as Isolier, the page, Zehava Gal produced fluent mezzo tones of attractive, individual quality and phrased with spirit. Rockwell Blake's singing of the title role was *nimble*, but his timbre was raw, not sweet; at my performance it was announced that he was unwell and the audience's indulgence was asked. As Raimbaud, Alessandro Corbelli sang with his wonted forwardness and clarity, but his aria was delivered without wit. Gregory Reinhart, as the Tutor, was loud and plain, and seemed to relish the clowning that Mr. Pizzi had devised.

Hearing "Ory" soon after "Il Viaggio" prompted admiration for Scribe's skill at composing new, apt words to existing music. One would never guess that Raimbaud's account of his sortie upon the castle cellar had started life as Don Profondo's catalogue of the travellers' belongings. Hearing and seeing both shows prompted despair at the way Rossini is commonly treated today: by conductors insensitive to the poised wit of the music, by directors who pile on the broad, coarse clichés of low comedy, by singers who docilely don vocal straitjackets, dim their prowess (and dim Rossini's music), and, apparently unprotesting, allow themselves to be put through vulgar, unstylish stage paces. Booing in the theatre is an ugly sound, but it was reassuring, almost a relief, to hear at least a few voices objecting vociferously to what Mr. Pizzi had done to "Le Comte Ory." The Rossini Foundation, which along with the Comune of Pesaro organizes the annual festival, takes care to provide the performers with accurate musical editions. I wish it would now start insisting that those editions should be stylishly and accurately performed.

—ANDREW PORTER

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Sinner's Congregation, by Guy Bellamy (Secker & Warburg/David & Charles; $13.95). Mr. Bellamy, a young writer favorably known in England, makes a most welcome appearance here with the publication of this, his third novel. His story has to do with the adventures of a man of thirty-eight who inherits from his parents a small country inn (with bar) in the region south of London often called Volvoland. It is high comedy (with a touch of gallows humor), and it is high entertainment. There are amusing plays on old themes—"Hindsight is an exact science" and "Life is a sexually transmitted disease"—and much lively dialogue. A man, asked if he has any children, says, "Four . . . Sue, Frank, Mark, and Anna." His questioner says, "It sounds like a basket of currencies. What are you going to call the next one—Peseta?"

Slow Fade, by Rudolph Wurlitzer (Knopf; $13.95). An accidentally accurate arrow shot in the first chapter starts this very diverting story rolling. In the chapters that follow, guns and film footage are shot to somewhat more purpose and far less effect. Near the end of the story, and near the center of the plot, is a Tibetan lama, formerly of New Delhi, who is working in an Albany, New York, frame shop, where he finds truths hidden in the empty frames he stacks. The lama knows the end of a story preoccupying three other men: an aging director of horse operas, as great in his heyday as Ford, Hawks, and Peckinpah, who is now losing his grip on his family as well as on his work; his traumatized son, just back from India, where he was searching for his sister, who was searching for Nirvana, and where his wife died; and a one-eyed hustler hired by the father to help turn the son's pilgrimage into a screenplay. Meanwhile, a cameraman is focussing on the director's antics on and off the set, and the director's young wife is gritting her teeth. Which subplots are frames-within-frames is sometimes hard to say, but if this slim novel, by a writer of screenplays as well as novels, is too tight and tangled to be transferred to the screen, it is just right for a reader with about an hour and fifty minutes to spare.

The Sea Cave, by Alan Scholefield (Congdon & Weed; $14.95). A big, thick romantic melodrama, as all-embracing as a feather bed. It is vividly set on the windswept southern coast of South Africa in the nineteen-twenties. The heroine is one Kate Buchanan, an attractive young Scotswoman with a neo-Victorian sense of duty. Her mother mopes, her father drinks, her brother, with a bad leg from the recent war, mopes *and* drinks. To support them, Kate leaves their squalid house in Cape Town and takes a distant job as secretary to the old and sickly and imperious mistress of Saxenburg, a large and once immensely prosperous ostrich farm, and there becomes her employer's slave and the prey of her playboy son. There is a cast of lordly whites and a chorus of servile coloreds. There is a violent death, a murder. There is adultery, rape, incest, suicide, fire, homosexuality, miscegenation, love almost unrequited, and echoes of a violent past. But Mr. Scholefield, himself of South African background, is a very fine storyteller—a writer impressively at home with character and passion and atmosphere—and he tells his wild and often shaky story as if it were the most ordinary of happenings, and it is this seeming lack of self-consciousness that gives his novel a surprising credibility and a very considerable power.

GENERAL

Great Cobbett: The Noblest Agitator, by Daniel Green (Hodder & Stoughton/David & Charles; $24.95). William Cobbett (1763-1835) was famous in his day as a contentious political journalist who bounced between England and the United States and disagreed with everybody—a Tory in America, a radical at home. He is still cherished as the author of "Rural Rides" and still figures in the pantheon of the British left, although, as this biographer points out, "left" and "right"

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do not really define the Romantic nostalgia for preindustrial England which infused Cobbett's politics. Mr. Green, a specialist in English agriculture, is able to help us appreciate Cobbett's awareness of soils and landscapes and his genuine agricultural contributions as well as the extravagance of his farming ventures. He makes vivid the varieties of rural life on two continents which Cobbett recorded. The radical changes wrought by the industrial revolution on the English countryside pauperized farm laborers, and Cobbett, remembering the plenteous years of his boyhood on a farm, raged at the hunger of country people in early-nineteenth-century England. Unfortunately, their distress also impelled him toward a wholly inaccurate conspiracy theory of politics and economics. Though hopeless at generalities, Cobbett was brilliant at particulars, and Mr. Green shows us the best of him without attempting to conceal or justify the silliness.

DOS PASSOS: A LIFE, by Virginia Spencer Carr (Doubleday; $24.95). John Roderigo Dos Passos was at one time considered the equal of Hemingway and Faulkner as an American novelist of the first importance; Jean-Paul Sartre even called him "the greatest writer of our time." Even before his death, at seventy-four, in 1970, his reputation began to go into a partial eclipse, but it is probable that his work will survive, if only for its technical innovations, its social and historical value, and the fresh vigor he brought to the art of naturalistic fiction. This long—possibly overlong—biography was written with the cooperation of the novelist's widow and daughter, and it shows the inevitable signs of such comfortable arrangements. The author covers Dos Passos' life in exhaustive detail, from his equivocal beginnings as the bastard son of a rich man (he was called Jack Madison until he was sixteen) and on through a crowded and often adventurous career. We follow him through Harvard and the First World War, when he drove ambulances on the French and Italian fronts; we see him struggling with his early novels in Paris and Madrid in the twenties; and we trace his involvement, back home, in radical politics and causes like Sacco and Vanzetti. Later, he goes to Russia, and then to Spain

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during its civil war, where he experiences a severe disillusionment with the Communism he had championed but never fully embraced. We also watch his development as a writer, and its flowering in his trilogy "U.S.A." With age, and after many disappointments (Dos Passos never got the acclaim and recognition, or the financial rewards, that he felt he deserved for his work), he soured on the entire liberal credo, and his old friends were saddened at the spectacle of John Dos Passos writing cranky, right-wing pieces for the *National Review* and praising Richard Nixon for his invasion of Cambodia. Photographs.

THE IMAGE OF WAR, 1861-1865—VOLUME VI: THE END OF AN ERA, edited by William C. Davis (Doubleday; $39.95). The final installment of the National Historical Society's recent towering project: to document the entire American Civil War in photographs. This volume begins with an appraisal of the mighty modern war machine that the industrial North had fashioned in the four years of fighting—and trial and error—and goes on to describe in text and pictures the terminal agonies of the South in the siege and fall of Petersburg, in Sherman's march across Georgia to the sea, in the burning and occupation of Richmond, and, at the end, in the *humiliation—muted*, but humiliation nonetheless—of Lee at Appomattox Court House. This series is a documentary triumph—the most graphic anatomy yet drawn of the great tragedy.

NOTE: "Kate Quinton's Days," Susan Sheehan's account of the problems faced by an eighty-year-old woman in poor health, has been published by Houghton Mifflin ($15.95). The contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . V. S. Naipaul's "Finding the Center: Two Narratives" has been published by Knopf ($13.95). One of the narratives is the author's report on his recent trip to the Ivory Coast which first appeared in these pages.

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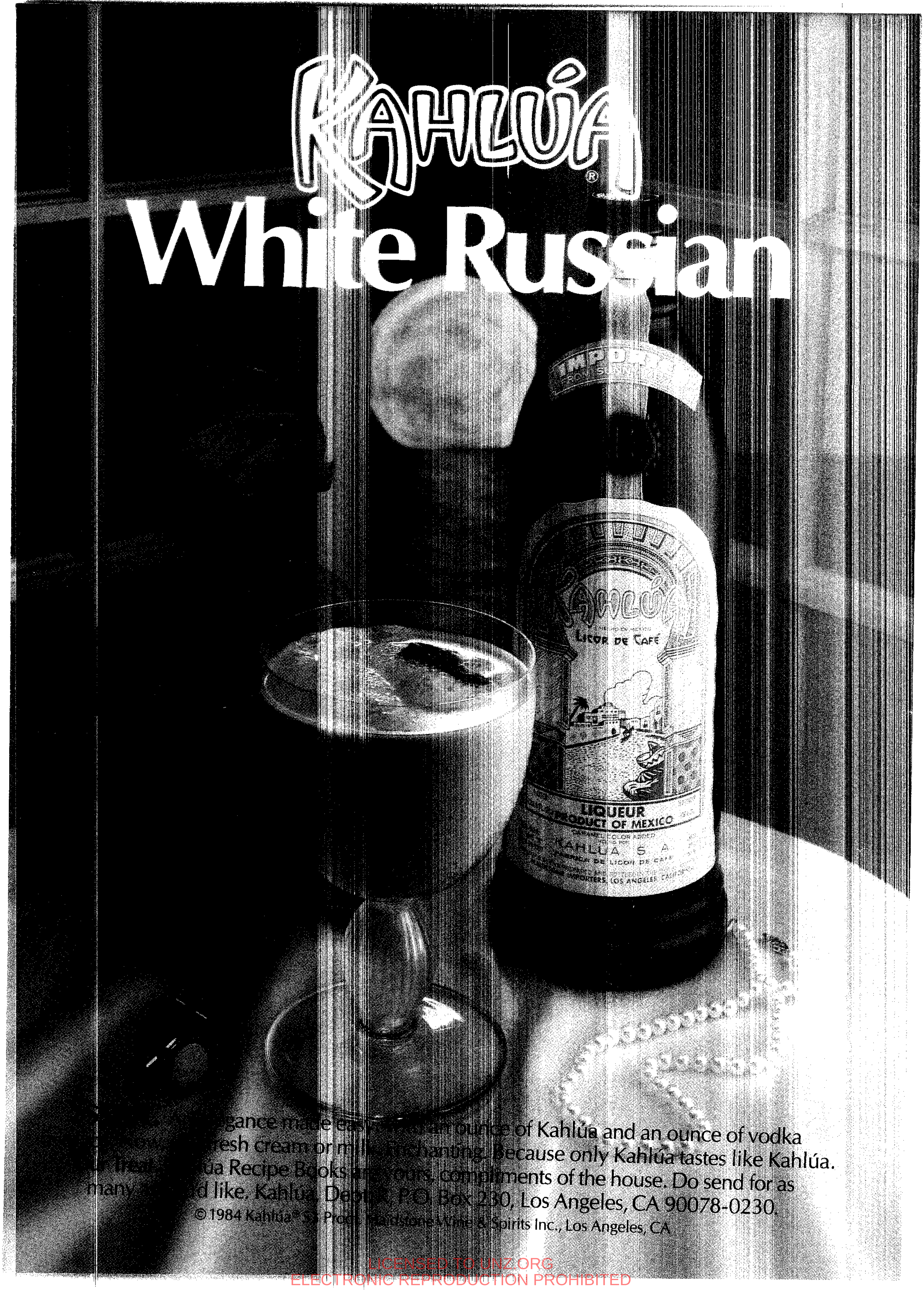
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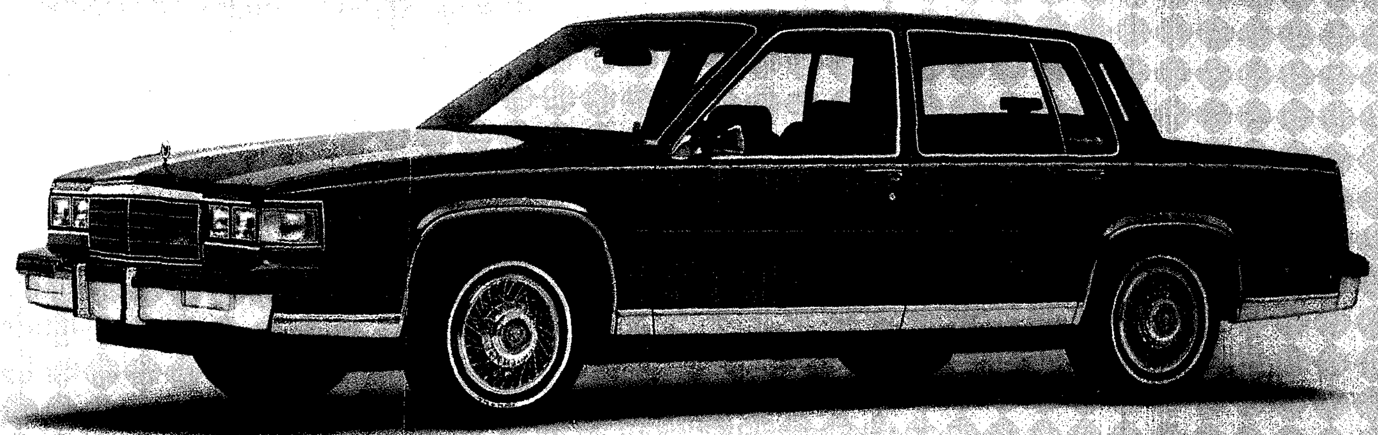
GM

LET'S GET IT TOGETHER. BUCKLE UP.

We didn't have to make it the most advanced Cadillac ever.



But we did.

We know that doing things we don't have to do helps make a Cadillac a Cadillac. For example, Cadillac didn't have to give the 1985 Fleetwood and De Ville the performance of the world's only transverse-mounted V8 in a front-wheel-drive production car. But we did.

Cadillac didn't have to give these six-passenger cars even more front seat headroom and legroom than last year. But we did.

Cadillac didn't have to add a new standard center high-mounted stop lamp to give following drivers an additional warning of braking. But we did.

Cadillac didn't have to use an aerodynamic door-into-roof design for reduced wind noise and easy entry and exit. But we did.

And Cadillac didn't have to back these cars for 4 years/50,000 miles.* But we did.

You don't have to fall in love with the most advanced Cadillac ever. But you will.

Cadillacs are equipped with engines produced at facilities operated by GM car groups, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide.

*Limited Warranty. In some cases, a deductible applies. See your dealer for details.

1985 Fleetwood

Best of all...it's a Cadillac.